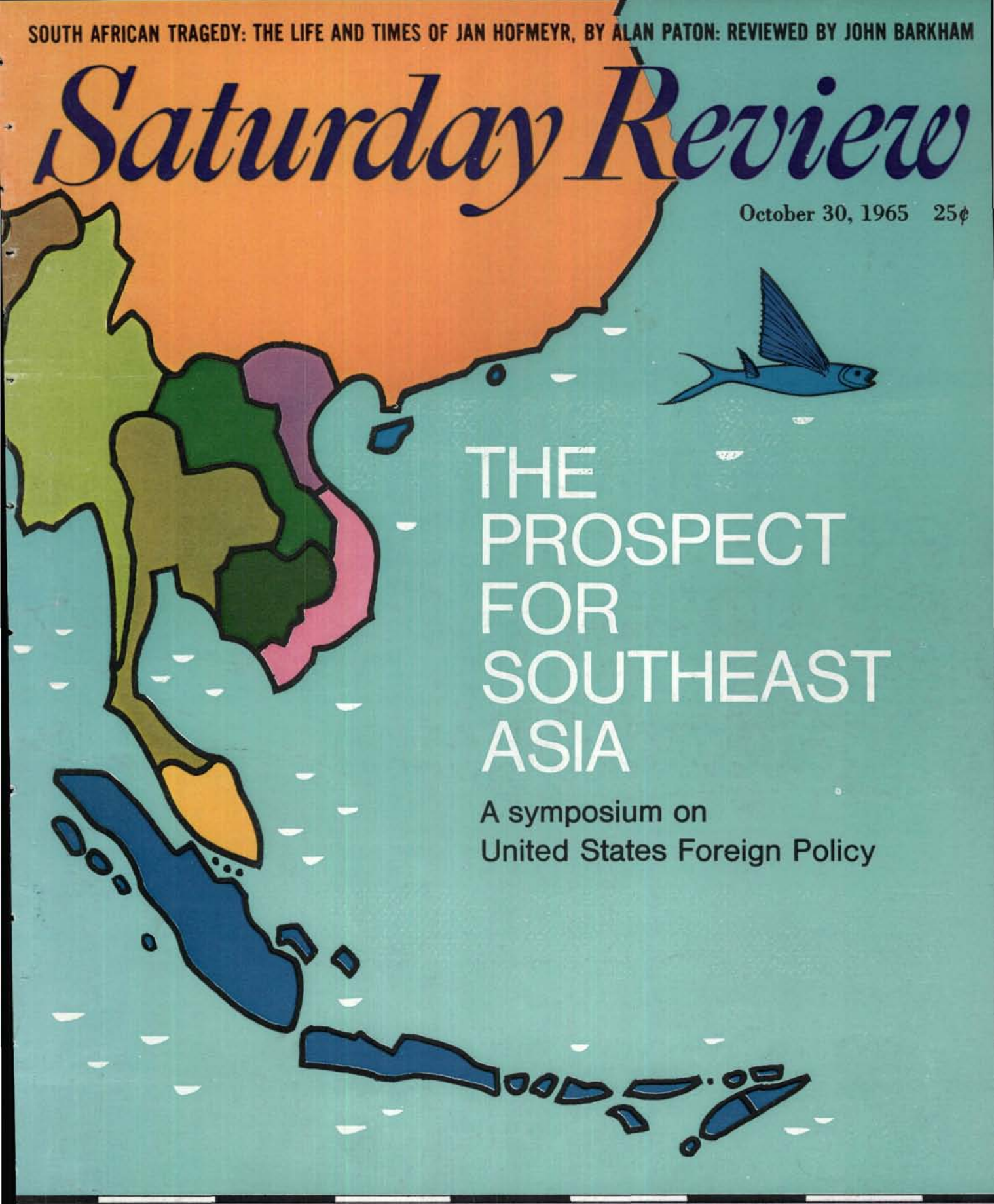
SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JAN HOFMEYR, BY ALAN PATON: REVIEWED BY JOHN BARKHAM

Saturday Review

October 30, 1965 25¢



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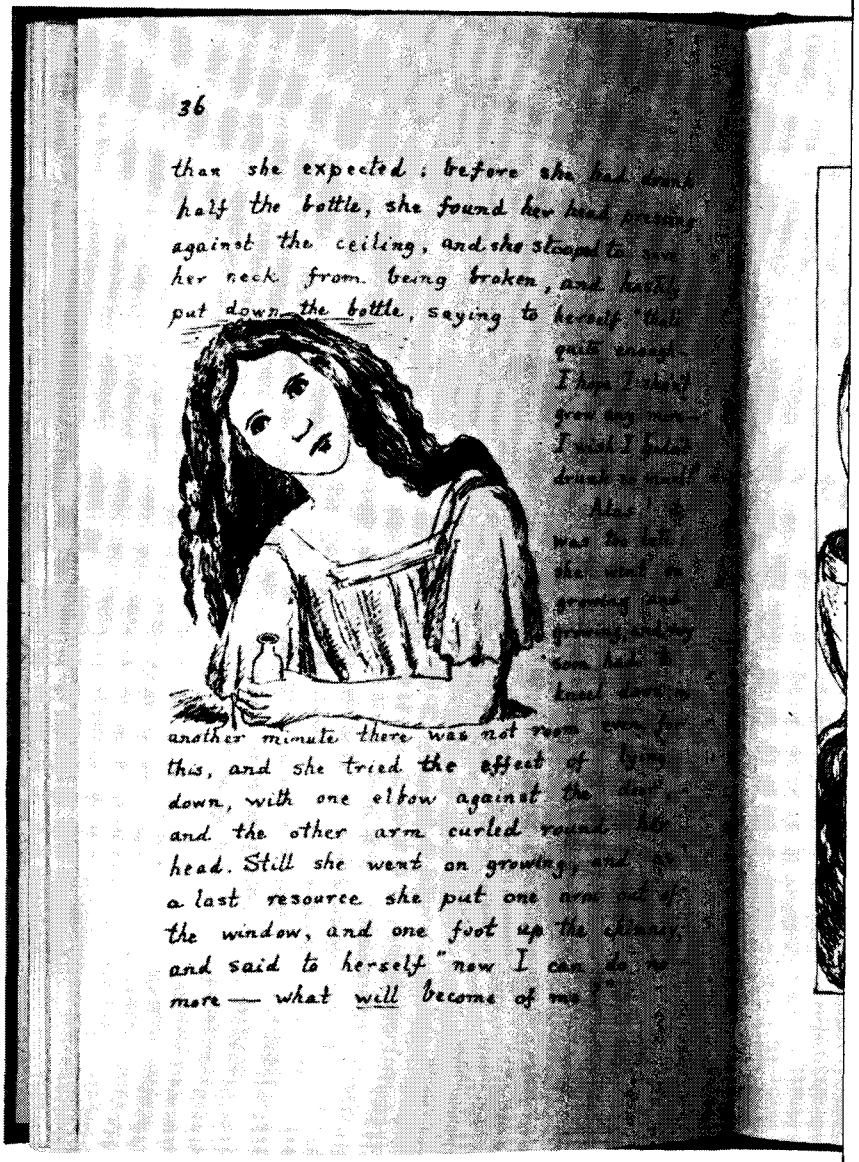
36
than she expected: before she had drunk
half the bottle, she found her head pressing
against the ceiling, and she stooped to save
her neck from being broken, and hastily
put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's
quite enough
I hope I shan't
grow any more
I wish I hadn't
drunk so much!"
Alas!
was too late
she went on
growing and
growing, and very
soon had to
kneel down
another minute there was not room even for
this, and she tried the effect of lying
down, with one elbow against the door,
and the other arm curled round her
head. Still she went on growing, and as
a last resource she put one arm out of
the window, and one foot up the chimney,
and said to herself "now I can do no
more — what will become of me?"

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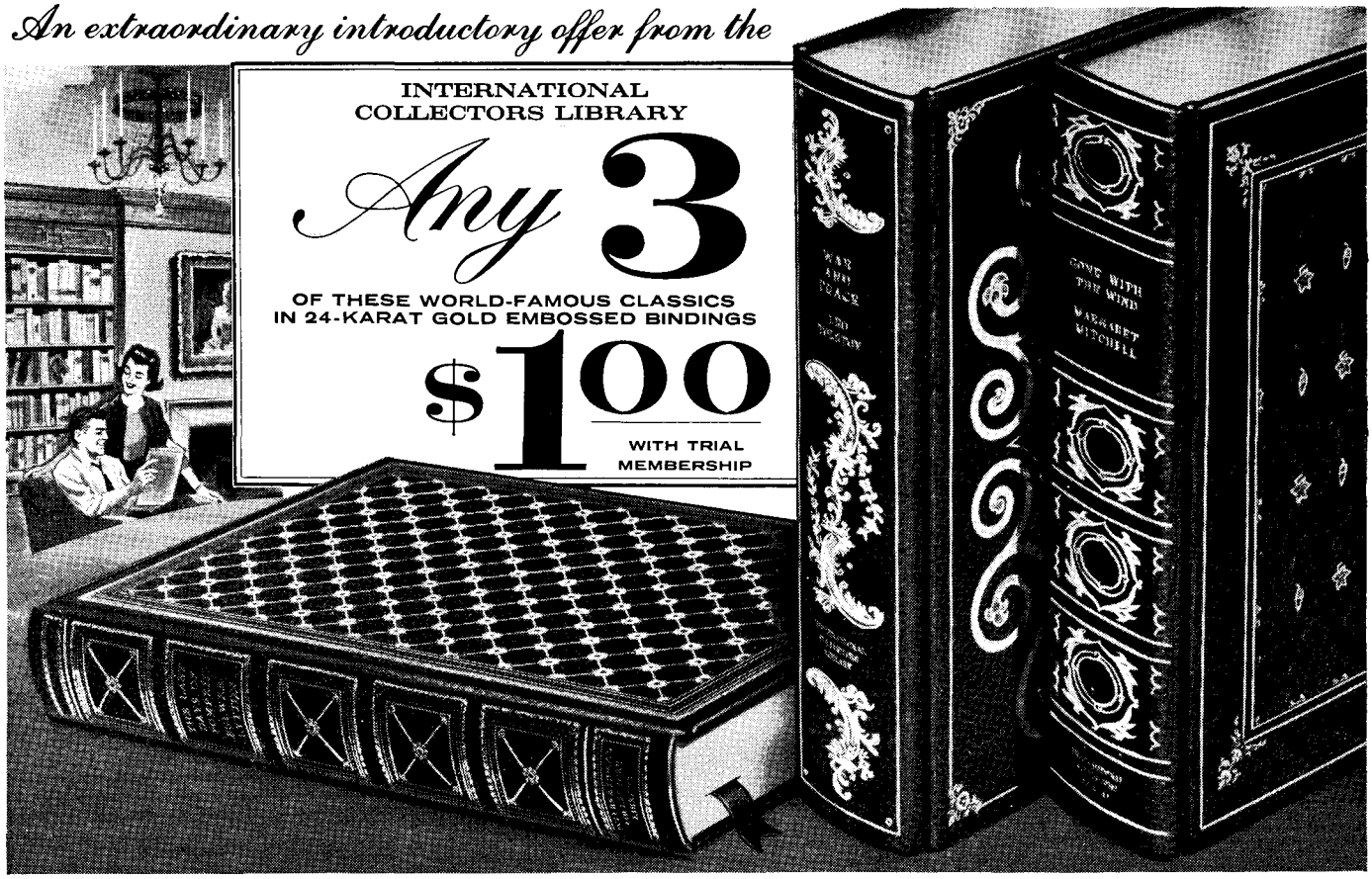

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Getting the Breaks

Edited by Martin Levin

In Praise of Planned Obsolescence

THE planners of obsolescence, those dedicated men who see to it that the consumer consumes up to the limit of his capacity and beyond, have been much maligned by shortsighted individuals who think only in economic terms.

The truth is that they are bringing to man a new dignity. Modern man may have become a slot on an IBM card, but at least he has the satisfaction of knowing that he will outlast his davenport, a solace denied to men in the past when man-made objects were built more sturdily than their creators.

How humiliating it must have been for the medieval baron to have known that the chair he was warming would continue to comfort the backsides of numerous generations long after he had joined his distinguished ancestors. What a source of sorrow it must have been to the wealthy bourgeois of eighteenth-century France to have suspected that the small tables gracing his drawing room would be displayed to a later age as outstanding examples of French Provincial.

The depreciated planners of obsolescence have spared us this. I know when I buy an electric can opener that I can congratulate myself on being the better built. It has been a great satisfaction to me that in my twelve years as a householder I have outlasted three automatic toasters, a refrigerator, a clothes dryer, two blenders, and three portable mixers. My automatic washer has been the only lemon; it obstinately refuses to disintegrate. Even as I watch it hopefully for signs of deterioration, it churns with such imperturbable efficiency that I'm driven to the medicine cabinet in search of Librium.

In dark moments such as these, I find it soothing to contemplate the Teflon-coated skillet. There is a real boon to the vanity of man. Even the most serious cardiac case can feel he has a fighting chance to survive his skillet.

The non-stick coating is so delicate that only specially made plastic or wooden utensils can be used without causing irreparable damage, and even they sometimes start the first fatal tear. I have outlasted two Teflon skillets in the past three years and am looking forward to proving my superior durability to a third and fourth.

Encouraged by these reflections, I can face my automatic washer with equanimity.

I'll survive you yet, you anachronism!

—VIVIAN MERSHON.

The Man Who Never Sat

ONE of the great disappointments in my life was that I had never sat. It left a deep impression on my character and gave me an inferiority complex. Some people are born ill-starred; I am one of them. A failure.

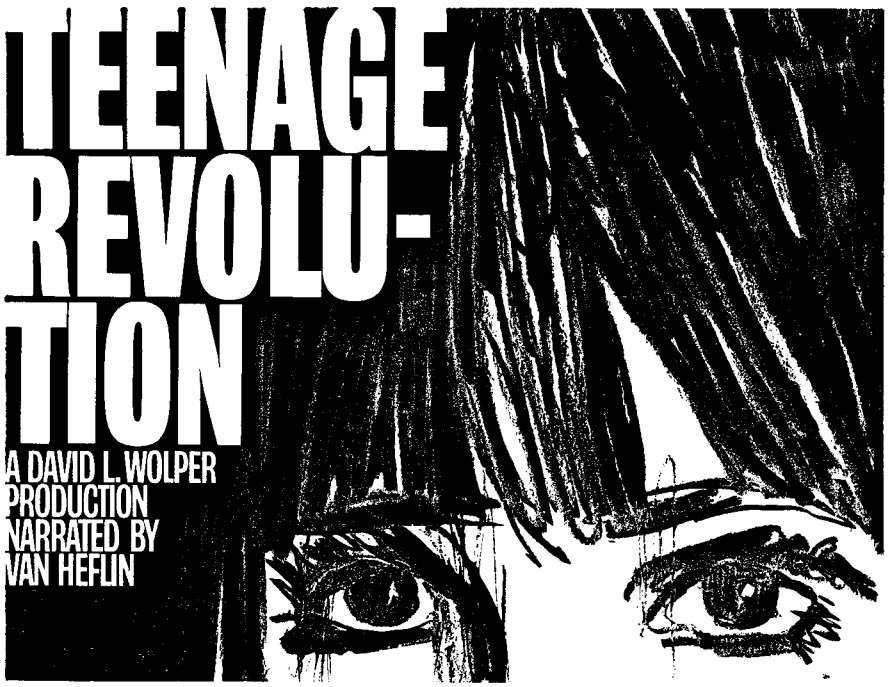
You may pick up the biography of almost any prominent Russian and discover that he had sat at one time or another. My father and at least two of my close relatives had sat but I never had.

To *sit* in Russian meant—and still means—to sit in jail. The "in jail" part of the expression is so obvious it is never used. Where else would a Russian sit if not in prison? Gorky sat, and so did Dostoevsky, and so did many others. Chekhov did not sit but he had tuberculosis, which was almost, but not quite, as good as sitting. The name Sitting Bull would have an entirely different meaning in Russia.

My father, a physician in a small, sleepy Russian town called Novgorod, enjoyed an excellent practice because he had sat. In his youth he was an ardent revolutionary, had read forbidden books, and attended secret meetings; naturally, he could not escape sitting. We Russians judge people not by their ability but by the length of their prison terms. "Why don't you consult my doctor?" one Novgorod matron would tell another. "He is very good. He sat for five years."

But I had no chance. While in Russia I was too young to sit, and when I became eligible I was compelled to flee the country. A few of my fortunate contemporaries had managed to get into prison before leaving Russia, but not I. It was a tough break for me and rather inexplicable, for in a way it was as easy to get seated under the new regime as under the old. Sitting habits change but slightly in Russia.

I suffered for many years. I was an outcast at Russian gatherings and could not participate in any serious conversation. I could not exchange experiences with older Russians who had sat under the Czar and I could not say to younger Russians who had sat under the Bol-



Teenagers today wear kooky clothes, writhe to the Watusi and shriek at shaggy-haired singers. Yet these same youngsters are racing toward adulthood faster than any previous generation. In this remarkable documentary, you'll meet a 16-year-old Olympic gold medal winner . . . a brilliant chemistry student . . . a hostile dropout. You'll share their ambitions and their problems. You'll witness the astounding influence of teenage spending . . . the complexity of education . . . the growth of teenage idealism. "Teenage Revolution" — a viewing must for every parent — is fourth in a series of outstanding TV Specials, presented by 3M Company.

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Perhaps you've been wondering how you might shape up in a picture of U.S. shareowners—your age, income, occupation, etc.

* * *

It's a big picture, even as family pictures go—an estimated 20 million people own shares in American business, based on a recent census by the New York Stock Exchange. (That's more than the combined population of 17 states.) Of these 20 million, some 12 million own stocks listed on the Exchange.

* * *

Investments may help people build toward such varied benefits as a future retirement home, a fund that will see a child or grandchild through college, a more financially secure old age, even a mink coat for a deserving wife. You might aim for some special dream of your own.

* * *

If you took your first investment step in recent years, you are 1 of more than 1 million added to the ranks in a typical year. The Exchange's census points out that the average new shareowner's household income was $8,800. His age, 41. And you name the job—there are shareowners in every category. The biggest percentage gain in the last three years—47%—was among skilled and unskilled workers.

* * *

Chances are many of your neighbors invest, for one out of every six adults owns shares. So do 1,300,000 youngsters. And while California can claim the largest *number* of shareowners—2,500,000—Connecticut walks off with the highest percentage—18.1%.

* * *

If you ever heard that stocks and bonds were strictly a "man's world," don't believe it. Slightly more women own securities than men. Housewives alone represent 34.7% of the adult shareowner population, the biggest shareowner group by occupation.

* * *

If you consider yourself a potential investor, you may be wondering, "How do I start?" Here are four basic steps:

* * *

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* * *

2. Hold steady on your goal. Are you looking for dividends to help meet growing expenses? Dividends are not assured, but if a company prospers, dividends may increase just as your expenses do. Or, longer-range, do you prefer stocks that appear to have a chance of appreciating in value? Bonds are another choice, usually offering more safety.

* * *

3. Get facts . . . such as the company's earnings, its dividend record, sales, and recent price range. Then try to evaluate the company's potential. Having the facts and using them to make sound judgments is the only "secret" to choosing a stock.

4. Drop in and talk with a registered representative of a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He's the man to ask for facts. Ask for his personal opinion, too. He has had to meet Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business. While that doesn't make his opinion unimpeachable, he may be able to throw some new light on your investment picture.

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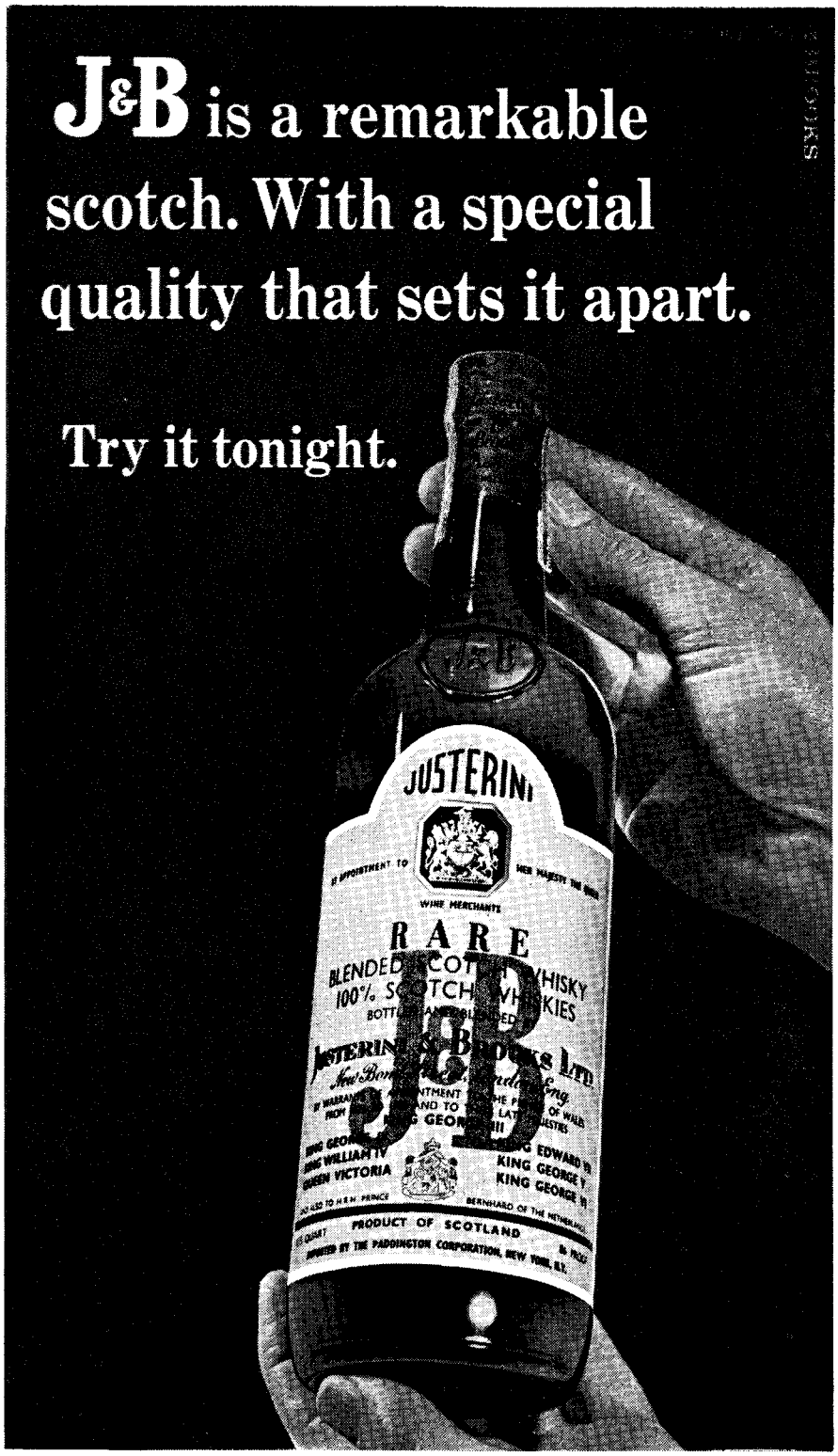

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sheviks: "Now, when I sat in Siberia . . ." One cannot lie to other Russians about sitting. You mention a place and a date and there is always at least one Russian who sat in that place on that particular date. One must be very careful.

Only recently Fortune smiled at me, but halfheartedly. I went to Hoboken, New Jersey, became involved in an altercation, was arrested, and spent a night in jail or, more precisely, sat a night in jail. It made me very happy. Now, I said to myself, I can face my fellow Russians as an equal. I can even, as they do, write a book about my experience.

I was mistaken. They merely sneered at me. "You call that sitting?" they said, turning away from me and leaving me to muse unhappily upon the foibles of fate and miscarriages of justice.

—M. K. Argus.

Dialogue, Please

Wagner talks to Rockefeller,
Oppenheimer nods to Teller,
Franco welcomes Robert Moses,
China gives Kosygin roses.

Lover, every altercation
Leaves the door ajar.
Let's resume communication—
Phone me from the bar.

Martin Luther King meets Hoover,
Pop and op art greet the Louvre,
Nixon talks when newsmen sight him,
Cassius talks ad infinitum.

Lover, save the situation
Douse the burning deck.
Let's have reconciliation—
Not a silly wreck.

—Edward Eliscu.

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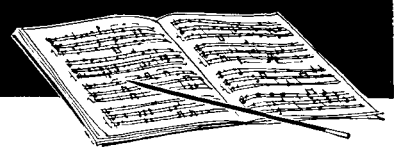
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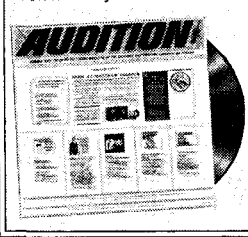

This Land is Your Land. Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Ormandy, Phila. Orch.
Rossini: Stabat Mater. Schippers, N.Y. Phil.
Nielsen: Sinfonia Espansiva. Bernstein, Royal Danish Orch.
Espana. Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.
Holiday for Orchestra. Ormandy, Phila. Orch.
Tchaikovsky: Piano Concertos No. 2 & 3. Graffman, Phila. Orch.
Well-Tempered Clavier. Bk. 1, Vol. 2. Glenn Gould.
Wishing You A Merry Christmas. Kostelanetz, St. Kilian Boychoir.
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4. Serkin, Phila. Orch.

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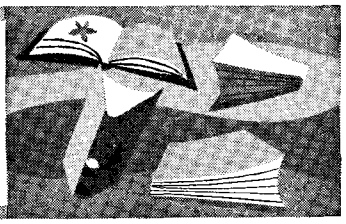
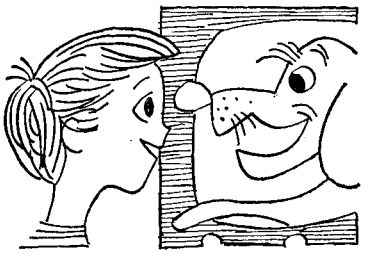
Trade Winds



That strange and unerring logic of moppets is always at work. Ever since the celebrated youngster toddled out of Sunday school to ask his mother to buy



him Gladly, the Cross-eyed Bear, there has been an endless succession of youngsters stirring the air with observations that put the less flexible thought processes of adults to shame.

For example, one four-year-old we know was told by his father that he was going to be allowed to visit a television studio and participate in his favorite birthday-party show, and would actually appear on the screen. Anxiously, the father waited for the boy's eyes to brighten. Instead, he burst into tears and howled: "I'd rather be on the cartoons!"

Another boy had become equally hypnotized by TV cartoons. (There is some evidence, in fact, to support the suspicion that a good many pre-schoolers are convinced that cartoons are real, and the rest of life merely a dim reflection of these cartoon creatures.) This youngster found himself in a hospital for a brief visit in a bed near a square, glass window, through which he could see all the activity of the doctors and nurses in the hallway. When his mother came to visit, he pointed through the glass with delight. "Look, mom," he exclaimed, "I've been watching cartoons!"

Some remarks take a more classic turn. A three-and-a-half-year-old girl recently leaped down a stairway, brandishing a plastic sword and a toy shield.

"You know who I am?" she yelped at her mother. "I'm Sir Thanks-a-lot, King Arthur's bravest knight!"

Another, probing into fields where even philosophers shudder, turned to his father and said: "Which way is yesterday?"

And at a French restaurant, a six-year-old held out firmly for the only thing he thought he could order in such a place: French toast.

Some young ones will spring to the defense of their parents' honor at the drop of a yo-yo. Entering a theater with his father, a boy glared up at the usher as he said: "Right this way, sir." The boy slid his jaw forward with indignation and replied: "My Daddy's *not* a sir, he's a dentist!"

A diminutive girl we know who has all the potential of a Sarah Bernhardt answered the phone one day and told the caller: "Oh, I'm *terribly* sorry. Mother just can't come to the phone."

"Well," said the caller. "Is she all right? There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh, no," said the youngster. "She's not at home."

One little girl went shopping with her friend, along with the friend's mother. She suddenly remembered it was her own mother's birthday, and asked if she might borrow a couple of dollars to buy her a gift. The friend's mother agreed, and the girl went skipping off to her own home bearing a delightful new garbage can as a gift.

Some days later, the friend's mother thought that in the interest of develop-

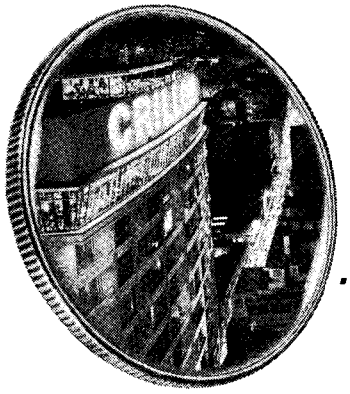
ing proper habits in the mind of the child, she would remind her of the borrowed money.

"Oh, that's all right," said the child. "My parents always say it's not the money that counts, it's the thought."

Some of the ultra-young set have a tendency to throw caution and custom to the winds. A four-year-old we know announced proudly that he had married a three-year-old girl named Sarah, and for several days the young couple were supremely happy.

It wasn't long before another girl from nursery school came into the pic-

if this is the only face of SOUTH AMERICA you know



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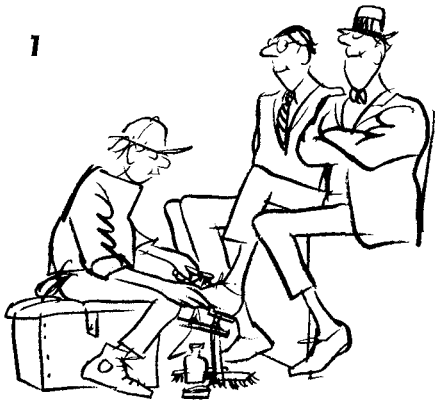
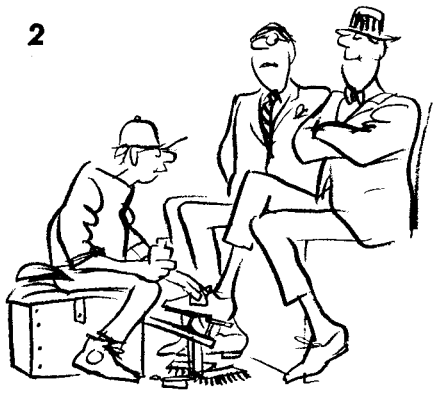


You look pleased with yourself.

This is a red-letter day for me.

2



New baby?

Oh no.

3

Promotion? Raise?

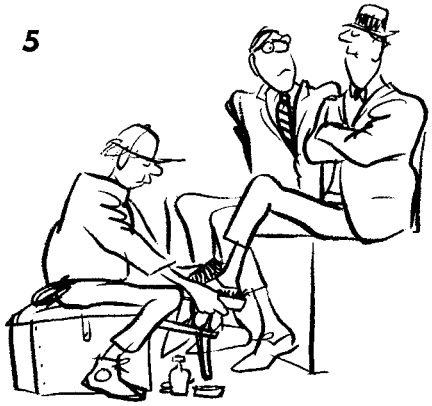
Nothing like that. The fact is, I just made the first monthly payment on my mortgage.

4

That's red letter?

Only 359 payments to go and we own the house scot free.

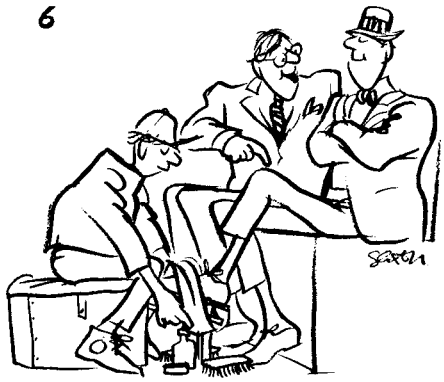
5



You're talking about 30 years. People have been known to check out long before their mortgage is paid off.

I prefer not to look on the gloomy side.

6



You don't have to. If you plan with Living Insurance from Equitable, your mortgage could be paid off if you should die. And the Living Insurance could also provide money to help your wife raise and educate the kids.

By the time I'm 30, I figure I'll be down to 312 payments.

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ture, and the boy proudly announced that he was going to marry her at once.

"But what," asked his mother, "about Sarah?"

"Well," the boy announced, "I already *have* married her."

Some time ago, as we reported, a small girl asked her father to sing her favorite song, "I've Thrown a Crust Into Your Face." Now along comes another report about a youngster who seems to like the song "I've Thrown a Costume in Your Face."

One little elf overheard his mother say on the phone, "Give everybody my

love." He immediately burst into tears, saying, "Don't do that, Mommy. I want it."

No less noteworthy is the girl who greeted her father as he came in the door with: "Where had you been to when you came from?" (At last report he was still puzzling over that one.)

Still another little girl noted that her rag doll had only one leg. Her commentary: "One of her legs is both the same."

And for some time now a patient mother we know has been observing her young son as he engages in long conversations with a stuffed toy frog. After several weeks of this, the mother felt that perhaps the fantasy ought to be tamed down just a little.

She drew up her courage and told the boy, "Now listen, dear, I know how fond you are of your frog, and I know you love him very much. But I think you've got to understand that his talk is only *pretend* talk. He doesn't really talk to you."

The boy looked shocked, quickly rushed his frog out of earshot at the other side of the room, and ran back to his mother.

"Not so loud, mother. *Please!*" he whispered. "He *thinks* he *can!*"

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1646)

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Is Paris Burning?

Never had Dietrich von Choltitz had reason to question the verities of his Silesian upbringing, his belief in Germany's destiny, his Prussian officer's code of discipline. Now he did, haunted by the thought that the man to whom he had sworn blind obedience was mad.

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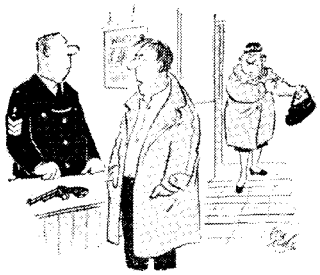
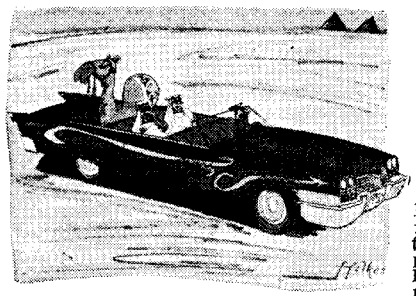


"I've just put six bullets through my mother-in-law."

"How about a prayer-break?"



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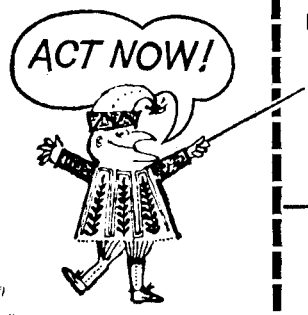

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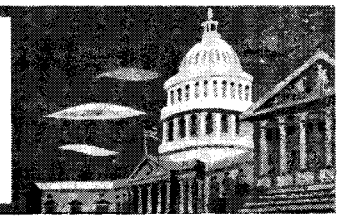
State of Affairs



A Great Fight Coming

LONDON.

ONE HAS TO BE a man of the sang-froid and tenacity of a Harold Wilson to continue governing with a majority of only two seats in the House of Commons, yet remain so cocky and self-assured. He must feel like the cliff dweller under constant danger of a rockslide. The death of a member of Parliament or the loss of a by-election could start the slide at any time and force a general election. And yet Mr. Wilson gives the impression that he is oblivious of the precariousness of his position—even though at times his government seems to be like the waterfly carried along on a stream.

One thing that had strengthened him was that the Conservatives were not ready to fight an election. But now that Mr. Edward Heath, a man under fifty, combative, hard-headed, and ambitious, has taken the helm from Sir Alec, this situation may soon change.

Mr. Wilson is doubtless aware of this. He had one great chance of calling an election and winning hands down last March, five months after he came into office. The Gallup ratings at the time showed him far ahead while the Tories were in utter disarray. But Mr. Wilson refused to listen to those advisers who pleaded for an election right away. They must first prove to the country, he said, that they were able to govern. The country, moreover, was at that point thoroughly indifferent to the idea of another election so soon. Unhappily, things moved from bad to worse.

The pound went on tottering and the world's bankers lost confidence. They didn't believe in the Labor Government's ability to hold to a stringent, conservative policy of deflation and the wage and price rises discomforted them even further. On the domestic side, an assortment of practical innovations was introduced, but it was the uncertainty of the pound that eclipsed everything. To call an election in those circumstances would have caused a run on the pound. Mr. Wilson had staked his reputation on preserving the value of the pound and was determined to make good on the promise. Serene and composed, he sat tight.

Then in the summer came the unexpected, voluntary retirement of Sir Alec and the selection of Edward Heath. And quite suddenly the Conservatives took the lead in the popularity polls. It rattled Mr. Wilson briefly because he had assumed that Reginald Maudling, whom he considered a less formidable opponent, would be chosen. But his self-confidence soon returned and he became almost aggressively optimistic when the United States and Britain's European allies, with the exception of France, gave the pound a second blood transfusion—which seems to have done the trick, because it made it plain that not only the U.S. but even Europeans were against devaluation.

Mr. Wilson was now convinced that he could win an election on the simple issue of having saved the pound. Indeed, there are some who have begun pressing him for one this November. Mr. Wilson may yet decide for a November election especially since the Gallup poll is showing him strongly in the lead again. But whether he does or not, most members in the Labor Government now believe it may be a mistake to wait too long; they feel that an election should be called before the public feels the pinch of the powerful deflationary medicine being administered to the British economy by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, and before, as a consequence, unemployment begins to rise. The crucial time, most economic forecasters think, is early next spring. They say that if Mr. Wilson waits much longer the elections will not be dominated by the relief that the pound is safe, but by the cold winds of recession. Even the workers themselves don't vote for the Labor Party if they think it is depriving them of jobs. Surprisingly, though, so far one does not sense here that the boom has been pricked.

The restaurants and theaters are full, stores are busy, and there is a general air of well-being, of people still having plenty of money in their pockets. The most interesting development, meanwhile, is the adjustment of the Labor and Conservative parties to the new social forces and their outlook. Labor under Mr. Wilson has moved away from its old slogans of egalitarianism and ethical socialism and the outmoded ideas of nationalization and public control. Instead of egalitarianism it is now equal opportunity—which, by the way, is intrinsically also the motto of Ameri-

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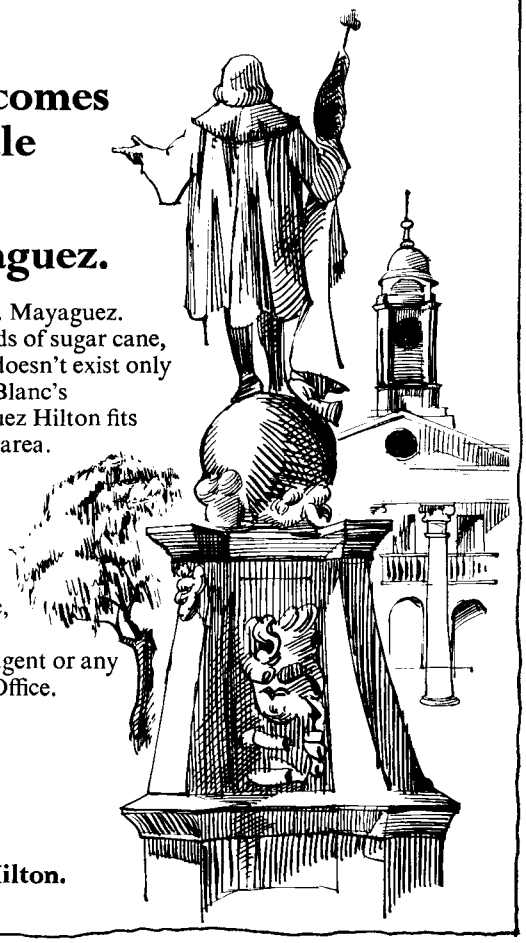

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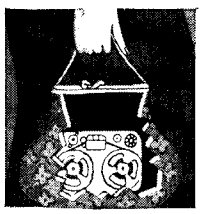
A Most Ear-y Business

The handsome, well-appointed offices of a prominent Beverly Hills attorney are one of the least likely places where ants or termites are likely to gather. And they don't.

Yet, this particular lawyer retains a de-bugging firm to inspect the premises at least twice a month throughout the year. And the bugs he's concerned about are of a more insidious variety; they're the hidden devices that monitor and/or record conversations meant to be private.

Practical Caution

The cautiousness of the Beverly Hills lawyer is neither sick nor unique. The fact is that the same agency to which he subscribes performs a similar service for some 100 clients in the Los Angeles area, and similar firms are mushrooming in metropolitan centers from coast to coast.



Indeed, the alarmingly wide extent of illegal wiretapping and bugging in this country is the very theme of NBC News' "The Big Ear," a special to be presented this Sunday night, October 31 (6:30-7:30PM EST), on the NBC Television Network.

Among the interviewees on "The Big Ear" (besides the aforementioned lawyer) will be bugging and de-bugging experts; private investigators; victims of illegal monitoring; and authorities on the laws governing eavesdropping and wiretapping.

Narrated by NBC News correspondent Robert MacNeil, the special will also demonstrate for the viewer a few of the more popular bugging devices.

Today's tiny transmitters are extremely hard to detect, and tape recorders can be concealed just about anywhere—in an attache case, a shoulder holster or even a shirt pocket. But the actuality's producer, NBC News' Reuven Frank, advises that the widely publicized maneuver of hiding a transmitter in a martini olive should be taken with a grain of vermouth. "It simply isn't very practical," he explains. "Even under ideal conditions—without the distracting noise of a cocktail lounge—the 'olive' just doesn't carry very well. Besides, there's always the chance the guy will send the drink back because it's not dry enough—and there goes your transmitter."

But most of the less exotic electronic bugs work just fine. What's more, many of them can be bought across the counter of almost any radio supply shop, since they're gadgets that have perfectly legitimate uses in the electronics field. "It's this easy access," says the special's associate producer, Ronald Steinman, "that may make any real protection of the innocent a physical impossibility."

Nevertheless, there are people in there trying. Among them: Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York, who'll describe for viewers—in one of the program's special interviews—some of the legal measures he recommends to combat this increasingly serious problem.

Very Public Knowledge

It is not violating *anyone's* privacy or confidence to report that NBC News' "The Big Ear" is the unusual, stimulating type of program that has made the NBC Television schedule the most attractive and best-balanced in the entire medium. There has been nothing secret about *that* for a long time.

NBC

NBC News—the world's largest broadcast news organization.

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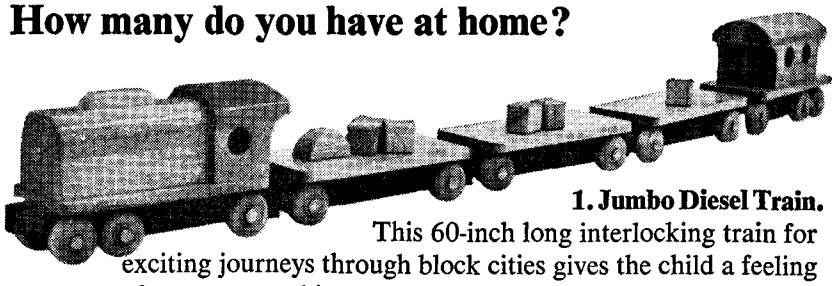

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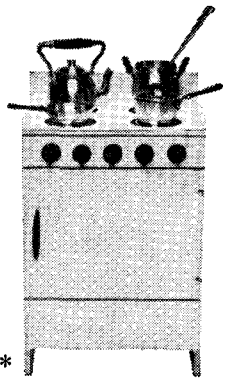

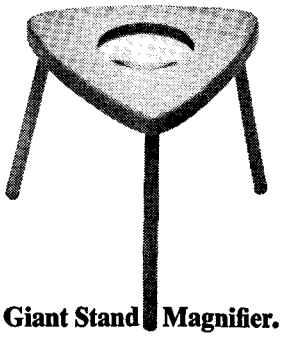

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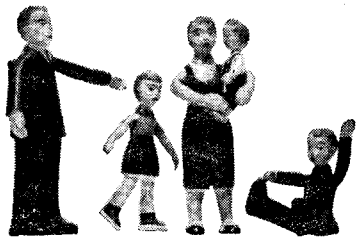

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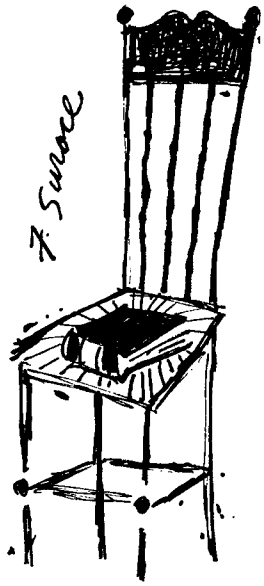
can democracy. And instead of the old doctrinaire approach, pragmatism is the word of the moment. At the same time, the privileged segments of English society are under heavy attack and retreating—whether in politics or education, in business or industry. Those who assumed privileged positions are less and less influential, while the ones who have earned theirs are increasingly decisive. There are fewer and fewer reserved seats for the mighty unless they deserve them.

The Conservative Party, no less than Labor is adjusting to these new trends. The most remarkable and obvious sign is the selection of Edward Heath to the leadership: the first Tory leader who is not a member of the Establishment, a man born not to the purple and ermine, nor wealthy, but belonging to the lower-middle classes. It is a radical change. And just as the Socialists have veered away from their outdated, flat, doctrinaire egalitarianism, so the Conservatives are turning away from the dominance of privilege to being the advocates of equal opportunity, of the classless society.

And so the next elections will be fought at least on partially new grounds. The Conservatives are making a strong pitch for the younger generation, while Labor is moving to the center, curbing its militant left wing.

Mr. Wilson will not be able to twit the Conservative leader as the fourteenth Earl and Mr. Heath will not be able to dispense the air of condescension and casual indifference that proved such an asset to Mr. Harold Macmillan. It will be an altogether tougher, more bitter fight between two men conscious that theirs is more or less the same middle-class background, that they can only use roughly the same weapons. Neither, therefore, will have any hesitation in taking the gloves off.

—Henry Brandon.



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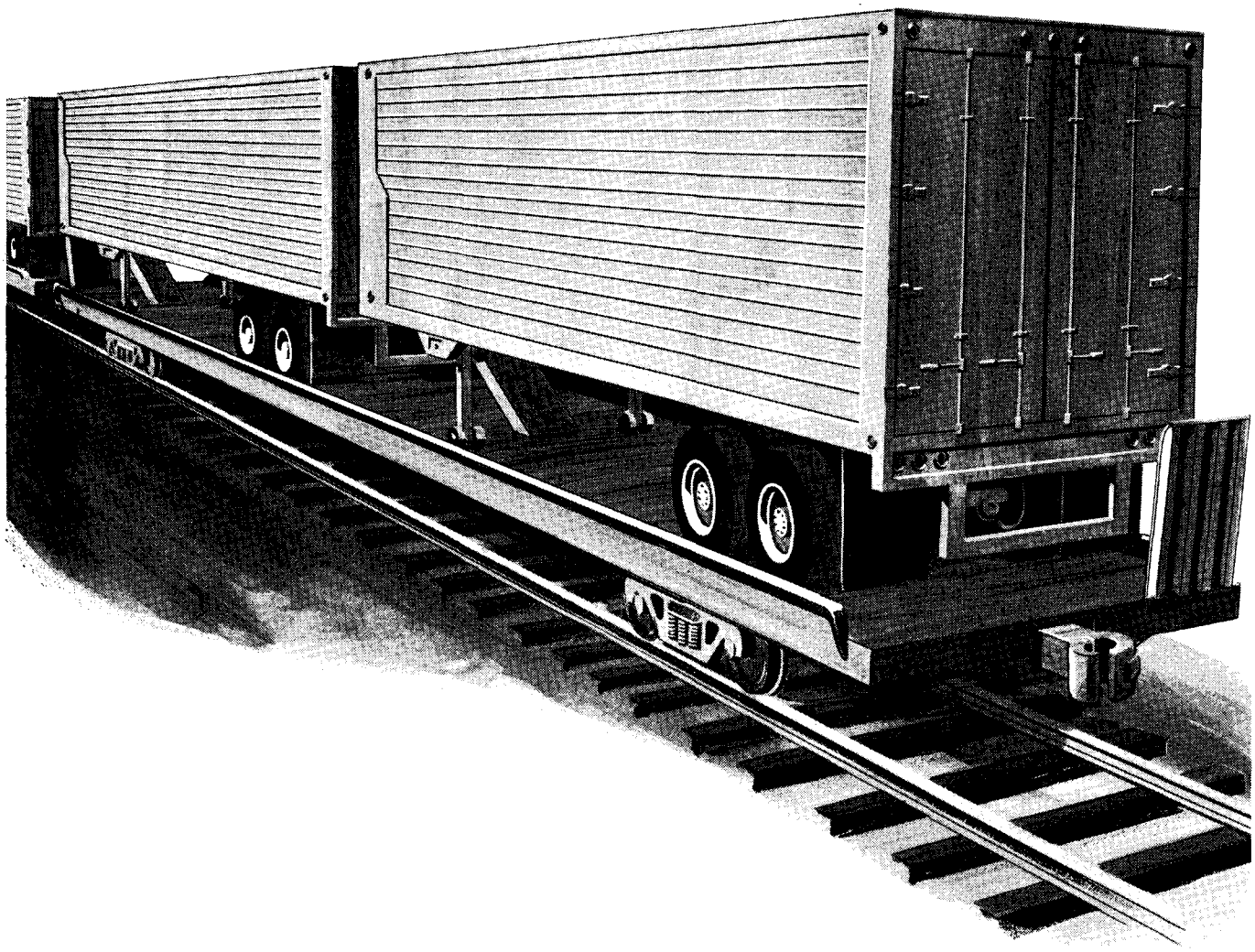

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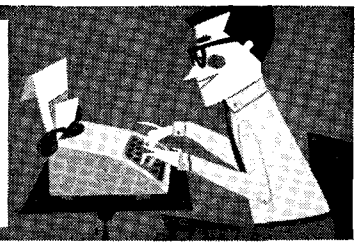
Top of My Head



How Not to Write a Book—2

LAST WEEK I demonstrated how to get two sizable advance checks from two different book publishers and not write a book for either. I can't claim creative credit for the idea. It's simply an extension of the device in common use by the underdeveloped countries. They get advance checks from both the U.S. and the USSR.

To continue with this nefarious business, it was some twelve years ago that I received advance checks ("thinking money") from the houses of Doubleday and Simon and Schuster. One book was finally published in 1955. However, in spite of the money I could never think of a book for Doubleday. Before we move the story forward to the present, I add a footnote that the book for S&S sold about 5,000 copies, most of which my wife bought to present to friends and strangers—a sort of Book of the Week book.

Anyway, to prove how history has this miserable fault of repeating itself, last November out of a clear, blue, twelve-year-later sky I received a letter from Mr. Samuel Vaughan at Doubleday asking if I had ever considered writing a book. He had read a piece of mine which appeared in *Fortune* and he was inviting me to become a candidate for an advance check.

I wrote Mr. Vaughan, saying that evidently he was new around Doubleday because I had been on their books for $2,000 for some twelve years and owed him a book plus the interest. He investigated and phoned to say, "By George, you're right. How about writing the book now?" I replied I was ready to pay my debt to society. He suggested I use the *Fortune* magazine piece along with the columns written in this space. It was agreed.

Late that same afternoon I received a phone call from my man at the William Morris agency. He said he had a call from a man at Simon and Schuster who had read the *Fortune* piece and wanted me to write a book. My man had agreed and they had already mailed me a check for $3,000 thinking money. Well, here we go again.

Quickly I arranged for a meeting with the S&S man. My Morris agency man asked, "What do you want the meeting for? Just write the book." I said I only wanted to explain something to him. "What's to explain? Just write the book." They all keep saying, "Just write the book."

The meeting took place the following day with S&S's Mr. Peter Schwed. I laid my cards on the table. What a messy deck that turned out to be. I told him the story of Doubleday twelve years ago, and since he was new there I brought him up to date on my last deal with S&S. "So you see," I concluded, "I have no integrity. I am not responsible. It'll be all I can do to write that book for Doubleday."

He skipped "no integrity" and "not responsible" and asked what the Doubleday book was about. I said it would contain the columns from *SR* and as a format it would feature several pieces I wrote on the art of living with hypochondria. It would point up humorously the sufferings of a hypochondriac and would be in the nature of a first aid book for similar sufferers with kindred symptoms and perhaps allay their fears. I explained this was my metier because for years I had been a hypochondriac and I graphically detailed the afflictions that had beset me from head to toe.*

Mr. Schwed patiently listened to my organ recital and by now I could see that to "hypochondria" he had secretly added "kleptomania." I offered to return the check. He recoiled in horror.

"Just write the book," he said. "Have you any other idea for a book?"

I said I had. I didn't know when I'd get around to it but I'd always wanted to write an autobiographical book about all the interesting and exciting things that have happened with actors I've met in my writing life. I would call it *Capital I*. It would be a love story because everyone knows actors are in love with themselves.

He liked that. "Just write the book," he said.

And I will. Now all I have to do is wait around for something interesting and exciting to happen in my writing life.

—GOODMAN ACE.

"Honest, Emily, as soon as I get settled on the moon, I'll send for you."

*This book was eventually written and will be published next spring.

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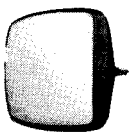

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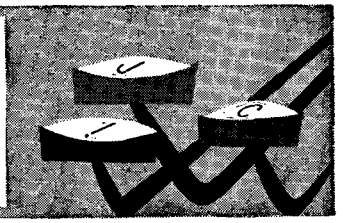
Manner of Speaking



Year's End When Leaves Fall: The calendar to the contrary, all our emotions know that autumn is the true memorial season and the true year's end, as they know that spring is its beginning. Primitive men—at least those whose tribes had wandered away from the steady equatorial mainlands and the climeless islands—had their seasons by heart rather than by mathematics. That heart's year starts with new leafage and the returning migrations. It ends with departures in the sky, with the flaming of green, and with apple fall, or perhaps with a dried and wizened last apple still stuck to its bough.

We still know that year by heart when we are not persuaded away from our own first sense of ourselves by that immemorial confusion the Romans began for us, partly by borrowing earlier errors and partly by adding their own. The ancient Romans tried to keep track of the year by some vaguely understood measure of ten variable months. It was a clumsy measure, as nearly as scholars have been able to decipher it, but it did answer to the original instinct to set spring as the beginning, the Ides of March having been clearly intended to coincide with the vernal equinox.

December is still "the tenth month" of that March-begun year, as September, October, and November are the seventh, eighth, and ninth. For most of a millenium, moreover, those months we now call July for Julius Caesar and August for Augustus were named simply the fifth and sixth months.

The first Roman calendar reform was decreed into being around 700 B.C. in the shadowy reign of Numa, who had obviously been having some royal bull sessions with his court mathematicians. Kings seldom listen to their mathematicians without leaving the world a moral. Let the moral in this case read: Kings and equations forget the sun. Numa ordered that a month to be named January be put in front of March and that another named February be put after December. So the spring-born year of all first understanding was lost to us.

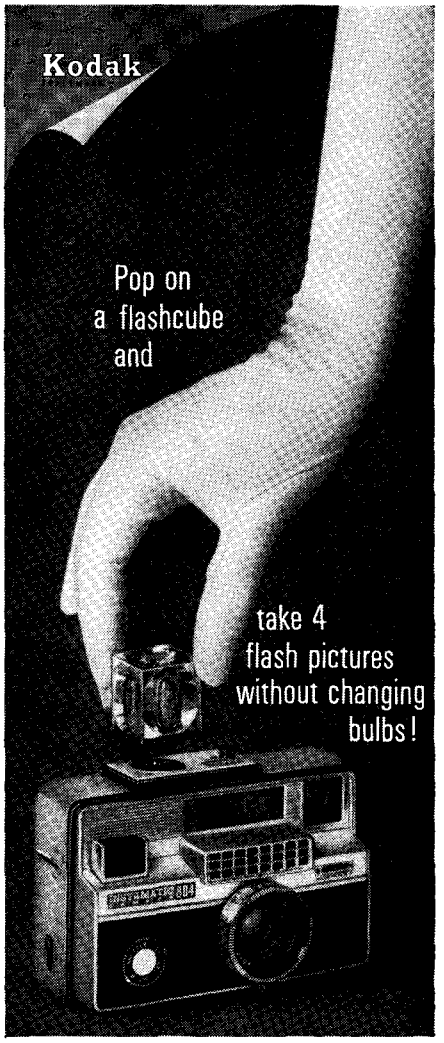
Numa and his astrologist-priest-oracle-mathematicians had thought to put us on a twelve-month year, in answer to the moon's cycle. With one error and another, however, their year ran a disastrous ten and a quarter days short of the sun. Such an error would have compounded into more than a month in three years. In nine years it would have shifted the seasons by a whole quarter. And in eighteen years it would have rotated January's weather into June, and June's to January. Numa and his bookkeepers, therefore, were forced to insert an extra month of alternately twenty-two and twenty-three days into every second year. These additions did not, however, work out to sun-time, and other corrections had to be inserted into the calendar from time to time until it seems reasonable to doubt that even Rubius Goldbergensis could have figured out his mother-in-law's birthday among those fluttering kalends.

In 452 B.C. the Roman timekeepers got around to reversing the positions of February and January to establish approximately the sequence of months we now know, but by the time Julius Caesar got his mathematicians to work on the Julian calendar, the year had drifted off the vernal equinox by sixty-seven days. Authority being what it is, Caesar decreed into the calendar of the last unreformed year two non-recurring months of thirty-three and thirty-four days respectively, and on the assumption that the world had caught up with the sun began the era of the Julian calendar on January 1, 46 B.C.

No one seemed entirely sure of how to take the new calendar and Augustus had to take on additional reforms in an effort to work out a year of 365 days with a leap year of 366, in spite of which the vernal equinox (Caesar had started it out on March 25) kept sliding back roughly one day each century. The sun, that is to say, remained unimpressed by the Roman timekeepers and continued to make and take its own time.

My own arithmetic rests as an annual mystery between me and the internal revenuers and is not much assisted by a dim memory of having gone through Navigation School as an Aviation Cadet in, as I recall, the War of 1812. Accordingly, I gave the problem to a local slide-rule whose oracle gave me back, as a round figure result, the information that the Julian calendar was set to run 44 minutes and 46 seconds ahead of the sun every four years, or 18 hours, 39 minutes, and 10 seconds a century—a divination I pass along on the assumption that the slide rule was of sound gauge and the oracle sober.

In a millenium, therefore, the Julian Calendar had drifted roughly eight days off the sun, and by the time Pope Gregory XIII got around to his calendar re-



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form in 1582 A.D. (1628 of the Julian calendar) the vernal equinox had slipped back fourteen days toward the beginning of the year. The same rate of error projected to the present year would have put the calendar about sixteen days ahead of the sun.

To combat that drift, Gregory's mathematicians sharpened their styluses and added a provision that the double-zero year of any century would not be a leap year unless the number assigned to that century could be evenly divided by 400.

The Gregorian reform produced a year that is only twenty-six seconds too long but it still left an eccentric rotation of days and dates, thereby leaving room and reason for reformers who advocate a calendar of thirteen equal months of twenty-eight days (a total of 364 days) plus a special holiday each year, plus another on the Gregorian leap years. Such a reformed calendar would freeze the rotation of days and dates, for every month would begin on a Sunday or a Monday (depending on the denomination of the reformer) with the result that any given dates would always fall on the same day of each week.

Such tidiness must surely win the souls of all bookkeepers. For money lenders it would raise, like a dream of the Golden Fleece, a vision of thirteen annual payments instead of twelve. For market analysts and economic statisticians it would do away with the need to adjust indices to allow for differences in the length of months. None of us, I suppose, need ever again worry about how many shopping days there are until Christmas. And IBM computers might make do with at least a mile or two less wire; or that mileage might be diverted to some other act of tidiness; or, conceivably, it might even be set aside to listen for signals from the sun or beyond.

I doubt, however, that any significant transmission will be coming in at IBM frequencies. All that can really be counted on is a humming and clicking efficiency that can have nothing to say to emotions whose atavisms reach beyond the Roman error back to sun time and to what the primitive knew of green beginnings and sere endings.

And the Jews, with more time than the Romans in which to learn themselves by heart, had the only other possible good sense to choose September as their year's end and beginning again. And if their calendar still drifts off the sun a bit untidily, it drifts, nevertheless, toward a more fertile sense of what years are, and of what men are in their years: a total—so may the years teach us all—beyond the tidy enclosures of any bookkeeping. Let the mathematicians only keep the sun in place and what follows will be a year a man can know by heart.

—John Ciardi.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

The American Gospel of Success. Edited by Moses Rischin. Quadrangle. $7.95.

Fifty Years: Borzoi Books 1915-1965, A Retrospective Collection. Edited by Clifton Fadiman. Knopf. $10.

The Oxford Companion to American Literature. Fourth Edition. By James Hart. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

The Saturday Book—25. Edited by John Hadfield. Little, Brown. $7.95.

Art

The Art Buff's Book. By Arthur Cady. McKay. $3.95.

Break-Up: The Core of Modern Art. By Katharine Kuh. New York Graphic Society. $7.95.

The Origins of Form in Art. By Herbert Read. Horizon. $6.50.

Business, Economics

Asian Economic Development. Edited by Cranley Onslow. Praeger. $7.

Hours of Work. Edited by Clyde E. Dankert, Floyd C. Mann, and Herbert R. Northrup. Harper & Row. $3.50.

The Protection of Foreign Investments: Six Procedural Studies. By Richard B. Lillich. Syracuse Univ. Press. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

Assassins Road. By Simon Harvester. Walker. $3.50.

The Century of the Detective. By Jürgen Thorwald. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95.

Unmasked: The Story of Soviet Espionage. By Ronald Seth. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Current Affairs

The Atlantic Community. By Drew Middleton. McKay. $5.95.

Organized Labor in Latin America. By Robert J. Alexander. Free Press. $4.95.

Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes. By Jacques Ellul. Knopf. $8.95.

Space Law. By Wilfred Jenks. Praeger. $16.

Vietnam and the United States. By Hans J. Morgenthau. Public Affairs Press. $3.25.

Fiction

A Backward Place. By R. Prawer Jhabvala. Norton. $4.50.

Blood on the Doves. By Maude Hutchens. Morrow. $3.95.

Dark Stranger. By John Iggulden. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

Fume. By Lajos Ruff. Regnery. $3.50.

Glover. By Francis Pollini. Putnam. $5.95.

The Jilkington Drama. By Edgar Mittelholzer. Abelard-Schuman. $3.95.

Mr. Capon. By Jenni Hall. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

A Night at Sea. By Margaret Lane. Knopf. $4.95.

An Observer. By John Espey. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

Okapi Fever. By Phillipe Diolé. Viking. $4.95.

The Savage State. By Georges Conchon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

(*Continued on page* 66)

"I don't know. The State Department, possibly."

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Over in Scotland, a few miles west of Edinburgh, there's an enormous, rather mysterious-looking industrial complex going up on a 100-acre site.

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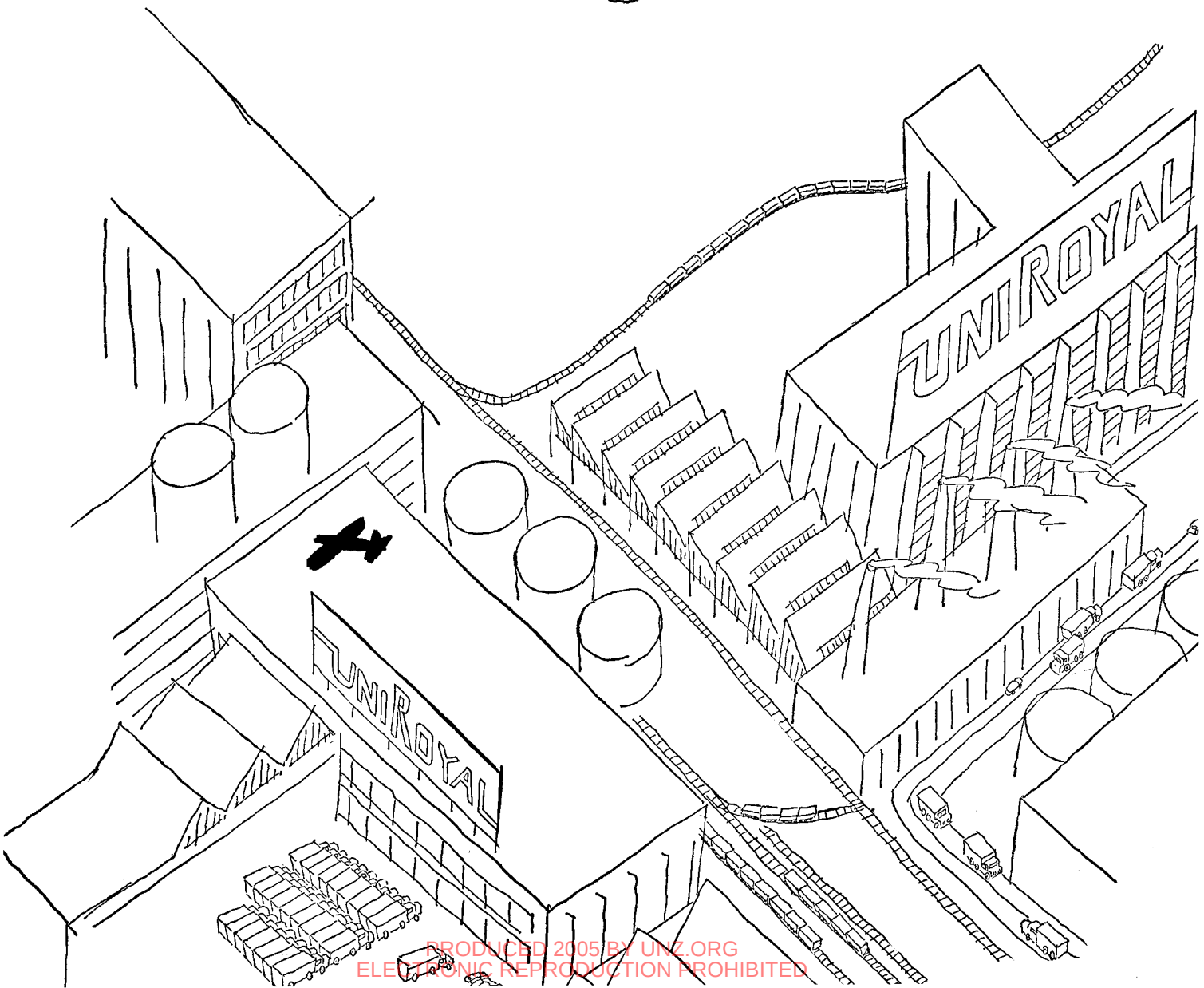

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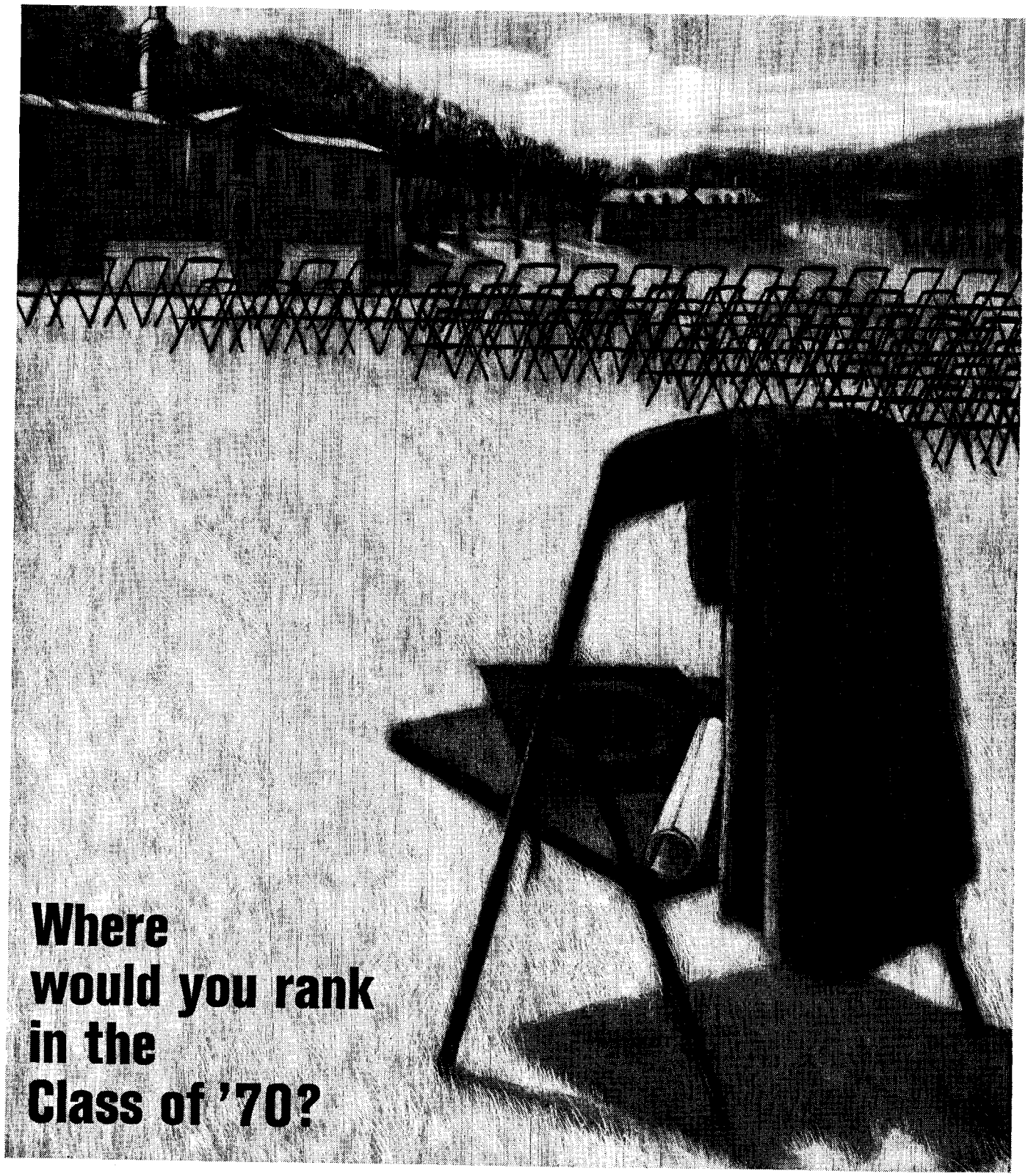

It's harder than it used to be to get into college, harder to stay. Rand McNally and all their fellow textbook publishers share a responsibility for helping educators make their subjects as interesting and as easy to understand as possible, helped by modern publishing and printing techniques. We are happy to play this part on behalf of the young people now hoping to enter a college and graduate. Under today's conditions, how many of our generation would do well in college—if, indeed, the registrar let us in at all?

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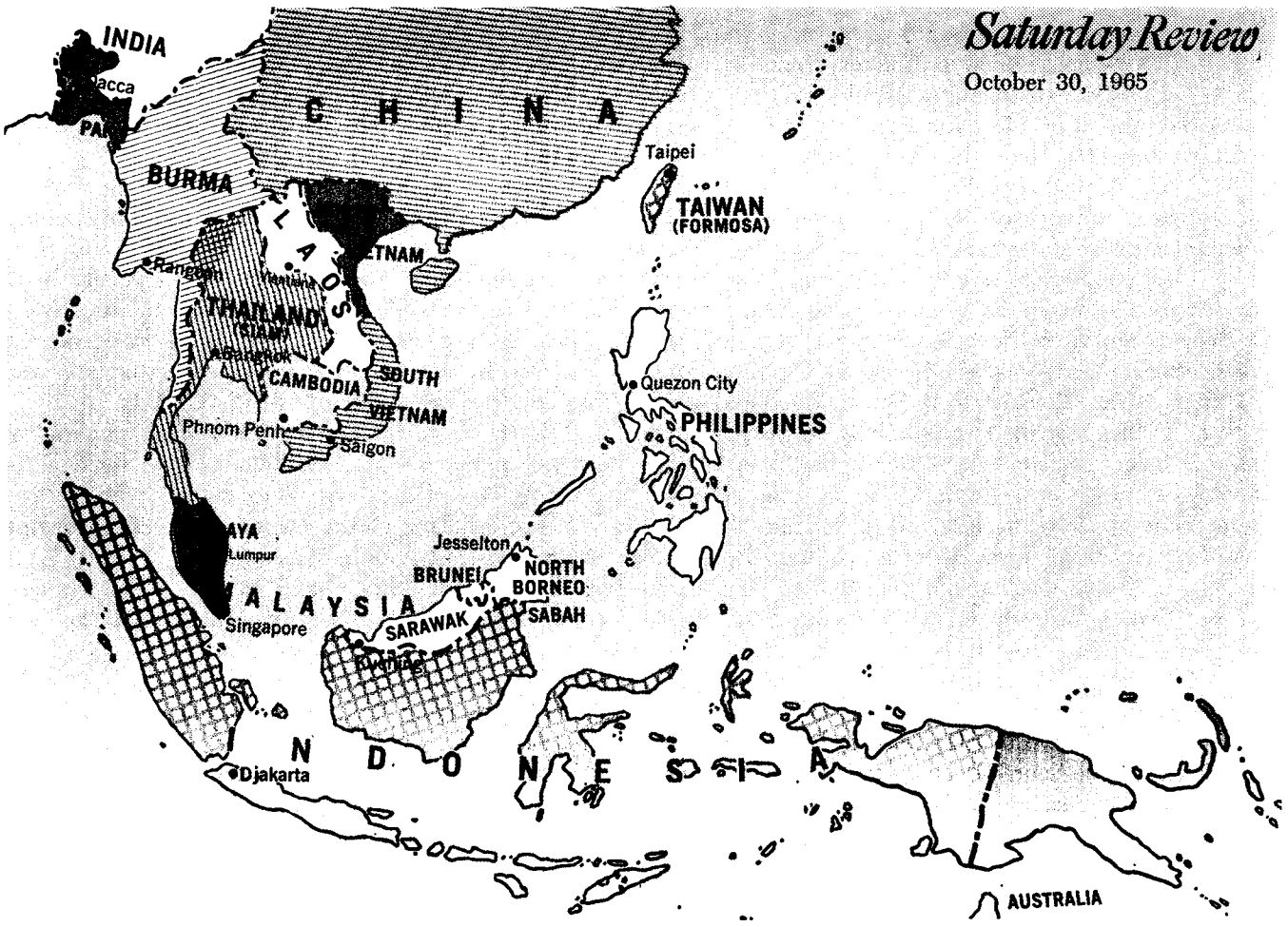

THE PROSPECT FOR SOUTHEAST ASIA

A Symposium on United States Foreign Policy

LAST MONTH some thirty distinguished Asians and Americans—diplomats, politicians, professors, economists, and others with personal knowledge of and experience in Southeast Asia—met in Racine, Wisconsin, for a three-day symposium on one of the most significant and controversial international issues of the day, U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. Convened by the Asia Society, the University of Chicago, and the Johnson Foundation, the symposium ranged over many facets of the enigma that is Southeast Asia today: its rich history, dating to at least 10,000 B.C.; its economic and strategic position; the extraordinary ethnic and cultural diversity of its population, nearly 250 million persons; its rival, nationalistic, post-colonial political subdivisions (Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, North and South Vietnam, Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore, and the Philippines); present and possible future influences of external forces such as the Peoples Republic of China, Soviet Russia, Japan, the United States, and the United Nations; weaknesses of past and present U.S. policy; and emerging trends and forces that may be crucial for the region and the world.

Some symposium participants, although long-time students of Southeast Asia and familiar professionally with one another's careers, had never before met. Others had met but had never before had the opportunity for leisurely, candid dialogue. The atmosphere, therefore, was one of searching, objective inquiry by professors, politicians, and diplomats into one another's experiences, knowledge, and actions and into the reasons underlying their preferences for various alternatives in specific situations, in many cases without any inhibiting value judgment as to their validity.

"As a result," says Kenneth T. Young Jr., president of the Asia Society and chairman of the symposium,

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"although it is somewhat daring to hope for concord when a very diverse group meets on a highly challenging issue, the group reached broad consensus on several points. Among them:

"1. Reliance solely on military force or containment in Asia does not represent U.S. policy. . . .

"2. The United States should not just pull out of Vietnam or abandon Southeast Asia, but it should alter the proportion of political and military action as circumstances require. The various agencies of the United Nations should be more involved in helping to resolve disputes and conflict.

"3. The Mekong River Project offers promising possibilities for promoting regional cooperation, developing higher standards of living, and encouraging regional peace in Southeast Asia. This project and other forms of regional cooperation should be tactfully but firmly encouraged.

"Of equal importance to the common assent was the communication process itself. The university began to see the perseverance, resources, and humaneness of government at work. Government saw in the scholars a relevant and useful resource, obscured at times by the national 'town-gown' antagonisms. Asians saw American dedication to traditional ideals, and all the Americans were moved by the extraordinary, often heroic, responses of their Asian colleagues to the terrifying challenges of disorder and demagoguery in Southeast Asia.

"Evidence made the difference: to the Americans, of the Asians' gallantry and skill in meeting problems of social and economic betterment; to the Asians, of American public and private collaboration for a better Southeast Asia; to the Administration's representatives, of the expertise of the university Asianists, who emerged something better than cloistered and arbitrary critics; and to the scholars, of the compassion which, together with determination, forms the base of today's policy-making on Southeast Asia in Washington.

"If the symposium did not close the gap completely between our scholars and our officials, it certainly proved that the assessment by each side of the other's position had been seriously faulty much of the time, and that large areas of agreement existed in fact."

Articles and quotations in the following special section are adapted from the many hours of discussion at the symposium. In addition, National Educational Radio, of Washington, D.C., is preparing a series of tape recordings of discussions for release on educational radio stations and, by special rental arrangement, for classroom use; a one-hour videotape prepared by Station WMVS in Milwaukee has been made available to educational TV stations; and a book based on the symposium is scheduled for publication soon by Frederick A. Praeger, Inc.

—THE EDITORS.

Conference Participants

BOONROD BINSON, National Energy Authority, Bangkok, Thailand.

JOHN F. CADY, Chairman, Department of History, Ohio University.

STEPHEN G. CARY, American Friends Service Committee.

LEO CHERNE, Executive Director, Research Institute of America.

CHESTER L. COOPER, White House staff Asian specialist.

JOHN C. DONNELL, Assistant Professor, Political Science, Temple University.

FRED R. EGGAN, Professor and Past Chairman, Department of Anthropology, and Director, Phillipine Studies Program, University of Chicago.

RUSSELL H. FIFIELD, Professor of Political Science, Director of Center for Southeast Asian Studies, University of Michigan.

WESLEY R. FISHEL, Professor of Political Science, Michigan State University.

NORTON C. GINSBURG, Professor of Geography, Associate Dean of the College, University of Chicago.

ARTHUR GOLDSCHMIDT, Director of Special Fund Operations, Department of Economic and Social Affairs, the United Nations.

WILLIAM C. HAMILTON, Deputy Director, Far East Region, Bureau of International Security Affairs, U.S. Department of Defense.

EVERETT D. HAWKINS, Professor of Economics, Acting Director of Research in Research Program on Economic Interdependence in Southeast Asia, University of Wisconsin.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, Manager of International Government Relations, Socony Mobil Oil Company.

JOHN HOHENBERG, Professor, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.

COLONEL AMOS A. JORDAN JR., Professor, Department of Social Sciences, U.S. Military Academy.

AMROM H. KATZ, Senior Staff Member, Rand Corp.

LIONEL LANDRY, Deputy Director, the Asia Society.

*ARTHUR LARSON, Director, World Rule of Law Center, Duke University.

*U.S. SENATOR GALE W. MCGEE, Wyoming.

JOHN D. MONTGOMERY, Graduate School of Public Administration, Harvard University.

HANS J. MORGENTHAU, Professor of Political Science, Director, Center for Study of American Foreign Policy, University of Chicago.

C. V. NARASIMHAN, Under Secretary for General Assembly Affairs and Chef de Cabinet, Office of the Secretary-General, the United Nations.

MANNING NASH, Associate Professor, Graduate School of Business, University of Chicago.

THOMAS C. NIBLOCK, Director of Far East Regional Affairs, Agency for International Development, and Assistant to Eugene R. Black, Presidential Adviser on Southeast Asia Economic and Social Development.

LESLIE PAFFRATH, President, the Johnson Foundation.

NORMAN D. PALMER, Professor of Political Science, Chairman of the International Relations Graduate Program, South Asia Regional Studies Department, University of Pennsylvania.

P. S. N. PRASAD, Director, Asian Institute for Economic Development and Planning, the United Nations, Bangkok.

U.S. REPRESENTATIVE HENRY S. REUSS, Wisconsin, Chairman, House Banking and Currency Committee Subcommittee on International Finance; Chairman, Subcommittee on International Exchange of the Joint Economic Committee.

C. HART SCHAAF, Director in the Secretariat of the United Nations assigned as Executive Agent, Committee for Coordination of Investigations of the Lower Mekong Basin, U.N. Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East.

FRANK N. TRAGER, Professor of International Affairs, Graduate School of Public Administration, New York University.

LEONARD UNGER, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

VU VAN THAI, Inter-Regional Economic Adviser, Department of Economic and Social Affairs, the United Nations.

CLIFTON R. WHARTON, JR., Director, American Universities Research Program, Agricultural Development Council.

GILBERT F. WHITE, Professor of Geography, University of Chicago; Consultant on Investigations of the Lower Mekong River.

KENNETH T. YOUNG, JR., President, the Asia Society.

U.S. REPRESENTATIVE CLEMENT J. ZABLOCKI, Wisconsin, Chairman, House Committee on Foreign Affairs' Subcommittee on the Fast East and Pacific.

* Papers presented *in absentia*.

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Indonesia-Malaysia

MANNING NASH: "In the long perspective, I think that Indonesia and what's happening in the Indonesian, Malaysian, and Philippine interactions are probably the things that will shape the future of Southeast Asia. Vietnam, painful, troublesome, dangerous as it is, in the larger temporal and cultural picture of Southeast Asia, will, I think, turn out to be but a sideshow."

REPRESENTATIVE CLEMENT ZABLOCKI: "The problem . . . is that we've had three strong-minded individuals—Macapagal in the Philippines, the Tunku in Malaysia, and Sukarno in Indonesia. I think the Malaysian Federation would, if it could, agree on one person to take over—but it hasn't. As to the possibilities that Sukarno may pass away, I think we can better live with Sukarno than we could with whoever might take over at the moment."

C. V. NARASIMHAN: "Certainly Sukarno is not a well man, but I don't think he is as ill as some people have tried to make out. He still has considerable physical vitality and energy. He is a charismatic leader. That he holds the people in Indonesia in the palm of his hand, whether he has been able to bring about any improvement in their living conditions or not, that he can ask them to do anything and they will do it, all this is true; but I am not at all unhopeful about the long-term nature of this problem [the Indonesia-Malaysia conflict] and the long-term solutions that may emerge. I regard Indonesia and Malaysia as probably more susceptible of solution in the short term than Vietnam."

P. S. N. PRASAD: "It looks, outwardly, as though Indonesia has gone so close to the Chinese sphere of influence that it would be hopeless to ever want to bring it back, but I don't feel that the situation is lost. The Indonesians have the feeling, rightly or wrongly, that they haven't been supported very much by the West. They feel that they have not been given enough economic assistance because the Dutch went about saying to everybody that they haven't repaid their debts. The result is that people have been slightly embittered. But I feel that the situation can still be salvaged if two things are emphasized. One is a certain amount of readiness, even though these would prove to be bad debts, to give economic assistance on a larger scale to Indonesia; and also broadly, tactfully, to reopen the concept of a Malayan peoples' economic grouping between Malaysia, the Philippines, and Indonesia."

RUSSELL FIFIELD: "It would appear, on the surface at least, as though Mao Tse-tung and Sukarno have quite a bit in common in being outside the United Nations, in their policies in Vietnam, in their policies toward Malaysia. But it would seem quite possible that Sukarno could change his mind on some of these problems. You might have some kind of a rapprochement between Sukarno and the Tunku. . . . We have seen such change in the past. Only a few years ago Sukarno was acting very strongly against the Chinese minority inside Indonesia. Relations were very bad between Peking and Djakarta. Now we see the other emphasis. So I would emphasize that, so far as Peking and Djakarta are concerned . . . , this could easily be temporary."

LIONEL LANDRY: "Just as there is now a strong formalistic Indonesian tie with Peking, I think you'll probably find stronger sympathies developing with Japan. I don't think that you'll find that all acts take place in isolation in Sukarno's mind. This is an expression of a Javanese outlook, the expression of which is extremely relevant on the part of whoever runs Indonesia. . . ."

Population Control

CLIFTON WHARTON JR.: "The population growth rate in Southeast Asia will continue its high level of around 3 per cent per annum, with an associated reduction in average age. Recent developments with interuterine rings to the contrary, the rate is not likely to drop by more than one-half to one percentage point even with the most vigorous family-planning efforts. Therefore, increased agricultural production to keep pace with population must be the short-run, time-buying goal, while the long-run influence of demographic controls takes effect."

VU VAN THAI: "Another factor for the West to consider is the problem of overpopulation and its solution in China. It is evident that Southeast Asia is not overpopulated and its countries are either exporters or potential exporters of agricultural surplus. The other possible consequence of overpopulation in China is expansion. It is not Southeast Asia but Russia, on the other side of the border, that represents, in the long run, a very tempting solution to overpopulation for the Chinese."

P. S. N. PRASAD: "Traditionally, a flood of Chinese immigrants could be expected to come to Indochina, Malaya, Thailand, and Indonesia. Now we are holding them—in fear of the control that they could have over us. We are seeking time to develop ourselves, to learn to be able to compete, to be on a par with them. But now if Southeast Asia were to enter the Communist sphere of control, then naturally China would demand that there would be no bar to Chinese from the Mainland coming into Thailand, Cambodia, to South Vietnam, and to Malaysia. And you could predict that those people would definitely be proud of their motherland, which now is Communist or Red China."

EVERETT HAWKINS: "The really heavy concentrations of population where there is no vacant land available tend to surround Northeast Asia rather than Southeast Asia; that is, in China and Japan. (Obviously I must make an exception in Java, at least). The man-land ratio is a serious problem. But it seems to me that although the rate of increase in population in Southeast Asian coun-

The subject was Southeast Asia—Members of the recent conference on Southeast Asia gather for one of the sessions in Racine, Wisconsin.

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tries is very rapid, it's not the limiting factor in quite the same sense that it is in China, India, and Japan."

Communist China

FRANK TRAGER: "As a matter of history, under the Han, the Mongol, the Manchu, the Republic, as well as under the Communists, there has been a long-range Chinese objective which we must take into account in our foreign policy. This objective is summed up in the drive to the Nan Yang [South Sea]. In every strong dynasty, including the Republic, the drive to the South Sea has been a constant feature (a feature which led the American government to place all kinds of wrong bets on the Kuomintang when they were defeated in Mainland China and moved into Southeast Asia)."

JOHN CADY: "I think the important thing to recognize with respect to the Chinese invasions of Southeast Asia is that the Southeast Asians have resisted every time. I think that my friend Frank Trager has overstated the case in part. The Chinese want to get American presence out of this area. That's apparent to anyone. But as for their wanting to invade Laos, Burma, or North Vietnam, I doubt it."

MANNING NASH: "If there is this inevitable drive to the sea, most of the Southeast Asians don't know about it, and they have kept a cultural integrity, a political independence, a style of life which, outside of Vietnam, is not Chinese and does not, in my opinion, give any evidence of becoming Chinese in the near future. To ask that the Chinese should not have influence in Southeast Asia is like asking that the Americans ignore Cuba."

—*Fernand Gigon (Pix).*

Struggling giant—a worker in a Red Chinese steel factory.

NORTON GINSBURG: "Although entirely capable of physically controlling mainland Southeast Asia, China never has controlled it. The Chinese record in Annam or Vietnam is clear: the Chinese withdrew about a thousand years ago, admittedly under great pressure from the Annamese themselves. In my opinion Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and other leaders of the Chinese elite are as strongly influenced by Chinese history as by Marxist-Leninist doctrine."

COL. AMOS JORDAN, JR.: "This argument [that Red China is merely trying to re-establish control over the historic Chinese Empire] not only ignores the dynamism that Communism has brought to the equation; it also ignores the claims the Red Chinese themselves make in the Southeast Asian area. In a map they issued in 1954 showing China's 1840 borders before the era of European imperialism in the Far East, they laid the basis for domination of the whole of peninsular Southeast Asia—down to the Straits of Malacca. Even if, as some argue, China seeks only to have an overseer or older brother-younger brother relationship with these states and not to reduce them to colonial or satellite status, it is clear from Chinese pronouncements that the terms of the relationship entail the withdrawal of the U.S. and the severance of all its political and military ties in the area."

WILLIAM HENDERSON: "We are dealing with a Communist China, not merely a China. This, it seems to me, is what we ought to keep our eye on rather than whether Korea's coming to the Court is particularly relevant to the Chinese policy today."

EVERETT HAWKINS: "China certainly has now, as indeed in the nineteenth century, every motive for sowing unrest and dissension among the countries neighboring her, as well as elsewhere. The foreign minister under the Manchus in the nineteenth century argued that China, wherever she could, should sow unrest among dependent territories. And indeed the Chinese have been doing this in Africa and elsewhere. Now, however, their capabilities are greater than they were before, and I am the first to admit that this certainly changes the balance of power."

JOHN HOHENBERG: "Nor is the public in a very good position to evaluate the actions of Communist China when it must depend primarily on a single Reuters man in Peking for on-the-spot coverage for most of the American news media."

U.N. Admission of Red China

ARTHUR LARSON: "An analysis of any solution of the dispute-settling problem in Southeast Asia must, it seems to me, begin with a fundamental proposition: the dispute-settling and peacekeeping process must be built upon the facilities of the United Nations. There is no other organization that can now fulfil this function. . . . If, by this process of elimination, we can begin with the central role of the United Nations, a second conclusion is thrust upon us by almost irresistible logic. This is that representatives of both parts of the world's four divided countries, China, Vietnam, Korea, and Germany, should be seated in the United Nations as soon as possible. The arguments against the seating of the People's Republic of China are well known. . . . The point here to be stressed is that the old arguments have now been superseded by one overwhelmingly important argument whose urgency has only recently become fully apparent. This is the necessity of providing an orderly forum in which the extremely dangerous developments in Southeast Asia can be handled. . . . In view of the intervention of the Soviet Union in Hungary, the intervention of England and France in Suez, and the intervention of the United States in the Dominican Republic, not one of the Great Powers is in a position to speak from a background of pure innocence in the matter of refraining from the use of force in international affairs. . . . The argument . . . that always has weighed most heavily with me is the probability that the seating of Mainland China might well have disrupted the steady but fragile growth of the peacekeeping techniques and capability of the United Nations at a time when the Soviet Union and the United States were beginning to show some ability to cooperate in this task. . . . The answer to this worrisome consideration is that it is overbalanced by the tangible and urgent necessity of dealing effectively with some present peacekeeping problems which apparently cannot be dealt with in any other way. Moreover, there is always the residual availability of General Assembly action under the Uniting for Peace Resolution, for which the necessary majorities could undoubtedly have been secured in both the Congo and Kashmir cases. The seating of the People's Republic of China and of the other divided countries presents obvious technical problems. . . . The most serious is the achievement of a proper balance between the interests of Nationalist China and of Mainland China within the organization. It would not be an acceptable solution to expel Nationalist China, as the Communist countries have demanded in the past. Every one of the

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arguments for the seating of Mainland China is equally valid for the retention of representation of Nationalist China. . . . Nor can it be argued that the People's Republic of China should be considered the representative of the 13,000,000 [Nationalist Chinese] people, since the claim of Mainland China itself is based upon the fact that it is in *de facto* control of the territory it claims to represent, and it cannot be denied that the Nationalist Chinese Government is in *de facto* control of Taiwan. It might simplify the process to treat the Chinese representation problem as one of four divided countries' problems, so that it will be obvious that Mainland China is being treated no differently from any other portion of a divided country that claims to represent the entire country. . . . If, as the United States Government earnestly believes, its position is a reasonable willingness to negotiate and to terminate hostilities on an orderly basis, the sooner that position is systematically exposed in contrast to the intransigence of the Communist regimes . . . the sooner the full force of world opinion can help to arbitrate between a policy of negotiation and a policy of relentless military pressure."

Economic Development

C. HART SCHAAF: "When President Johnson made his April 7 speech at Johns Hopkins there was an immediate flurry of interest throughout the Mekong Basin in the potentialities of regional basin development. I had two or three communications at once by cable from the three capitals other than Bangkok and calls from three or four different government departments within Bangkok. And then in May we had a meeting of the Mekong Committee. To that meeting there came not only a Cambodian delegation but, for the first and only time, the Director of External Finance for Cambodia. He came because the Johnson speech talked about a billion dollars for such things as regional undertakings like the Mekong project."

CLIFTON WHARTON, JR.: "With a population growth rate of 3 per cent per annum, the region is adding about 6,000,000 people a year or 500,000 every month, or 16,000 to 17,000 every day, or one person every six seconds. Just to keep every man, woman, and child with their present levels of food, Southeast Asian agricultural output must grow at least at the same rate—2 to 3 per cent per year. But securing a growth rate for agricultural output at 2 to 3 per cent makes no provision for higher levels of income and improved nutrition. . . . The remaining uncultivated arable land of Southeast Asia is

Policies for Progress: The situation in Southeast Asia today is in large part a legacy of the past. As Walter Lippmann, speaking before the United Nations last March, said: "The history of this cruel and bloody century is one of recurring cycles of war and revolution. In this cycle the old regimes and the old landmarks are swept away and old habits uprooted, and new wars are engendered in the disorder which ensues. The Second World War carried much further what the First World War had begun. It liquidated the feeble, interim successor regimes which existed in the unpacified regions of Europe and the Middle East. The Second World War demolished the imperial system in India, in Indo-China, in Indonesia. In Africa, it demolished the colonial system from the Mediterranean down to Angola, South Rhodesia, and the Union of South Africa. The future of the United Nations is bound up with the agonies and the hopes of [this] process. . . ."

In making these observations, Mr. Lippmann pointed to a profound truth that too often has been overlooked in dealing with the problems of South and Southeast Asia. It is obvious, of course, that the serious situation on the Indian subcontinent today is a legacy of the past. One can say with the advantage of hindsight that, with the best of intentions, the process of liquidating the British Empire on the Indian subcontinent was, perhaps, too fast and that, if more time had been given, the tragedies and mistakes of the past, both remote and recent, could have been avoided.

Much the same is true of the situation in Vietnam. The problems in that tortured land today are the product of errors of policy stretching over the last fifteen years. Again, in Malaysia, if a little more time had been given before a date was fixed for the consummation of a somewhat artificial political union, the situation today might be vastly better.

There are many other important questions, and one of the most difficult is which should come first, political stability or economic development—whether we should have political stability before putting money into economic development. Many of us who have worked in this field for many years have urged that if you just wait for political stability to be attained before you put money into economic development, you are putting the cart before the horse. There is a very close relationship between economic progress and political stability. Even in countries that are affected by large-scale military operations, it would be unwise to overlook the need for maintaining at least a minimum rate of economic progress.

When the average Southeast Asian wakes up each morning, he does not rub his eyes and ask himself, "How am I doing compared with my opposite number in China?" He is more likely to ask himself whether he is better off today than he was a month ago. What is important to him is that there must be progress from day to day. As long as that feeling is there you can be sure that there will be a fair measure of political stability.

A recent estimate shows that present plans for economic development in Asia are barely sufficient to absorb the existing labor force and certainly not large enough to reduce underemployment, which affects as much as 22 per cent of the total labor force in each individual country. The growth of population also poses problems.

Economic development *per se,* of course, is not enough. There must be other changes. Especially in the field of industrialization, there is a tendency for an elite group to monopolize management of all new enterprises and the resultant profits. In this way, although some industrial development may take place and this may be reflected in an increase in the gross national product, as well as in per capita incomes, there may be no corresponding improvement in the living standards of the masses.

One other point that varies in the seriousness of its implications from one country to another is the problem of race. The sense of national unity in Burma has been eroded by some separatist movements. In Thailand, there is a problem of assimilation of the Chinese minority. In Laos the problem may be more ideological than racial, but the problem of integration remains. The hostility between Cambodia and Thailand is no doubt partly racial, Khmer versus Thai.

In Malaysia the problem is especially serious. Here was the first attempt at developing a truly multiracial society, and the recent dissolution of political bonds between Singapore and the peninsula shows how difficult a task it is in the present circumstances.

These are only a few of the challenging issues we face. To surmount them, statesmanship of the highest order will be required, especially on the part of leaders of the majority community. —C. V. NARASIMHAN.

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either inaccessible (requiring roads) or more difficult to 'tame' (requiring the economies of large-scale clearing, contouring, etc.). All these facts point to an inescapable conclusion that land development in Southeast Asia is increasingly becoming a capital-intensive activity . . . [and] what is most needed is serious investigation of alternative methods of land development that are less capital-intensive."

GILBERT WHITE: "All too often handsome structures of concrete and steel and earth fall short of yielding the expected returns and may, indeed, dislocate rather than advance the welfare of the peasant or city worker. Unless careful and thoughtful measures are taken to assist farmers in shifting from traditional cropping of rain-fed rice to irrigated rotations the finest dam and canal may go unused. . . ."

JOHN MONTGOMERY: "Americans have a habit of looking for easy solutions to difficult problems, and of being too readily impressed with their own generosity. To forestall more disillusionment with foreign aid, let it be said at once, first, that regionalism will not solve the most difficult problems in Southeast Asia and, second, that not all approaches to regional development will be equally effective. . . . Building roads and dams is not enough to generate international cooperation. The New Deal is remembered less for the buildings it built than for the institutional changes it introduced. . . . Similarly, the most important regional projects will not be survey reports, dams, ditches, and power lines, but commissions, boards, and secretariats, and treaties and executive agreements. From these would come as well trade and marketing arrangements that would permit economic specialization among the countries, and perhaps eliminate the duplication of costly infrastructure facilities (such as fertilizer producing plants, educational resources, and agricultural and other research)."

Asian Development Bank

THOMAS NIBLOCK: "President Johnson's pledge on April 7 to seek a billion dollars to accelerate economic and social development in Southeast Asia was at once a recognition of the enormity of 'emerging needs' and a commitment to begin now . . . During the five months since the President's offer, considerable progress has been made in quickening the pace of development, especially in identifying necessary institutional framework. We are heartened by the momentum built up by the ECAFE-sponsored Asian Development Bank, and we hope that a charter can be approved at a Ministerial meeting in December. Since the ECAFE Committee to initiate such a bank was appointed less than two years ago, and detailed discussions with potential members began only this past summer, truly remarkable progress has been made; the bank, clearly the product of Asian initiative, has captured the imagination and enlisted cooperation of both developing and developed countries. As its most obvious and direct benefit, it should soon increase the flow of funds into the region. Further—and apart from its own capital, which is $1 billion—the bank should be able to encourage private as well as governmental financing for projects within the region and stimulate regional and subregional cooperation, particularly through anticipated nonlending functions of a technical assistance nature. Finally, the United States believes it important that the bank be able to serve fiduciary functions, including administering special funds, as proposed by Eugene R. Black, such as the Southeast Asia Regional Development Fund (to which the United States has pledged $100 million, subject, of course, to Congressional approval and sufficient participation by other countries to make the fund truly multilateral)."

Economic and Cultural Myths

NORTON GINSBURG: "There are a number of fallacies or apparent fallacies about Southeast Asia that many people—in this country, at least—hold. First is the widely held belief that all the countries of Southeast Asia are generally somehow like India and China. To some extent this is so, but in Southeast Asia we have a variety of cultures, long standing . . . . quite distinctive. For the most part, too, Southeast Asian countries have less dense populations and lower land-man ratios than China and India and, for that matter, Pakistan and Japan. Second is the belief that somehow the Southeast Asian countries are uniformly subject to potential Chinese domination or influence. Actually, Southeast Asia can be divided into two major regions on the basis of the kinds of historical relations with China: 1) mainland Asia (countries which have paid tribute to the Chinese court or have at various times been dominated by it) and 2) archipelagic Southeast Asia (which filled a less readily definable role and which was much less influenced, directly, by the Chinese state at the height of its power). A third fallacy is that Southeast Asian countries are generally alike. Of course they have many similarities, but there are signficant differences both at a political and economic level. . . . On one hand at a higher economic level are Malaysia and the Philippines, and on the other, almost all other countries, except Thailand, which occupies a kind of intermediate role. This leads to a fourth fallacy: that economic development is accomplished the same way in different places. Japanese-type paddy cultivation, for example, is totally inappropriate to most of the countries of Southeast Asia, not only because rice is a phototropic plant, and you can't use the varieties that the Japanese use, but because the traditional Japanese way of using fertilizer and control of water are incompatible with the mores and social organization—as well as the major physical environments—in most Southeast Asian countries. In general, too, we assume that economic development takes place on a country basis. But it is quite clear that in many countries purchasing power is too low to permit certain kinds of industries to develop. . . . Another fallacy is to regard each country as somehow internally homogeneous. The fact is that each Southeast Asian country has its own kind of Appalachia, backward areas even in terms of development within those countries; and the existence of these backward areas contributes to fragmentation and regionalization of these national entities, which are having a difficult time creating the idea of a state and the apparatus that makes a state survive."

WILLIAM HENDERSON: "United States economic interests [in Southeast Asia] . . . are peripheral at best. And I say this as an employe of a large oil company [Socony Mobil] with very substantial stakes in Indonesia. . . . If we are finally nationalized in Indonesia . . . my guess is there wouldn't be a ripple on the New York Stock Market—all of Socony Mobil's profits for the year would scarcely be affected. What the United States is doing in Southeast Asia, and in Vietnam in particular, is imposing force to prevent the expansion of Chinese power in Southeast Asia."

Governmental Forms

MANNING NASH: "When Americans talk about Southeast Asia, they talk to themselves. The concept of freedom is about the most nonsensical idea you could think of in South Vietnam, and opposing freedom to dictatorship, or talking to a Burmese (who is about as free a man as I've ever met in his daily life, if he doesn't have a government bugging him) about freedom and anti-Communism is to have a dialogue with the heirs of the French revolution, which the peoples of Asia are not."

LEONARD UNGER: "It is clear, I think, even to the most sentimental democrat,

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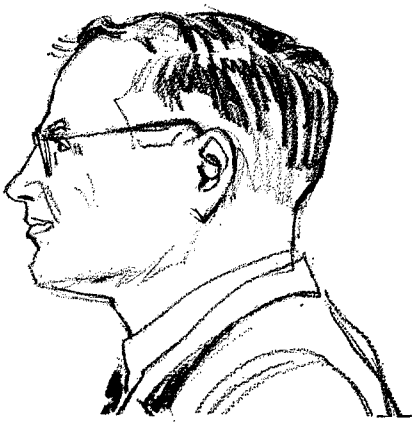
Sketches at the Conference

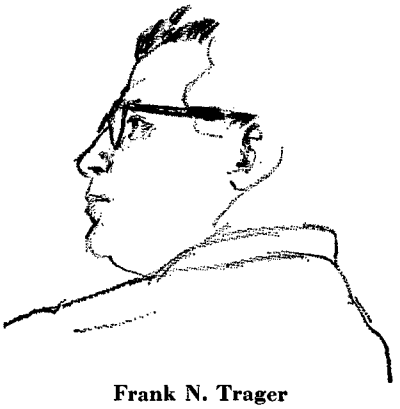
By ALAN LANE GASS

Kenneth T. Young, Jr.

Leslie Paffrath



Henry S. Reuss



Frank N. Trager

Vu Van Thai

Clement J. Zablocki

Everett D. Hawkins

Boonrod Binson

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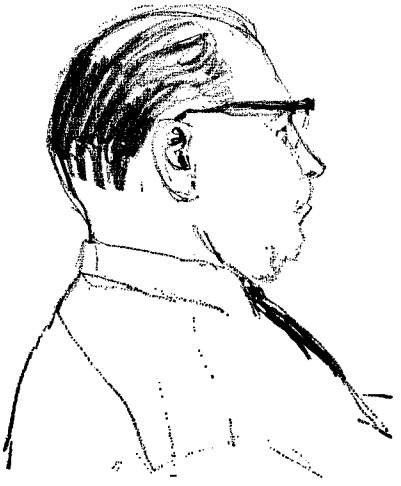

C. Hart Schaaf

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that Southeast Asia will not have a whole group of model democracies of, say, the Scandinavian type or some other quite inapplicable ideal. At the same time many Southeast Asians are anxious to find a kind of responsive government. This, I think, is a search in which the scholar has an important role. People who understand local government of the past in Southeast Asia, how decisions have been reached, and means of arriving at a consensus, and at the same time know Western government, have a good deal to offer Southeast Asians."

FRANK TRAGER: "The trained administrators have not yet appeared or, if they have appeared, have not been able to work their professional competence because of fear of or concern about political interference. And the college generation, less well equipped for the specialities of modernization, is frequently more interested in political advantage than in service."

Past Policy Errors

JOHN CADY: "The Nationalist Chinese armies in 1945-46 . . . were authorized by the victorious Allies to take the surrender of the Japanese forces in Laos and North Vietnam. So anxious to get rid of the troublesome Chinese was the *de facto* Vietnamese nationalist government, led by Ho Chi Minh and other anti-French associates, that they agreed in early 1946 to re-establishment of *de jure* French control in order to accomplish departure of the Chinese. When the civil war was renewed in late 1946, Washington's decision to support the restoration of French authority left the Vietminh no alternative but to accept aid from Communist Russia and, after 1949, from Communist China, in its determined fight against French colonial control."

The sounds of war—Vietnamese villagers watch an air attack.

—Dicky Chapelle (Nancy Palmer).

RUSSELL FIFIELD: "President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Second World War might have influenced the contours of postwar Asia – in fact, he considered some kind of trusteeship for Indochina—but the exigencies of the war and the basic attitudes of the British, French, and Dutch worked against him. Even today the American escalation of the Indochina War depends upon the tempo and scope of Communist activities."

Vietnam: The Communists

COL. AMOS JORDAN: "In view of the difficulties in detecting and measuring infiltration, there are understandably doubts about the precise magnitude of aggression in South Vietnam, namely support to the Vietcong rebels from the North. But there should be no doubt about its existence on a substantial scale. . . . On this the record is clear: the 1962 report of the International Control Commission—hardly admirers of the Diem government—states unambiguously that men, weapons, and military direction were flowing south. This is not to deny that a sizable proportion of VC weapons were captured ones in the past—although the seventy thousand 'main force' Vietcong units have recently been re-equipped with 7.62mm weapons which can only have come from the North. Nor can it be denied that a sizable number of the Vietcong have been recruited or impressed in the South. But the Northern contribution has been an important one in both categories, particularly in terms of experienced, indoctrinated leadership and skilled technicians. . . . Are the South Vietnamese government and people willing to stand up to the Vietcong? Since 1961, Secretary Rusk has reported, 'the South Vietnamese armed forces have lost some 25,000 dead and 51,000 wounded. In proportion to population, these South Vietnamese losses are ten times as great as those suffered by Americans in the Korean War, and larger than our losses in World War II.' If there were not a deeply rooted will to resist a Vietcong takeover, would the South Vietnamese have borne such losses—and equally grim and widespread killings and kidnappings of civil officials—and still be fighting on? These observations and Hanoi and ICC pronouncements cited earlier are all relevant to the question of whether the Vietcong represent the genuine aspirations of the people of South Vietnam or whether they are being imposed on the South by North Vietnam. The question cannot be settled by balloting or opinion polls; the only statistics bearing on this question were the 'votes' that more than 800,000 refugees cast with their feet when they fled to the South upon partition in 1954, in comparison with the 'votes' of 80,000 who chose to go North."

Vietnam: U.S. Involvement

HANS MORGENTHAU: "There is no such thing as a typical 'war of liberation' whose uniform pattern can be detected throughout the world, and which could be causally connected with all the other wars of this kind. The war in Vietnam is *sui generis*, and no situation remotely similar to it exists, or is likely to exist, anywhere else in the world. In consequence, what happens or does not happen in Vietnam can have no direct bearing upon what is going to happen elsewhere. Win or lose in Vietnam, there may still be a 'war of national liberation' in, say, Indonesia or Venezuela or Algeria, which may be won or lost according to what may happen in those particular countries, but certainly not according to what is going to happen in Vietnam. . . . We cannot undo the results of irrational policies by restoring reason to its rightful place through an act of will. Therefore the practical question is: How can we bring the true interests of the United States in Southeast Asia to bear upon the actual situation created by our mistaken policies?

Three points need to be made in this respect: *First*, our involvement in South Vietnam as part of the peripheral military containment of China not only does not serve this purpose but is likely to bring about what it intends to prevent: the expansion of the military power of China. From a strictly rational point of view, this involvement ought to be liquidated. However, this cannot be achieved by simple disengagement since we have committed not only our military power but also our prestige in South Vietnam. We must, then, seek to negotiate a settlement that will allow us to disengage ourselves militarily from South Vietnam through a series of steps spaced in time. I understand this to be the policy of our government. *Second*, the nature of the government to be established in South Vietnam is of secondary importance in view of our interests. What our interests require is a stable government which does not present, as did all the successive governments of South Vietnam thus far, an open invitation to internal revolution and Communist subversion. In view of the third point to be made, an all-Vietnamese Communist government may, in

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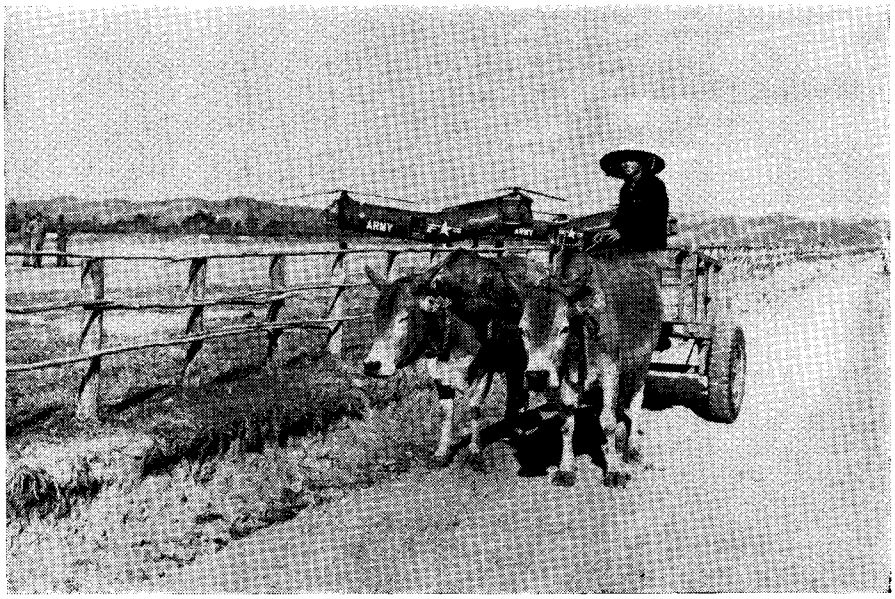
view of our interests, even be preferable to a non-Communist South Vietnamese one. *Third*, the military and relative political independence of Vietnam from China must be based upon a new balance of power in which the preponderant political influence and military threat of China is checked by the United States and the Soviet Union. The United States can bring its economic power into play, as indicated by the President's Baltimore speech of April 7, supported by its preponderant military power as the ultimate sanction. The weapon of the Soviet Union is its ability to extend military and economic aid and ideological support. In the end we would see in Southeast Asia a string of neutral states bordering on China, which by their very existence would serve to contain China's expansion."

GILBERT WHITE: "I doubt that many persons are for all-out escalation, or that many are for complete and unqualified withdrawal. To set up these as models of policy is perhaps to obscure the issue. We are involved in the much more difficult problem of trying to recognize gradations between these extremes."

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY REUSS: "Our policy is not to topple Hanoi. We learned in Korea that an attempt to extend American influence to both parts of that divided country could not succeed. Our policy has been one of . . . power coupled with restraint. . . . This has proved successful in past confrontations with Communist adversaries. In 1947 the Greek guerrilla war was fought on the ground, rather than by bombing Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. We thus avoided direct Russian involvement, yet preserved the independence of Greece. In 1949 we kept West Berlin free by flying over the Russian blockade, rather than by driving our tanks through it. We resisted advice, freely given in 1951, that we use the atomic bomb in North Korea; and yet we were successful in re-establishing South Korea's independence. In the recent Cuban missile crisis, we blockaded Cuba rather than bomb missile sites. And the missiles were withdrawn."

LEO CHERNE: "We tend to think back to the Marshall Plan as the plan that produced the return of economic, social, and political stability, but it is important to record that the Marshall Plan itself barely got off the ground until NATO was added."

WILLIAM HAMILTON: "Officials in the Department of Defense share the view that political, economic, and socio-psychological problems are paramount in this area. We do believe, however, that the halting of aggression must run in tandem with the pursuit of these objectives and that unless the halting of aggression is accomplished we will be denied complete success in their pursuit."



—*Camera Press (Pix).*

The old and new in Vietnam—An ox-drawn cart passes by an airstrip.

Vietnam: Internal Problems

VU VAN THAI: "Both Ho Chi Minh and Ngo Dgn Diem have had elections with 98 and 99.5 per cent for them. I myself had an opportunity to witness one election and to see in front of newsmen how it was possible. You had an envelope. . . . There was a voting booth and you would enter with your envelope. But the envelope was done in such a way that if you opened it, the whole thing would unfold, so that afterward you could count those who had voted for and those who had voted against just by the way ballots were put in the box. Those voting against would just hold their envelope until the center passed the slot and then let it go. Those who were voting for would even show the envelope open and then put it in. There is a majority. The majority is those who are caught in between. . . . Can you show me in history any country in which the people have been crushed, suffered under a dictator as in the case of Vietnam, emerged, and, within one year, established a political system with a meaningful doctrine? The people know what they don't want. But under such conditions what dialogue could have crystallized the Vietnamese people's thinking?"

STEPHEN CARY: "Corruption, which must be reckoned with throughout Southeast Asia, is particularly serious in South Vietnam. Nothing less than a complete overhaul of the whole civil service system will correct the situation and make possible a government capable of exercising effective leadership."

LEO CHERNE: "A negotiated termination of the war in Vietnam will leave . . . one million refugees concentrated in a dozen of the coastal cities of South Vietnam. Perhaps as many as 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 additional victims of the war will have been uprooted by Viet-cong assault as well as by bombing and mortar shelling of hamlets. These war victims will, however, not have been able to make their way to coastal refugee centers, though their normal life pursuits will have been destroyed or seriously injured. If these estimates are essentially correct, 20 per cent of the population of South Vietnam will urgently require resettlement assistance, home rebuilding, land grants, or retraining."

FRED ECGAN: "If we are going to go about nation-building in Vietnam, it seems to me we ought to do it as soon as possible. With five more years of war, you won't have anything to build out of. Every bridge is down, every road is ruined, every field is destroyed, and what do you do? You're back in the Neolithic era."

Vietnam: Internal Change

WESLEY FISHEL: "There has been more change—and it is continuing—in South Vietnam in the past eight months than at any similar period since I first made acquaintance with that country eleven years ago. The military situation has been transformed. The morale of the Vietnamese has shifted perceptibly since last November and much more so since last February, if the information that I have about that period is correct. The deterioration which seems

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to have infected and affected most levels of Vietnamese society has not only halted but has been reversed. The emphasis that one finds on military problems. . . , a necessary one, results in an unbalanced evaluation and an unbalanced coverage in the various news media that has diverted our attention from much more vital and substantial changes within Vietnamese society, and most especially within the leadership in the Republic of Vietnam."

VU VAN THAI: "In this [past] year three forces have emerged. One is the Buddhist movement (and the Buddhist movement should not be thought of as a religious movement but mainly as the crystalization, under the only possible form of organization, of the struggle against dictatorship). This movement, like any other, was infiltrated by Communists, by the Diemists. Nevertheless, it was not controlled by an organized force but by popular opinion. This was enough to control the infiltration. Throughout 1964, for example, the Buddhist movement took to the streets on a number of issues. But whenever there was a power vacuum in the midst of attempted military coups and, therefore, popular unrest could have led to the Communist takeover of the central government in Saigon, there was not a single riot. The Buddhists and their followers rioted against what they opposed, but the moment there was a danger of serious Communist exploitation they halted their protest. The second force is the students, This group, too, has been heavily infiltrated by Communists, but the pressure of popular opinion is such that this is controlled; it has been impossible for the Communists up to now to use this movement.

The third element is the army. Because of Communist aggression the army has been increased from a professional army into an army which, through a draft, represents all the people. This made possible the removal of the Diem regime. It also has brought an end to the bloody crushing of Buddhist and student protests. Communication between the forces of order and the mobs is completely different when you have professional police and when you have an army of the people. During the successive coups there has been not one shot fired, and this is really because the army has become a national army. . . . So the situation in Vietnam now, from a political point of view, is at a stage of crystalization. We are coming slowly out of chaos and finding our way, with the help of the American commitment."

Vietnam: Long-Term Needs

AMROM KATZ: "American style in former wars was to do things serially. First we fought, and the War Department (now the Department of Defense) was predominant. When the fighting ended the next job was making peace, and the State Department was predominant. And when peace was established, we would next go in and rebuild the place—the job of an agency like ECA. But in Vietnam the luxury of the series solution is unavailable. The job there is to beat the Vietcong militarily, create the conditions which would permit and enhance GVN stability and viability, pacify the countryside, teach the peasants how to raise pigs, win the hearts and minds of the peasants—in short, to do in parallel, simultaneously, all the tasks, and more. This is truly interdisciplinary war. . . . Systems analysis, operations analysis, model-building, optimization, cost effectiveness, and other tools of strategic analysis are inapplicable to the Vietnam type of problem. These tools are great for picking and choosing among alternative solutions. But to optimize means to choose the best among several choices. Before this can be done, we need an invention—a solution. After several inefficient, expensive solutions are found, these tools— and practitioners—are useful and can be valuable. We are not yet at that second stage in Vietnam. . . . Yet there are people – quiet, unorganized, known mainly to insiders—who are 'good' at this kind of war. They are, by and large, not part of the regular establishment, and the structure of the U.S. government seems ill-suited to using such people. The government, then, must reshape itself to cope with such wars. This suggests that a new agency devoted to these new problems needs to be established. It would be the focus of U.S. efforts to collect data on current experiences; retrieve—before it is too late—data from past experiences; conduct and sponsor research in this field. It should probably be under the Executive Office of the President. It need not be large, but should be big enough to make effective use of the talented, dedicated men who now find no useful career; it would be a place where the interdisciplinary nature of the problem is recognized by using all available skills and techniques."

—*Pix.*

A capital at war—One of several canals in Saigon.

FRANK TRAGER: "When the announcement came from President Johnson in the spring, I talked to some Vietnamese diplomats who said, 'Wonderful, but this won't affect Vietnam for a very, very long time.' As a matter of actual fact, there are four riparian countries, and the plan for the Mekong with respect to Vietnam probably will reach Vietnam last. Therefore, so long as Vietnam is a focus of our interest, it seems to me that we need something on a quicker stage. . . . I would like to suggest that there are some American skills that we have not yet invoked. For example, in November of 1955, we decided on a project for relief of 40,000 refugees in Vietnam. By July of 1956 there was a rice crop growing. Every refugee family had a thatched-roof house, and two hectares to plant in rice, which, I saw, was being harvested. That job, in seven months, was electrifying. There is a certain amount of contingency planning that could be used now to prepare for such a thing whenever that amount of land can be farmed in that way. When Vu Van Thai was a director for the Vietnamese government

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in the 1950s, he bemoaned the fact that we weren't helping them to industrialize faster. We could now prepackage plants, small foundries, power plants, textile plants, fiber, and newsprint plants, and they could be set up and operating within six months to a year. I understand that some of this is being done. Let's do more."

SENATOR GALE MCGEE: "As Max Lerner noted so succinctly, 'We must distinguish between democracy [which will be long in coming throughout Asia] and independence.' The U.S. goal is to give the people of South Vietnam a chance to build a non-Communist regime. If America leaves South Vietnam to the Communists, there will be no such chance for a long time, if ever. . . . But given the fact that I endorse our military role in Vietnam I am also completely convinced that there is no military solution to the problems of Vietnam. The best we may obtain through military action is the chance to apply ourselves to the problems of that divided and devastated nation. . . . We have been making great strides in this area even during this conflict. As President Johnson pointed out in May, we have helped to build more than 4,000 classrooms in the past two years, and supplied these classrooms with 8,000,000 textbooks. With our help South Vietnam has doubled its rice production since 1954. Seven million people have been vaccinated against cholera, and malaria infestations have been reduced by 80 per cent. We have trained men and women to staff more than 12,000 hamlet health-centers. In an agricultural nation, we have nurtured fledgling industries. We have done this and much more. The importance of these activities is graphically and cruelly illustrated by the fact that Vietnamese technicians trained and supported by our efforts are prime targets for Vietcong terrorism."

VU VAN THAI: "Where I feel private foundations could be helpful to us is in development of the local press in Saigon. The Buddhists and all those individuals searching now for a common program of action, a debate on vital issues, have few means of expressing themselves. The financing of a small number of newspapers—not of opinion but under professional standards of expression—could constitute one of the most important contributions to Vietnam."

WESLEY FISHEL: "We must work toward a much larger set of programs of educational and cultural exchange. At present there is no inventory available of the skilled human resources of South and East Asia. Surely this is a crying need which either the U.S. or the United Nations is in a position to meet. Beyond that, perhaps we need a whole new approach to the problem of higher education in South and East Asia . . . , a multilateral approach corresponding to the multilateral activities that we're undertaking on a more physical plane . . . for example, using a well-thought-of and well-liked Southeast Asian state (*e.g.*, Thailand) or a neutral and more or less respected Asian state (*e.g.*, Japan) as locale for establishment of a University of the Peoples of Asia . . . , an international university where a multilingual program of instruction (perhaps largely in English but mostly under an internationally famous faculty) could go a long way toward building future generations of leaders in this part of the world."

—*Claude Jacoby (Pix).*

In a country at war—The faces of schoolchildren in a fortified Vietnamese village reflect the grim lives they are leading today.

LIONEL LANDRY: "Directly relevant to this is the purpose of the Rockefeller Foundation to develop five universities, one of which is in Bangkok. A very large amount of money over a number of years has been committed toward development of a university center in Bangkok which would serve, although not the same formally stated purposes, very similar ones in terms of the university of international excellence."

The U.N. and Vietnam

HANS MORGENTHAU: "I think our government wisely has tried to circumvent the United Nations on this issue (Vietnam) because if it had done otherwise—if it had allowed this issue to be brought, let us say, before the Security Council, it would have put the Soviet Union on the spot. The Soviet Union would have been compelled to side with the opposition. It is of course in our interest . . . not to force upon it [the Soviet Union] a clear-cut choice between ourselves and the other side."

SENATOR GALE MCGEE: "In the history of man the only effective alternative to armed conflict has been the balance of power. The *Pax Britannica* is a demonstration of how this concept, if pursued skilfully, can eliminate international conflicts on a global scale. And I would point out that though international conflicts once could be resolved upon the battlefields of Europe, this is now not the case. It should be further pointed out that some of the international problems that we face today are the result of the artificial creation of small nations in an effort to prevent the creation of large power blocs by perpetuation of petty jealousies and diversions, a policy that might be called 'divide and dominate.' While this sort of balance-of-power international politics should properly be discarded, the basic strength of the theory is still valid. As the events following two global conflicts have amply demonstrated, efforts to ignore the balance of power and substitute international agreements and the deliberations of international bodies as a means of guaranteeing the peace have been failures. This is not to say that the United Nations has not and is not an effective force for peace but it certainly does not possess the power to guarantee the peace against the transgressions of any of the world's great powers. Balance of power is not as strong or as stable a method of preserving peace as effective international control would be—in fact its principal strength is that it is only better than open warfare—but it has worked in the past and can work in the future. Indeed, until we can perfect an

(*Continued on page* 100)

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SOUTHEAST ASIA'S OLD MAN RIVER

Last April 7 at Johns Hopkins University President Johnson announced one of the most significant new emphases in U.S. policy in Southeast Asia in this century. "Neither independence nor human dignity will be won by arms alone," the President said. "It also requires the works of peace. The American people have helped generously in these works. Now there must be a much more massive effort to improve the life of man in the conflict-torn corner of the world. The first step is for the countries of Southeast Asia to associate themselves in a greatly expanded cooperative effort for development. . . . For our part I will ask the Congress to join in a billion-dollar American investment in this effort when it is under way. And I hope all other industrialized countries—including the Soviet Union—will join in this effort to replace despair with hope. . . ." One of the first such projects, development of the Lower Mekong River watershed, is described below.

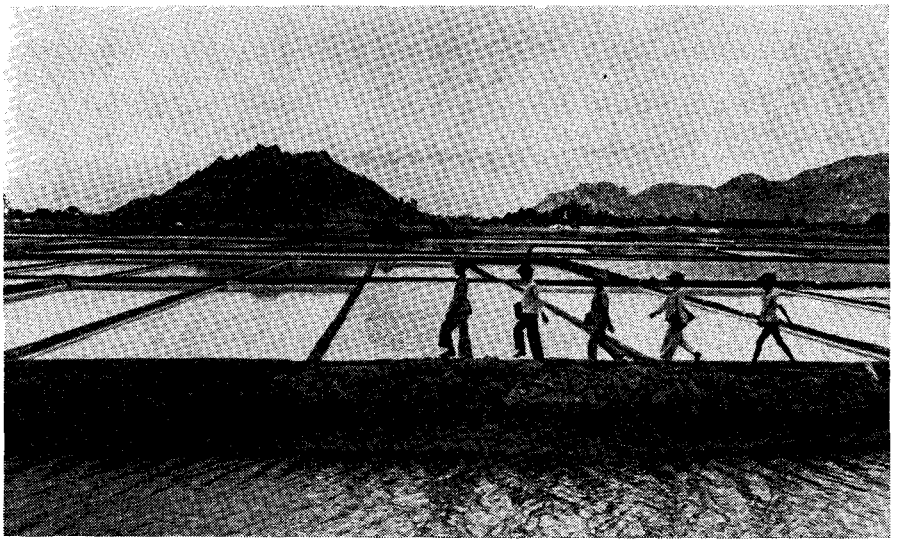
AMONG THE several committees created and sponsored by the United Nations' Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) to plan and implement economic development of Southeast Asia, the most active to date has been the Mekong Committee. The idea of Mekong River development was conceived long before 1957, but it was not successfully put to work until near the end of that year.

The committee, which consists of one representative from each of the four riparian countries (Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, the Republic of Vietnam), seeks to develop, without distinction as to nationality or politics, the Lower Mekong River Basin, which they share.

With all of Cambodia and her 6,000,000 people, all of Laos and her 3,000,000 people, one-third of Thailand and her 10,000,000 people, and one-half of Vietnam and her 8,000,000 people located in the basin, one easily can understand how important this river is to those 27,000,000 people—and how much its development might affect this area. Up to now, the majestic river has never been bridged, much less tamed.

The committee hopes to develop both the water and related resources of the Lower Mekong Basin. This would include hydroelectric power, irrigation, flood control, drainage, navigation improvement, watershed management and water supply, and ancillary projects such as experimental and demonstration farms, mineral survey and development, power market projections, and training of management personnel.

To date, the equivalent of more than $90,000,000 has been spent or earmarked for both investigation and construction of projects sponsored by the committee. These funds come from twenty-one friendly governments outside the basin, U.N. agencies, three foundations, a number of private businesses, and the four riparian governments. Five tributary projects and one tug-and-barge project already have reached the construction phases; of these, the Nam Pong and Nam Pung tributary projects in Thailand will be completed this year.



—*Wide World.*

Beside the Mekong—South Vietnamese children walk beside flooded rice paddies at the edge of the Mekong River.

To comprehend potential benefits, consider the effect of just one planned project on the Plaine des Joncs (The Plain of Reeds). This area, about a million hectares (80 per cent in Vietnam and 20 per cent in Cambodia), is waterlogged much of the year. During the driest months, alum salts several meters below the surface rise in capillary action through the dry earth and contaminate surface soil, making impossible the growth of anything except marshy reeds.

But with cheap electric power from Sambor, made cheaper by operation of the Pa Mong reservoir, the Plaine des Joncs can be pumped free of water during the waterlogged period. Then in dry months, fresh water from the Great Lake of the Tonle Sap and the Mekong River can be pumped into the area to keep the soil moist, thereby preventing the rise of alum salts.

Many projects will have multiple benefits far beyond their immediate area: the Nam Ngum and Nam Pong tributary projects, for example; the former in Laos, the latter in Thailand. Nam Ngum has a potential of 120,000 kilowatts; Nam Pong, 25,000 kilowatts. Since Nam Pong will be completed soon, Vientiane, the capital of Laos, can be supplied with Nam Pong power while Nam Ngum is being built. When Nam Ngum is completed, in perhaps five years, its power will feed the Nam Pong grid and can even be transmitted to Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, outside the Basin.

There are many other benefits. Laos, for instance, has been a sensitive area in Southeast Asia for years, and for a physically healthy Laotian the only honest way of making a living has been to be a soldier. Now there is a Nam Ngum tributary project, requiring some 3,000 laborers for at least three years, and many more laborers for related works.

The Mekong Committee, which now involves four riparians, could be extended to a fifth, Burma, which also is in

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the Basin; and power benefits can be extended through an electrical grid to three more countries, Burma, North Vietnam, and Malaysia. It also can stimulate or create cooperation elsewhere in Southeast Asia, such as between Burma and Thailand in the Salween and Mekong Basin, and between Malaysia and Thailand in the Cumberland and Patani Basin. Most of all, it can serve as an example of regional and international cooperation among developing countries everywhere.

—Boonrod Binson, National Energy Authority, Bangkok, Thailand; member, the Mekong Committee.

* * *

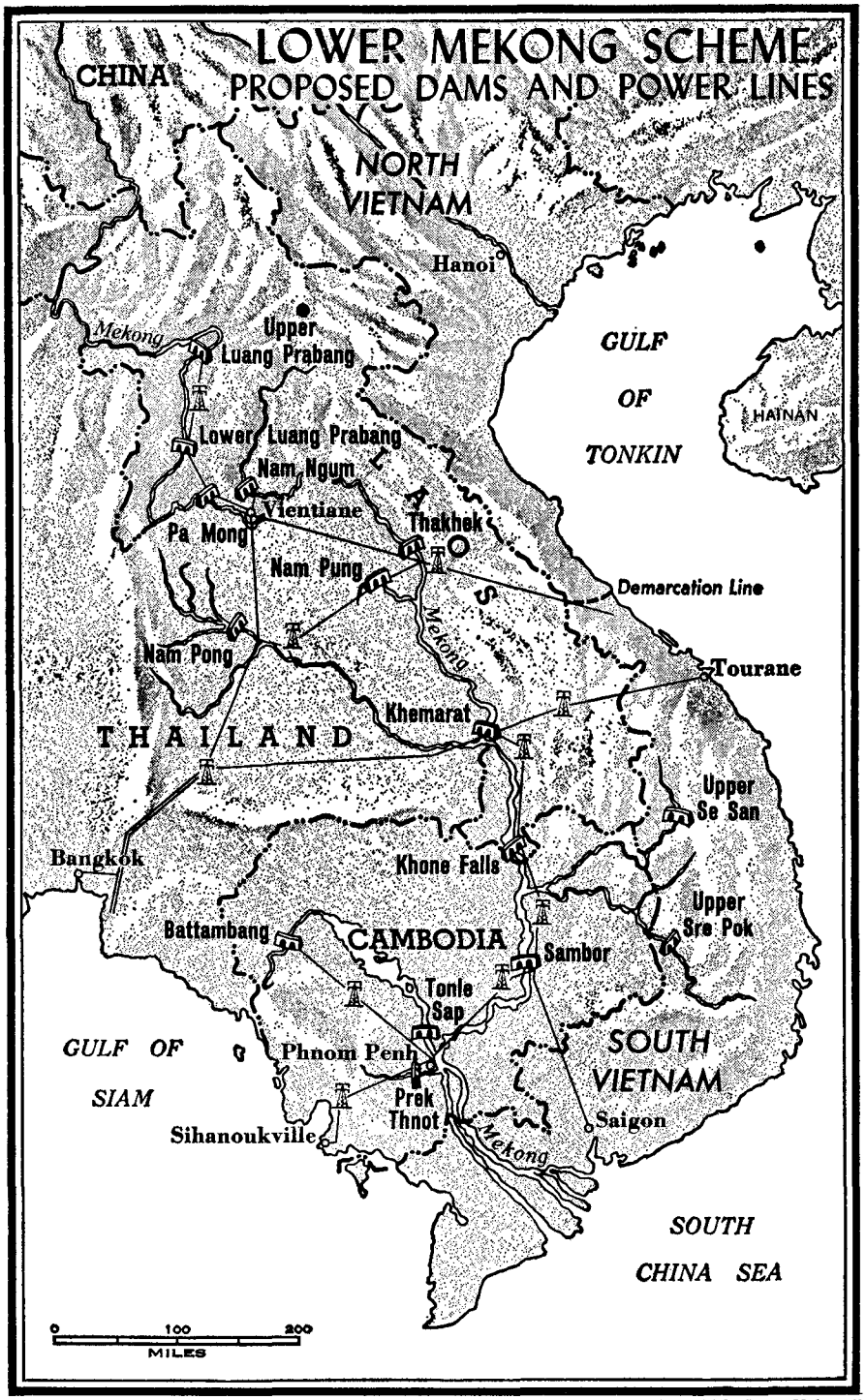
THE MEKONG PROJECT is knee-deep in a marsh of difficult though often fascinating day-to-day problems, such as finding $4,500,000 to complete the $26,000,000 total needed to begin construction of the Nam Ngum tributary project in Laos; finding $5,000,000 for mapping the irrigable area required as part of feasibility investigations of the Pa Mong mainstream project; mortising together an effective and integrated team of experts contributed by several countries with differing procedural habits; and finding a jeep for an agricultural investigation team contributed by a country long on agricultural skills but short of jeeps. Above this, looming like Kilimanjaro, are several much bigger problems, such as shifting sights from the magnitude of planning costs to the altogether different magnitude of the costs of implementation—without making too many people faint in the process—and striking the right balance between the centripetal forces of Mekong Basin regionalism and the centrifugal forces of Mekong Basin nationalism.

Despite these problems, as well as political and diplomatic differences among the four riparian countries, however, no meeting since establishment of the committee in 1957 has been canceled or shifted, and each of the hundreds of items in the committee's work program has been a result of committee decision.

A recent notable decision—last August—involved establishment of a convention for the exchange of electric energy between Laos and Thailand, which provides for common ownership by all four countries in the committee of the transmission line across the Mekong River. The convention is signed not only by Laos and Thailand but also—for the first time in the history of conventions of this type—by the downstream riparians, Cambodia and Vietnam—and the United Nations, all as parties "directly interested in the comprehensive development of the Lower Mekong Basin for the benefit of all of the people of the basin without distinction as to politics or nationality."

All in all, the results are most exciting. The Mekong Committee, for instance, along with other activities, has conducted mineral exploration, and already has discovered bauxite in Cambodia, which may be very significant. In Northeast Thailand, moreover, we are turning up more iron ore than anyone thought we would—almost certainly enough for an iron and steel industry.

—C. Hart Schaaf, Director in the Secretariat of the United Nations assigned as Executive Agent of the Mekong Committee.



—*From "The Lower Mekong."*

The Mighty Mekong—The 2,600-mile river, one of the ten or fifteen largest in the world, could provide hydroelectric power, massive irrigation, escape from the one-crop system, and vast new economic vitality.

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A View from India

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following on-the-spot account from India is by SR's Associate Publisher, William D. Patterson.*

NEW DELHI.

IN THE period of grace provided by the uneasy cease-fire between India and Pakistan, it is hoped here that the United States will reflect with great care on the crucial shift in world power that has been taking shape in Southeast Asia since the outbreak of hostilities over Kashmir.

Such reflection should be more painful than jubilant. For in the opinion of this sprawling capital of nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants, both the United States and Great Britain were badly misguided in pursuing a policy of neutrality where India and Pakistan were concerned.

Qualified foreign observers here put the case bluntly: the Pakistan assault on Kashmir was planned in close concert with Red China to defeat and humiliate, if not destroy, democratic India as China's only real ideological rival for political hegemony in Southeast Asia and thus much of the Far East. Kashmir was in fact, they argue, the pawn in a much larger game.

All this, of course, is denied by Pakistan. Her argument is that Kashmir's sympathies lie unmistakably with Pakistan but that India has stubbornly refused to hold the U.N.-ordered plebiscite that was to have determined the will of Kashmir's people. Plans for the plebiscite were made in 1948 after both India and Pakistan accused each other in the Security Council of aggression. The U.N. managed at that time to draw a cease-fire line and ordered the vote. But Pakistan has charged that India, despite protestations that she was willing to abide by the results of a plebiscite, has repeatedly avoided letting the issue be resolved by the Kashmiri people. Some observers believe, therefore, that one significant motive behind Pakistan's military action may have been to call world attention to its grievance.

In any case, Pakistan's plan was simple, her purpose bold. And the results were as disastrous for Pakistan as America's own Bay of Pigs invasion in Cuba. The thrust of Chinese power all along the inner perimeter of Southeast Asia was thrown off balance. Yet it is keenly felt here in diplomatic quarters and within the Indian government that Washington does not yet understand this, and that London, caught between two warring members of the Commonwealth, confused the issue by following Washington in the sterile policy of regarding the conflict as though it were merely a clash between two equally irresponsible belligerents.

Such a Western policy, it was argued in highly placed quarters, is morally wrong and is, moreover, dangerous to our national security in the very power struggle in which we are engaged in Vietnam and other parts of Asia.

What, exactly, was the Pakistan plan? What actually happened? And why is the Soviet Union the principal victor to date?

The armed infiltrators Pakistan began sending into Kashmir last August were to inspire local uprisings among the Moslems in that divided, restless area. The Pakistan army, poised and waiting, was then to respond to pleas from "our Kashmiri brothers" for protection against Indian brutality, and was to sweep through Kashmir on a mission of mercy right to the Indian frontier. There it was to halt while President Ayub Khan presented the world with a *fait accompli*—the occupation of Kashmir—and demanded a peaceful settlement of the long, bitter wrangle over this vast and valuable territory. The strategy was to mix force with appeals to the United Nations for peace—in order to consolidate politically the armed seizure of Kashmir. This plan was approved by Red China in conferences in Rawalpindi. And the Chinese promised to come to the aid of Pakistan if anything went awry.

The contrast between the plan and the outcome could hardly have been more dramatic.

First of all, the Indian authorities stress, there were no uprisings in Kashmir, despite the fact that 77 per cent of the state's 4,000,000 inhabitants are Moslem. In a long, candid discussion a member of the Indian cabinet insisted that this was clear evidence of the actual feelings of the Kashmir populace toward Indian rule of the contested state.

When Indian forces, after waiting in vain for the United Nations to act, finally responded by rounding up the infiltrators or driving them back across the old 1948 cease-fire line, the Pakistan army moved swiftly into action and full-scale hostilities ensued. In this actual warfare the Indian army routed the Pakistan forces with superior tactics, superior command in the field, and superior use of weapons, although the troops on both sides fought fiercely and gallantly. The Indian army destroyed some 200 of the 400 tanks the U.S. had provided Pakistan. Casualties were heavy on both sides, but the Indian army, drawing on its resources of 850,000 men under arms, rolled the Pakistan battalions, only a fraction of the 200,000 men on active duty, back on their haunches.

THE war, according to U.S. sources here, was no stand-off, as was widely reported—and apparently believed—in the West. Responsibility for this misconception must be blamed largely on the short-sighted, uncooperative press policy of the Indian government, which denied correspondents access to the fighting scene and confused their news dispatches with clumsy, contradictory censorship. In fact, the Indian army could have captured Pakistan's ancient seat of learning and culture, Lahore, if Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri had not stopped it in the conviction that such a loss of face would have made it impossible for President Khan to accept any petition from the United Nations for a cease-fire.

It was at this moment of catastrophe and defeat for Pakistan that Red China

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honored its pledge of aid by issuing its September 17 ultimatum in an apparent effort to ease the pressure on its beleaguered ally by throwing India off balance. And the ultimatum did exactly what the Chinese seem to have intended. There was no disposition within Shastri's government or among foreign diplomats to take the Chinese ultimatum with anything but the greatest seriousness. The Indian army began to reinforce its positions fronting the high Himalayan passes nearly 1,000 miles away, where the borders of Sikkim, India, East Pakistan, Tibet, Nepal, and China form a sort of disputed jigsaw puzzle the Chinese apparently had decided to solve with force. Fighting on the Kashmir front slowed, and the world held its breath.

At this juncture the international political situation, as seen in New Delhi by foreign diplomats as well as by the Indian government, was a fascinating study in cross-purposes.

Pakistan had launched, in alliance with Red China, a religious, civil, and ideological war against India, the largest democracy in the Far East and one committed to peaceful progress based on strengthening and expanding its democratic institutions.

It is these same institutions, and the freedom they create and preserve, that the United States has been pledged to support and defend since the very inception of the cold war. Yet here was an aggressive hot war likely to upset the precarious balance of power in Southeast Asia in favor of Red China, and the United States chose to remain neutral.

THE Indian government found this especially difficult to understand since Pakistan had clearly shown complete contempt for U.S. official and public opinion by illegally using U.S.-aid arms against India without either consultation or permission. Indian officials were also disturbed by reports that the U.S., while immediately cutting off all military aid to India, made few if any really serious efforts to halt Pakistan's use of Patton tanks and other U.S. weapons, including jet fighters, against India. So inaudible was America's voice on this issue that there was some opinion in the Indian cabinet that Pakistan was actually using these weapons with the tacit consent of U.S. authorities, even though Pakistan had clearly thrown itself into the embrace of Red China.

The deadly political impact of U.S. hesitancy was compounded by the Soviet Union's swift decision not only to continue military aid to India, but to step it up. This assistance included four Soviet submarines to counter two U.S. submarines in the hands of Pakistan, as well as Soviet planes to meet the U.S. jets attacking from Pakistan. The result has been an enormous increase here in Soviet prestige and influence. The Indian press has been full of battlefield reports of Pakistan assaults with U.S. weapons and their defeat with Soviet-supplied weapons. A shattered Patton tank captured from Pakistan forces was displayed in the heart of New Delhi; it attracted thousands of shouting onlookers.

Although Red China was strongly supporting Pakistan, the Soviet Union stood firm for India, quickly making the vital geopolitical decision that the humiliation or defeat of India by Pakistan would strengthen Red China's drive for hegemony in Southeast Asia and would just as clearly not be in Russia's national interest in this strategic area. On the other hand, the United States, struggling in South Vietnam to prevent Chinese Communism from becoming the all-engulfing wave of the future in the Far East, was apparently unable to perceive in the smoke of battle over Kashmir that our own vital national interest was involved.

Certainly there was no question here of U.S. confidence in the competence of the Indian government either to manage its affairs or to wage war effectively. The humiliating lessons of the 1962 invasion by Red China have not been forgotten. India's slightly built Prime Minister, with his gentle schoolteacher's face, was described by a well-informed American official as "India's equivalent of Harry Truman, a small man with a big backbone made of iron, skilled in practical politics, in full command of his government and party, knowing precisely what he wants and exactly how to get it."

When the Prime Minister, in a firm, resonant voice, delivered his calm response to the Chinese ultimatum before a crowded Parliament last month, he received a stirring ovation. The members of all parties pounded their desks—the highest form of applause—at these words: "If we are attacked, we shall fight for our freedom with grim determination. The might of China will not deter us from fighting for our territorial integrity."

At the same time Shastri accepted the Chinese demand for joint inspection of the Sikkim-Tibet border not only to prove there were no Indian violations of that sensitive area, but to avoid giving China any pretext for transforming her trumped-up charges of illegal military installations in Chinese territory and the kidnaping of Chinese inhabitants and livestock into a *casus belli*.

IN the complex chain of political events unleashed by Kashmir, China had had to rescue Pakistan from a humiliating debacle instead of, as originally anticipated, enjoying the spectacle as well as the political profits of democratic India in disarray as Pakistan swallowed Kashmir. The Soviet Union has gained enormous prestige in India by remaining steadfast to her commitments. The United States and Britain have lost face throughout Southeast Asia, as well as a magnificent opportunity to gain urgently needed prestige by honoring our commitments to India.

These political cross-currents do not seem to be clearly evaluated in Washington. As seen from here, the same events appear to be viewed through a different lens or weighed in a different scale. This is not to suggest that India did not welcome the dramatic success of the United Nations in enforcing a cease-fire. Prime Minister Shastri made his willingness to accept and abide by a cease-fire evident from the earliest moment, even though he was winning both the military and political stakes from President Khan at the moment the "or-

(*Continued on page 77*)

—*Nancy Palmer*

Anti-Pakistan demonstration—In New Delhi, rickshaw pullers outside the Indonesian Embassy protest Indonesia's pro-Pakistan actions.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Law and the Homosexual

ROBERT K. WOETZEL's article "Do Our Homosexuality Laws Make Sense?" [*SR*, Oct. 9] is absolutely the most perceptive analysis of the damage done to individual homosexuals by unreasonable laws and cultural prejudice to appear so far in the public press.

RANDOLFE WICKER, Secretary,
New York Mattachine Society.
New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU for Robert K. Woetzel's article. As a clergyman and a psychiatric social worker, my answer to the question heading it is an emphatic "No, our homosexuality laws do not make sense!"

We of the churches must try to catch up with professionals on the growing edges of forensic psychiatry, with people like the late Dr. Kinsey and his associates, and with such writers as Mr. Woetzel—and his counterparts in England—if we are to share in ministering justice under the law both in church and state.

(THE REV.) HENRY H. WIESBAUER.
Westboro, Mass.

PROFESSOR WOETZEL's suggestion that we repeal the laws against homosexuality would, if carried out, create more problems than it solves.

Civilization's first duty is its own preservation. Legalizing sodomy would remove its social stigma and place society's seal of approval on perversion.

Alexander Pope put it succinctly:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

NELSON A. WHITE.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

PROHIBITION, as everyone knows who lived through it, made drinking glamorous and engendered widespread contempt for the law. Many now suspect similar united fronts against such vices as narcotic addiction and homosexuality. But there are significant differences. There is indication that drug-control laws may popularize some illegal drugs; also traffic in drugs does support elements of organized crime. But there is no indication that drug-control laws result in further disrespect for the law. The legalization of the use of narcotics, no matter how carefully controlled, is immoral, and we doubt that it would work.

The homosexuality laws do not popularize the vice, increase disrespect for the law, or support organized crime (save for the paltry examples cited by Mr. Woetzel.)

Of course, we must regard homosexual laws against private perversion as ridiculous. We cannot, however, abide the abolition of laws against the homosexual's public perversion.

BRUCE H. TIBBETTS.
Tulsa, Okla.

"Not only do I find your client guilty, young man; I'm also going to have a word with the people at the law school about passing you in jurisprudence!"

The Race Myth

I INTEND to use Morton Fried's article "A Four-Letter Word That Hurts" [*SR*, Oct. 2] for both the title and the content of my sermon for Race Relations Sunday (February 13, 1966), and I humbly suggest that all ministers do the same. Thank God (and anthropology) that a few are beginning to see the real truth regarding "race"—that it is a complete myth.

(The Rev.) FRANK L. HOSS,
Minister, Cincinnati Christian Church.
Bloomfield, Ind.

I NOTE MORTON H. FRIED's contribution to the promotion of miscegenation in this country. I suggest that he knows little or nothing about genetics, or that he chooses to omit what he knows in order to promote his cause. . . . Since you probably will not consider printing this in even edited form, I shall not waste any more time.

WILLIAM H. WHITMORE, JR., M.D.
Norfolk, Va.

AS A MEMBER of the Cohasset Human Concerns Committee, I wish to congratulate you for the article by Morton H. Fried. If there were the least suspicion that they could read, I would suggest that you send it to Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton or some of the Grand Dragons of the Ku Klux Klan.

MRS. A. M. WILSON.
Cohasset, Mass.

AS THIS ISSUE went to press, *SR* readers had contributed $21,411.30 to the fund established to help rebuild the South Vietnamese village of Cam Ne, which was destroyed by U.S. Marines in reprisal for a burst of sniper fire. Others wishing to make contributions may do so by writing to: Editor's Office, *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

Brush-Off

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT has been set by Sherman B. Chickering's "Where Have All the Young Writers Gone?" [*SR*, Oct. 9]. For the first time that I know of, beginning young writers have been subjected to the same sort of flippant brush-off that older, established writers must endure. . . . Any more articles like this and we may well be asking, with better cause, where all the young writers have gone. But this time we'll know who helped drive them away.

JAN TUPPER.
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

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62 The Idea of Race, by Ashley Montagu; The Human Revolution, by Ashley Montagu
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LITERARY HORIZONS

Easter Monday Insights

JUST as Iris Murdoch's ninth novel, *The Red and the Green* (Viking, $5), is being published, we have a critical study of her first seven novels, *Degrees of Freedom*, by A. S. Byatt (Barnes & Noble, $6). Miss Byatt begins by quoting from an article, "Against Dryness," that Miss Murdoch published in *Encounter* in 1961: "We need to be enabled to think in terms of degrees of freedom, and to picture, in a nonmetaphysical, nontotalitarian, and nonreligious sense, the transcendence of reality." After associating literary "dryness" with such writers as Hulme, Eliot, Valéry, and Wittgenstein, she defines it as "smallness, clearness, self-containedness." In other words, she is opposing the well-made and often more or less allegorical novel commended by the New Critics. She is concerned with the human being as "substantial, impenetrable, individual, indefinable and valuable."

Like all its predecessors, *The Red and the Green* emphasizes the unpredictability of men, with their vast though not unlimited possibilities. In a sense it is a historical novel, for it deals with the Irish uprising of Easter Monday in 1916, a long time ago, but at the outset it is primarily a comedy of manners.

The first character we meet is Second-Lieutenant Andrew Chase-White, who, after being sent home from France with pneumonia, is spending a period of recuperation in Dublin. Although he belongs to a widespread Anglo-Irish family, Andrew does not feel altogether comfortable in Ireland, but he is happy to be near Frances Bellaman, a cousin of sorts, whom he and almost everyone else regard as his fiancée, though he has never formally asked her to marry him.

Not only are Andrew and Frances related; they are surrounded by a large collection of relatives—Uncle Barnabas and Aunt Millicent, Cousin This and Cousin That, the genealogical chart being complicated by several second marriages. One of the cousins Andrew is strongly conscious of is Pat Dumay, whom he has always feared and admired, a bold, impetuous, brave young man, who, as might be expected, is fiercely committed to the cause of Irish independence.

Prodded by his mother and other members of the family, and conscious that he must soon return to France, perhaps to die, Andrew brings himself to the point of asking Frances to marry him. When she refuses, he is at first incredulous and then devastated. Because he has seemed so smug and superficial, the reader has been led to suppose that Andrew is incapable of strong emotion, but Miss Murdoch knows better. "Andrew felt that he had received a violent blow which had in reality killed him, although he was still moving blindly about. He felt as he had felt when his father died. Grief had destroyed his ordinary self, and now there was nothing but the grief and a body racked with physical pain which somehow accompanied it."

At this point the tone of the book grows more somber, not only because of Andrew's despair but also because of the growing certainty of an imminent uprising. Miss Murdoch, however, is not finished with surprises, for there is a chapter that comes close to bedroom farce. Aunt Millie, a widow, who has a family reputation, not wholly undeserved, as "a fast woman," has been encouraging not only two men of her own generation but also two younger men, and all four of them turn up at her house during the same night.

The rebellion, once postponed, is about to begin, and there is a final confrontation between Pat and Andrew, in which Andrew once more comes out badly. Now, although the fighting goes on, the story has reached its climax. But there is an epilogue, which, among other things, tells us why Frances refused to marry Andrew.

Most members of the family are, like Andrew and his mother, mild-mannered and conventional, but there are two rebels, Aunt Millie and Pat Dumay. Aunt Millie is self-centered and not particularly admirable, but she is the kind of person who makes things happen, and in her actions she seems freer than most of her cousins. Pat, a man with a cause, may be said to have no freedom, for all his thoughts and actions are determined by his devotion to Ireland. Yet his single-mindedness permits him to act with a spontaneity denied the others, and, unlike the others, he seems to be all of one piece. Because of these qualities, he evokes the love of women, to whom he is largely indifferent.

Most of the characters are merely observers of the Easter Monday uprising, and some are scarcely aware of it. Pat, on the contrary, is part of history and fully conscious of his heroic role. Miss Murdoch, however, reminds us that the rebellion may be seen from a wholly different point of view. In the epilogue,

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whose action takes place in 1938, Frances and her husband are talking with their oldest son, who wants to fight with the Loyalists in Spain. After the son makes a sympathetic allusion to the 1916 uprising in Ireland, his father says: "It made no sense at all. Home Rule was coming anyway. Only a lot of disgruntled fanatics wanted to draw attention to themselves. It was pure bloody-minded romanticism." But Frances cannot accept this, and she weeps.

The Red and the Green is perhaps the most lucid and straightforward novel Miss Murdoch has written, but we are not to suppose that all its meanings are on the surface. Like its predecessors, it asks questions that it answers only obliquely. Although Miss Byatt's study was written before *The Red and the Green*—and, for that matter, *The Italian Girl*—were published, it is a good book to read at this time. Each novel, we see, is a departure, and yet the whole body of work is unified.

In her summary chapter Miss Byatt discusses the relationship between Miss Murdoch's philosophy—Miss Murdoch has been a professional academic philosopher—and her novels, and examines her use of symbols, fantasy, and myth. She is particularly enlightening on Miss Murdoch's various attempts to combine symbolism and realism. She often criticizes Miss Murdoch's style, sometimes in ways that seem rather petty. Indeed, her whole approach is anything but lenient, but, if she ignores no faults, she is appreciative of virtues.

I have always found Miss Murdoch's novels uncommonly readable, even when I was puzzled by this episode or that, and none, to my mind, is more readable than *The Red and the Green*. In fact, I shan't be surprised if it turns up on the best-seller lists. The very idea, I am sure, would horrify Miss Byatt, but I think Miss Murdoch will survive.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1160

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1160 will be found in the next issue.

LWLTH UOBL O NLJT UNL GCTY EFXJT O XLU J QFBS OR BH UNTCJU.

XTCFKNC BJTV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1159

A radical is a man with both feet firmly planted—in the air.

—F. D. ROOSEVELT.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Pro's About Properties

RE HERBERT MITGANG'S snide references [in "A Hot Property"] to "Hollywood studio readers" in *SR* Oct. 2:

> Actually, they're secretaries from the story departments who got married or pregnant and are staying at home, turning in reader reports at so much an hour or page to the biggies.

I would like to inform this disgruntled author that story analysts, as we have been called for the past twenty years, are established staff members of major studio story departments with offices on the lots. Our union does not permit the kind of working conditions described in Mitgang's article. And we have all had professional experience in some field of writing—including novels, stage plays, screen plays and journalism.

Incidentally, about one-half of our members are men—not one of whom, to my knowledge, has ever been pregnant.

JOYCE FIERRO, Vice President,
IATSE Local 854.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Uniquely a ck-dt

IN *SR* SEPT. 25 John M. Allison at the end of his otherwise excellent review of Robert Strausz-Hupé's autobiography mentions Jakob Burckhardt, calling him a German scholar. We Swiss are wont to see our greatest men become famous in foreign, larger countries—Le Corbusier being the latest example. But being also a "Basler" my pride is hurt doubly. Jakob Burckhardt, a scion of one of our old city's many famous and scholarly families, was not only born in Basle, but he died there after having lived and taught there most of his life. Besides, every truly educated person knows that a ck-dt Burckhardt, in contrast to an ordinary k-t Burkhart, is strictly uniquely Baslerian!

MRS. YULE F. KILCHER.

Homer, Alaska

Helpless Humans

I WAS HORRIFIED to see the prominence given to Clinton T. Duffy's statement encouraging abortion [*SR*, Aug. 7]. I think that *Sex and Crime* and every book is entitled to a review, but the display of that statement seemed like acceptance of the idea. In *SR* Sept. 25 [Letters to Book Review Editor] Dr. Isabel P. Robinault called those who value embryonic human life sentimentalists. How does she know that many of us who reverence human life, even when it is small and helpless, don't spend much of our time and money on helping unfortunate children? I acknowledge the sincerity of those who advocate abortion, but I shall continue to oppose it. I have noticed that many people who advocate abortion make frequent use of words like "smug" or "sentimental" in referring to their opponents. Isn't that a case of "shout loud, argument weak here"?

HELEN K. ZUNES.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Denotations of Inequality

IN READING MY REVIEW of *Letters from Jack London* (*SR*, Sept. 25), Philip S. Foner [Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 16] was apparently so "astonished" that he could not check the denotations of "inequality" in his dictionary—nor grasp the larger implications of my commentary. Fortunately, he was not too astonished to plug his *Jack London: American Rebel*, a book I concur in recommending despite its Socialistic bias (I note, incidentally, that on pp. 89-97 "blond supermen," like the hero of *The Iron Heel*, are praiseworthy so long as they are Marxists). I appreciate even more the ironies of Professor Foner's moralizing when I recall that my own blood is "polluted" by what London would probably have called an "inferior" strain (Choctaw): it appears that I have compounded racism with treason to my kind.

However, one has only to read such works as *Children of the Frost* or *Stories of Hawaii* (*SR*, Apr. 3) to detect the speciousness of labeling Jack London a racist—his self-incriminations notwithstanding. Other critics have similarly pigeonholed him as a hack because he stated he wrote only for money. I suggest that Foner and other London detractors try considering the man and his work in its total context for a change; if they will do so fairly, they may revise the labels "hack" and "racist" to read "craftsman" and "humanist."

EARLE LABOR.

Adrian, Mich.

Delusion Rejected

THE REVIEW BY VANCE PACKARD of *The Great Discount Delusion*, by Walter Henry Nelson [*SR*, July 31] was as uninformative as it was absurd. Sadly enough, Mr. Packard knows nothing of the retail business, and his pretentions are made evident by the naïve assertion that Mr. Nelson has "dug deeply into his subject." Mr. Nelson was, unfortunately, as uninformed about the retail business as his critic; and the blind leading the dumb has, in your otherwise exciting journal, produced a silly review of a much more silly book. . . .

May I register in this letter the overwhelming consensus of the business community and the American consumer in rejecting the great delusion of Mr. Nelson's *The Great Discount Delusion*.

LEWIS E. LEHRMAN,
Vice President,
Thrif-D Stores.

Harrisburg, Pa.

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The Hero He Might Have Been

South African Tragedy: The Life and Times of Jan Hofmeyr, *by Alan Paton (Scribners. 424 pp. $10), recounts the story of a man who might have changed his country's history had he been able to break free of his mother and his mentor, Jan Christian Smuts. John Barkham, editor of the Saturday Review Book Service for newspapers, was for many years a journalist in South Africa.*

By JOHN BARKHAM

JAN HENDRIK HOFMEYR (1894-1948) was the authentic *Wunderkind* of South African politics. Totally unknown in the United States, a country he never set foot in, he left behind him in South Africa a record as a youthful prodigy and Cabinet officer never likely to be surpassed. Hofmeyr was a near-genius who might have changed the history of his country, but for a fatal flaw in his otherwise exemplary character: he was a mother's boy till the day he died.

In his short life he occupied every Cabinet office in the government save one—that of Prime Minister. As heir apparent of General Jan Christian Smuts, he was content to labor in his leader's shadow. In vain liberal-minded South Africans looked to him to establish a progressive party that would evolve an acceptable *modus vivendi* with South Africa's black proletariat. Hofmeyr never did. He could no more cut the cord that bound him to Smuts than he could that which bound him to his mother.

Thus so far as the outside world is concerned he died, if not exactly a mute, inglorious Milton, at best a name occasionally heard, briefly admired, and soon forgotten. In his own country Hofmeyr is barely remembered, largely because the liberal race policies he espoused were discarded for the Draconian dogma of *apartheid*. His own political party, in eclipse since his death, faces the bleakest of futures. In short, everything Hofmeyr stood for has vanished like the snows of winter, and with it his reputation. It was saddening to discover on my last visit to South Africa how rarely his name is mentioned.

In the years when I covered South African politics I became reasonably well acquainted with Hofmeyr. He was

—*From the book.*

Jan Hofmeyr — "a record never likely to be surpassed."

a man easy to admire but difficult to know: his glacial efficiency rebuffed overtures of any kind. A short, stocky figure with a head too large for his body, he dressed carelessly and looked through rather than at you. He spoke immaculate English with an accent acquired during his years at Oxford. His round face gave him a Buddha-like appearance that could be deceptive, as once noted by the British biographer Hector Bolitho. "His eyes are almost terrifying," wrote Bolitho. "He urges one to silence."

IT is easy to see why this brilliant, unfulfilled man attracted Alan Paton. A liberal himself, Paton was drawn to Hofmeyr as a potential savior for South Africa. Here was a man whose policy of race conciliation could have arrested the trend toward black-white polarization. But Hofmeyr was a reformer, not a revolutionary, and he had a naïve belief in the triumph of reason. Even to Paton it is now clear that he lacked the inner steel to chart his own course, let alone that of his country.

This full-length biography of Hofmeyr is very much a labor of love. Paton is not a biographer, but he has spent a decade or more rescuing the story of Hofmeyr's life from the oblivion that threatens to engulf it. In the South African edition, a substantial volume of 550 pages, the documentation is more extensive, particularly on Hofmeyr's academic and political career. In the present Scribners edition the text has been abridged by about one-fifth, but the cuts are chiefly of background material and do no violence to the portrait.

Hofmeyr was a prodigy in the fullest sense of the word. To begin with, he had a photographic memory. Paton opens his book with a novelistic scene in which the young Hofmeyr, all of six years old, preaches a Sunday sermon to his sick mother. He graduated from high school at twelve, won a B.A. and a Rhodes Scholarship at fifteen (when he was still wearing short pants and playing marbles), graduated from Oxford with a double First, became a full professor at twenty-two, principal of Witwatersrand University at twenty-four, and administrator (roughly equivalent to our governor) of the Transvaal Province at the age of twenty-nine.

NATIONAL politics now beckoned. Hofmeyr accepted Smuts as mentor, and, though differing from him on many matters, served him loyally as Deputy Prime Minister during the older man's many trips abroad. Paton is less than fair to Smuts in calling him Hofmeyr's "diabolically clever kinsman." Kinsman he was; but diabolical, no. A shrewd judge of character, Smuts was well aware of Hofmeyr's reluctance to break out on his own. It is Paton's disappointment at Hofmeyr's *Hamletismo* that spurs him to castigate Smuts.

More potent than Smuts, however, was the lifelong influence on Hofmeyr of his widowed mother. An acid-tongued, strong-minded, importunate matriarch, she raised her brilliant son in virtual isolation from his older brother and stepsisters and dedicated her life to him. They were almost never separated. It was a relationship which, imperceptibly at first, throttled his initiative and finally stifled it.

The relationship was no secret. Hofmeyr's students at "Wits" made cruel jokes about it ("I'm afraid Mother'll marry, and she's afraid I will."). Paton properly devotes much of his attention to this symbiotic relationship, since it provides the key to Hofmeyr's character. As Paton puts it, Hofmeyr soon learned that "the price of his mother's devotion was his own devotion." She frowned on female company in the home she ran for him, and, though Hofmeyr was sexually normal, at no time in his life was the attraction of a woman strong enough to make him defy his mother. From Paton this evokes the melancholy comment: "Boys have been known to wean themselves from possessive mothers, but men seldom." Again and again Paton returns to this theme, articulating in print what was discussed *sotto voce* while Hofmeyr was alive. Though he does not flatly say so, Paton

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plainly implies that the mother stunted her son's career. What began as a personal tragedy ended as a national one.

The indomitable old lady lived into her eighties, surviving her son by several years. I recall Paton telling me in the Fifties that he would not publish his book while she lived. Nor did he.

The question abides: what might Hofmeyr have achieved had he outlived his mother and his mentor? We shall never know; but when he died, having worn himself out in the service of his country, "a great light went out in the land, making men more conscious of its darkness."

Because Paton is today his country's foremost writer, this biography will carry the story of Hofmeyr to places where his name has never been heard before. It is a story of unfulfilled genius and aborted hope. Without sacrilege, it is possible to say of Hofmeyr, as Grillparzer said of Schubert, that his death entombed "a rich possession but fairer hopes." The book may even remind South Africans of themselves as they might have been.

A Poet's Days of Grace

***The Life of Dylan Thomas,** by Constantine FitzGibbon (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 370 pp. $7.95), evokes the presence of the late poet in all of his charm and complexity. William Bittner wrote "Poe: A Biography."*

By WILLIAM BITTNER

IN OCTOBER of 1953 Constantine FitzGibbon, an American resident in England, encountered Dylan Thomas, his friend of many years, outside Broadcasting House, and went with him to the inevitable pub, where they drank two or three pints and talked of the libretto Thomas planned to write for Igor Stravinsky. A few days later Dylan flew to New York and death—brought on, according to the autopsy report, by "insult to the brain." Now, a dozen years later, Mr. FitzGibbon defines that insult as more than alcohol on top of ACTH and other legal but sometimes lethal drugs; he adds poverty, dedication, and love. And in so doing he has created a book so good that the reader is constrained from calling it great only by the contrasting magnificence of Thomas's own prose often and aptly quoted in it.

Surely no biographer who knew his subject as a living, breathing, drinking person has written so restrained a memoir. Although Mr. FitzGibbon recounts his recollections and his impressions honestly and relies on his instincts to temper other evidence, he never intrudes. Indeed, it is characteristic of his style that it will rise to a lyrical crescendo (in a language that is remarkably beautiful in its own quiet way), then be modified with facts and contrary opinions; yet no paragraph whimpers to a close. At the most intimate moment in the book—when Thomas, having just read a poem by Vernon Watkins about himself, envisioned like a Celtic seer his involvement with the man who was to write his life—FitzGibbon takes off the curse by quietly commenting, "There is one more small personal anecdote that I should like to tell before I send the young man I then was offstage."

He discredits Mario Luzi's impression of Thomas as an amiable drunk by noting that this same memory changed Dylan's brown eyes to pale blue. However, FitzGibbon's own image of the poet of the pre-London, prewar days is vague, and his attempt to trace the origins of an erratic and great artist in a conventional Bible-belt family is muddled rather than clarified by a sketchy account of a Welsh-language bard whose *nom de plume* provided Dylan's middle name, but whose works Thomas could never have read, since he read no Welsh. The local poet was, however, the world poet's great-uncle.

"Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night" surely proves that the relationship of Dylan Thomas with his father was remarkable, and FitzGibbon's memoir makes this specific. A disappointed man, D. J. Thomas won a first-class honors degree from Aberystwyth when this was not at all common for the son of a railway worker, yet he spent his life as a teacher in a local grammar school when he would have preferred a university chair, which he felt with justification he should have had. He saw his son fail in his own school, prove incapable of coping in the world, succumb to drink and worse—and yet their love grew.

Dylan and Caitlin Thomas in 1938—in Wales answers to "silly questions."

Above all, Thomas was Welsh. In a BBC talk of June 23, 1949, Dylan expressed his national feeling in words that ring with beauty, understanding, and deep emotion. While living in Oxford and commuting to London, he became suddenly aware, he relates, that he was out of place. Still without illusions about Wales, he asked himself, "How could I answer my silly questions unless I went back to Wales?" Any casual observer of Dylan's life and work, like myself, can note that with *Under Milk Wood* he found the answers to those questions; only the fastidious narration of FitzGibbon—plus one intuitive review—reveal that Thomas's life as a poet had two phases: that of youth and, after he had sold his early notebooks, that of his later struggle when he was no longer young.

Under Milk Wood had a strange and long gestation. In "Return Journey," a prose piece from the book *Quite Early One Morning,* there is a dramatic account of the narrator's attempt to find his younger self in the Swansea, where he was a newspaper reporter at the age of seventeen. In the late Thirties he and Caitlin lived in the village of Laugharne and later in New Quay. Before he was twenty Thomas had wanted to write a Welsh *Ulysses,* and during the war and the seemingly endless period of austerity that followed it he visualized a plot involving a village concentration camp in reverse—the last sane place in an insane world, quarantined to avoid its infecting the rest of mad mankind with sanity. This was the most difficult task Thomas ever attempted, and he never, in spite of great pressure, called it finished.

His every fragment is now considered precious. The low-fidelity recording of his reading the "First Voice" in *Under Milk Wood* is preferable to any other, and his unproduced or suppressed filmscripts are gradually appearing in print. *The Beach at Falesa* was published by Ballantine Books earlier this year, and McGraw-Hill has just issued, in a handsome gift-book edition, at the shocking price of $5, fifty-three pages of *Me and My Bike* that Thomas completed.

Dylan Thomas was so great a writer that his worth was recognized when he

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was not past his teens. By the end of his life he received adulation fringing on worship; FitzGibbon records an occasion when one of the American "culture-vultures" he acidly but charmingly described in "A Visit to America" virtually abducted him. Yet he worried himself sick over the publication of *Death and Entrances* in 1946, although Norman Cameron said of it, "Thomas, even in his earliest work, could do 'magnificent things with words.' Now he can do magnificent things with poems."

If only one could summon up the arrogance to be jealous of this book! But no, Mr. FitzGibbon has created it, has impressed upon it charm and power, has put himself modestly into it, yet like McCavitty, he isn't there. The author speaks in his own, expertly chosen words; nevertheless, when one looks, there is only Dylan Thomas, and he *is* there.

There perhaps more than he ever was save in the memory of his closest and most perceptive friends.

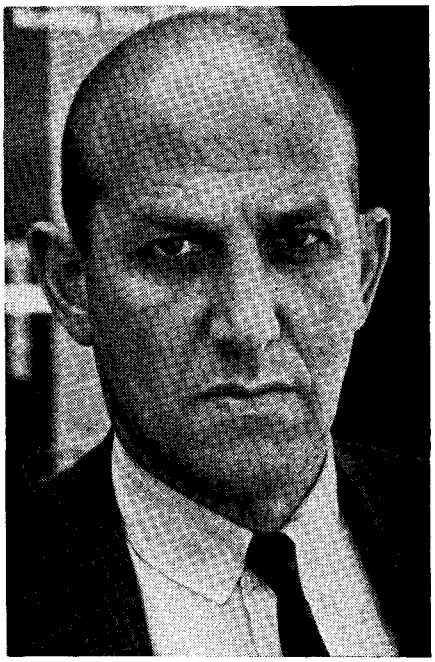
From Rebellion to Responsibility

***Is Curly Jewish?**, by Paul Jacobs (Atheneum. 339 pp. $5.95), is the autobiography of a former dissident and reformer who has been insensibly converted into a member of existing society. Emile Capouya teaches literature at the New School.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE BON MOT has it that the former Stalinists in this country are mostly doing well in business, and the former Trotskyists are mostly working for them in subordinate capacities. Among those readers who are in a position to appreciate the sally, some at least will be cheered by the news that the impractical, visionary, sectarian Paul Jacobs is also doing nicely. For Mr. Jacobs's autobiography is a success story in a familiar pattern: The young dissident and reformer joins an organization dedicated to the overthrow of existing society; society, however, flourishes like the green bay tree, despite his best efforts; the young dissident is insensibly converted into a functioning member of society, and as his talents secure him a place within it he has to accept responsibility for its familiar horrors.

Mr. Jacobs is known to most of us as an able reporter, writing on the subjects of labor and politics, and as the author and editor of books in the same fields. In addition, we learn from his memoirs, he was one of New York City's Townsend Harris High School *Wunderkinder*, an apprentice in the diamond trade, a young adherent of revolutionary Marxism, a deadbeat, a soldier, a labor organizer, a union executive—all before embarking upon the career for which he is best known. And through his various avatars a precipitate was being deposited, an alter ego that Mr. Jacobs has at last recognized, named, and described. That is



Paul Jacobs—better answers in his journalism.

Curly, an ideal self in the sense that he is more Mr. Jacobs than Mr. Jacobs is, setting aside mundane matters of age and physical appearance. Now, a question has been posing itself more and more insistently as Mr. Jacobs's political concerns have shifted more and more from Utopia to the here and now: Is Curly Jewish?

ONE can readily imagine that the question would not seem important if the classless society had in fact come into being, here in these States, as a result of Mr. Jacobs's efforts. As it happened, his association with the Trotskyists was brief, for the prospect for revolutionary politics was declining by the time Mr. Jacobs had made his first street-corner speech. Nevertheless, while we are psychologically richer for the course that history did in fact take, there is, intellectually speaking, a price to pay. I mean that the concern for one's personal fate expressed in Mr. Jacobs's amusing question lives at the expense of another kind of concern for the spirit and its adventures, one connected with an ideal of justice, equality, and freedom. On the whole, the many talented and worthy persons who were immersed in radical politics in the Thirties and Forties were so badly mauled by history that they prefer to deal with the world in terms of Mr. Jacobs's question rather than in the terms proposed by revolutionary Marxism. Which is another way of saying that the failure of Marxist politics in the United States for a long time deflected all thought from meaningful politics of every kind. But we seem to be entering a new period, when politics once more appears relevant to our business on earth, and at such a time Mr. Jacobs's question inevitably loses interest for us.

Indeed, my impression is that we get a good deal less than the best that the author is capable of in these memoirs. Curly *is* Jewish, Mr. Jacobs concludes, and that appeases our curiosity—we wondered what else he might be, and what that might matter—; but we have other instincts that are better answered in his journalism. In a way, it is our and Mr. Jacobs's misfortune that he experienced a small, personal failure within the over-all failure of revolutionary politics. As a seventeen-year-old there wasn't too much he could contribute to the Party in New York, so his activity was chiefly private discussions and public speechmaking. Out in Minneapolis, Ray Dunne was literally bringing the workers' state into existence, as no one now seems to remember; but when Mr. Jacobs went out there to offer his services, Dunne gave him an assignment suited to his age, and, when the boy's character began to deteriorate for lack of stimulation, shipped him back to New York.

The frustration of being in a movement that for one reason or another could not make dramatic use of one's best energies was probably the commonest experience among the radicals of the Thirties, and helps to explain the disillusionment that followed. It is that disillusionment, I think, that makes Mr. Jacobs willing to portray himself as good-natured but coarse, genially on the make, and anxious to pay off old scores against his former tormentors, the Stalinists.

There is a much better side to him, and a much more interesting one. What I want to know is, who writes his articles? Is it Curly? In that case, I may be able to work up some interest in whether or not Curly is Jewish—until the new wind that is rising brings grander preoccupations to Mr. Jacobs and to me.

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Passions of a Gallic Sappho

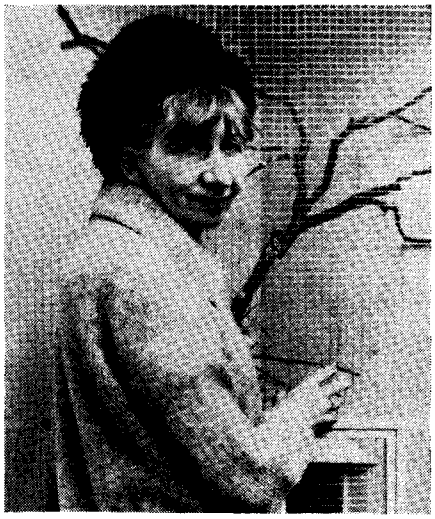
***La Bâtarde,** by Violette Leduc, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 488 pp. $6.95), recites without inhibition the unorthodox life and loves of its author from a childhood tainted with illegitimacy through a black-market career in the Second World War. Henri Peyre teaches French at Yale University.*

By HENRI PEYRE

THIS novel (more aptly called *un récit* in the French subtitle) was not only a *succès de scandale* early in 1965, but was acclaimed by many as the most striking book of imaginative literature in a rather lean year. Its faults are glaring, and they will more than once exacerbate a fastidious or an impatient reader. The *bâtarde* is also a *bavarde*: she never wearies of recording her woes, her mad sexual and spiritual yearnings, and the petty doings of daily life, in what some male readers may regard as inexhaustible prattle.

Though it is too long, the volume is never dull, and it is much less monotonous and annoyingly complacent than most autobiographies and personal records. The lack of restraint or of *pudeur*—that "wrapping of the body by the soul," in the phrase Nietzsche admired and stole from another woman of small restraint, the mystical Mme. Guyon—the candor in the totally uninhibited description of the author's Lesbian loves has contributed not a little to the success of the book, even with the more *pudique* of the two sexes: men, in Latin countries at least, have traditionally preferred to dream of those Lesbian loves as delicate, poetical affairs, or else as the gloomy and fruitless practices of Baudelairian or Proustian "damned women." But it was not Mme. Leduc's design—she is fifty-eight and the author of several earlier autobiographical volumes, repeatedly referred to in this one—to titillate the pruriency of readers or to indulge any lewdness. This, the story of the author's first forty years, is a courageous confession and a work of art.

Unacknowledged by her father, Violette Leduc grew up in the north of France with the modest and intelligent but rancorous woman who was her mother. "I was born the bearer of your misfortune as one is born a libation



Violette Leduc—"burning, naïve, lucid."

bearer," Violette tells her at the outset of her story. (In an earlier book she remarked that her mother "never once held her hand.") At school other girls mocked her as *bâtarde*. Moreover, she was ugly, with a prominent and ill-shaped nose (which she was finally able to have remodeled by plastic surgery at the end of World War II, with money she had made on the black market). She felt atrociously alone in the world as a child, when she most needed understanding and consolation. Only her grandmother, Fidéline, gave her some love, but the grandmother soon died. Violette was sour, cynical, rebellious, but at the same time she desperately yearned for beauty in music, poetry, and nature.

HER mother, who eventually married and became a successful partner in her husband's business, was surprisingly tolerant of her daughter's vagaries. Violette fell into frequent crises of depression following her passionate attraction to other girls or, more rarely, strangely innocuous males, either homosexual or men longing for an amorous and intellectual camaraderie rather than a physical union. Intoxicated with literature—she devoured the works of Romains, Duhamel, Gide, Cocteau, Green—she soon discovered that she had an unusual talent herself. Her long confession is a weird mixture of burning, naïve, lucid, and unadorned sincerity (praised by Simone de Beauvoir, for years her literary sponsor) and of poetic inner monologue.

Time and again, in high-flown passages, she invokes the reader, her grandmother and her mother, and the women whom she has loved. But these rhetorical forms of address to absent characters, to her sleeping partners, or to the reader have none of the contrived and self-conscious artifice that palls on the readers of Butor's *Change of Heart*, for example. Mme. Leduc's disregard for all the contemporary tricks of technique, of elaborate structure, of remoteness from life, which have made Robbe-Grillet the darling of American professors but have bored the general reader or kept him at a distance, is one of the fresh merits of *La Bâtarde* and helps explain its instantaneous success. After its passing flirtation with the disembodied "new" novel, the French public obviously welcomes emotions, passion, and references to a real time and place in fiction, as well as genuine, coherent, if hardly normal characters.

Violette first discovers the raptures of love with Isabelle, one of her classmates at school; then with Hermine, a teacher and music enthusiast, who is dismissed from her post when the "irregular" liaison is discovered. Queer men pursue the two girls with their curiosity, and the love-making of the feminine couple arranged by a voyeur is the boldest and the saddest episode in the book. In Paris Violette meets Gabriel, a strangely unaggressive man with whom she discusses literature and to whom she is eventually married. Because the prospect of maternity frightens her as it does Valéry's *Jeune Parque*, she induces a miscarriage. Not surprisingly, Gabriel and Violette are later divorced.

VIOLETTE had meanwhile met the man whom she really adored. His portrait, vivid, picturesque, unidealized, fills the last and best section of her book. He is Maurice Sachs, known to many in France and outside as the author of mediocre volumes on Gide, on society figures in Paris around 1935, and of *Witches' Sabbath*, his brilliant and cynical autobiography. Sachs, who encouraged her to write, was intrigued by the ugly but striking woman whose Lesbian tastes he at once sensed. Although she readily realized he was an incurable homosexual, his nonchalant manners, his great charm, his generosity when he had money and lived in the grand manner fascinated her. Sachs came from a Jewish family; his grandmother, after divorcing his grandfather, had married Jacques Bizet, the son of the composer and of Mme. Strauss, a friend of Proust. A temporary convert to Catholicism under Maritain's influence, Sachs had soon relapsed into unbelief, or superstition, and into the life of a *roué*. He had sold art works in America in 1930, lectured from coast to coast, and even married the daughter of an important Presbyterian pastor, although he carefully

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avoided consummation of the marriage. He then fled back to France.

During the early years of World War II, Maurice Sachs and Violette Leduc were inseparable. They went to live on a primitive farm in Normandy, where they shared a house but never a bed. She worshipped him, wishing all the time that he might love her; he preferred a Jewish boy, later a victim of the Germans. This section of *La Bâtarde* reads like a delightful idyl, reminiscent of J. J. Rousseau's stay with Mme. de Warens at Les Charmettes. Violette had to find the means of subsistence for both herself and Maurice. Unashamedly she describes how she walked or bicycled miles around the Norman countryside, accumulating poultry, butter, legs of lamb, and quarters of beef, which she then carried to Paris and sold at big profit. Her strange friend was meanwhile writing *Le Sabbat* and his other memoirs. Oddly, one day, Sachs decided to throw in his fate with the Germans, and was sent to Hamburg. He worked in a plant, probably also as an informer, became suspect to his German employers, and ended in a prison camp. Then, in April 1945, as the Allies were approaching, he and others were driven on a forced march toward Schleswig-Holstein. The German commandant's order was formal: "He who gives up will be shot." Sachs was one of the first to collapse under the strain, and shot he was, on the roadside along with other prisoners, a few weeks before VE-Day. He lives touchingly in the frank and pitiful last pages of this baroque, flowery, rambling and gripping *récit*.

Violette Leduc's extraordinary prose, rich, sensuous, at times sumptuous with images worthy of Rimbaud, and perhaps the closest counterpart of Jean Genet at his best, offers enormous difficulties to the translator, and Derek Coltman has not surmounted them all. But only a carping and pedantic critic could be severe. On the whole, the English rendering of this remarkable volume reads with ease. The preface by Simone de Beauvoir is among the best essays she has ever written.

The author of *La Bâtarde* has for years been close to the Existentialist group. The leaders of the movement that loudly eclipsed all else in French literature twenty years ago have now reached the melancholy age when they write their memoirs. *La Bâtarde* is less verbose and more imaginative than Simone de Beauvoir's three thick volumes; it is more artistic and more zestful than Sartre's disillusioned and overpraised record of his childhood in *The Words*.

The Author: On a Provençal hilltop perches the quiet village of Faucon. Its houses are centuries old, and many have been abandoned. Over the fields rises Mont Ventoux, and in the woods blackberries grow in tangles. It is to Faucon that Violette Leduc comes each summer and autumn to write.

On the day that I visited her, Mme. Leduc had just signed the deed for the first house she had ever owned. I met her on her way up the hill—a lithe, rangy woman of middle age, dressed in blue corduroy slacks, a cowboy belt, blue beads, and a blue sweater. She was walking briskly and proudly back from her transaction, swinging her closed umbrella happily against her long legs, nodding "*bonjour*" to neighboring farmers.

She unlocked the heavy wooden door to the kitchen of her temporary quarters, threw her cap onto a peg, and went into the bedroom to open the shutters that she had closed against a day-long rain. "Come, see the mountains," she called. "Hear the birds. How I love the changes of weather, the clouds, the fields, the pigs!"

When she returned to the kitchen, she bustled about laying the table with a bottle of *vin du pays*, two tumblers, and a paper of pastries. "I like to do little things for myself," she explained, in a voice that rises and falls in musical French. "I have always been poor. My mother was poor. I have a horror of being served. Now that *La Bâtarde* has been a success, I still go on doing my own cleaning and washing. I really have not changed a bit."

She writes of her ugliness; I was struck by the beauty in the alternating strength and tenderness in her face.

"For me," she said, "more than success, what has been important has been to write honestly and authentically, without narcissism and without crudity, and I think I have done that. But how I wish I could write better! If I could write like Genet I would be content. What a genius as a writer! What a genius as a man! Yet, when I am melancholy, I cheer myself up by thinking that it is unbelievable that I have written at all.

"When I was young, I read enormously, and how I longed to have my name on the cover of a book, but I never thought I was capable of it. It is not easy to write. And if what I am working on is going well, I am always afraid that suddenly it will stop going well. It is not funny at all when you are writing to see a blank page before you."

She was thirty-six when she began writing. In 1945 her first novel, *l'Asphyxie*, was published by Camus in his Espoir series. Since then there have been five more, mainly in the same autobiographical vein.

"Let me tell you something," she said, brushing her blond bangs back from her eyebrows. "I have always had an inferiority complex. For a long time, a street sweeper had more reason for being than I. I was lazy. I worked in a publishing house. I did nothing. Then my friend Maurice Sachs, the author, told me that I must write, and I wrote."

Other problems have beset Mme. Leduc. "Do you know," she asked, "what it is like to have your work censored? It is like being a mason building a house, and suddenly it falls down. I would have abandoned my work when it was attacked, but always Simone de Beauvoir was there telling me to go on, and I have gone on. For twenty years she has encouraged me.

"I am writing the last volume of my *souvenirs* now; *La Bâtarde* ended with the liberation of Paris. When I have finished, if I have no other ideas, I may leave writing. I will never force myself to write *inutilités*. And, besides, I grow old despite my success."

All at once the sun broke through the clouds that had been lowering outside. Mme. Leduc jumped up jubilantly to open the door and let in the fresh mountain air. "Now," she said, "you must come and see where I write."

En route, she explained that when she is in the country her writing schedule begins about 10:00 in the morning. (During winter she lives in a six-floor walk-up near the Place de la Bastille in Paris.) "I am always up by 7:00 or 7:15, and I boil potatoes and an egg for my lunch and pack my lunch basket and writing materials and go off to the woods. I write from 10:00 until 12:00. Sometimes all sorts of butterflies perch on my pen and my straw hat, and it is charming!

"From 12:00 to 2:00 I eat my lunch, and I knit a little. Perhaps I am busy with letters for awhile, but at 2:00 I begin to write again and continue until 5:00. After that, I walk in the village and talk to people and buy my vegetables. Otherwise, it would be as if I were in a convent, it is so quiet here."

We strode down past the post office so Violette Leduc could thank the postmaster for stringbeans he had left at her door, and we paused again while she chatted with a Spanish maid from one of the village houses.

As we climbed down one hill and up another she plucked tiny lavender-blue flowers and, laughing, crumpled them close to her ear, explaining that a good one, after a rain, will make a noise like a cricket. She showed me the red camp chair under a pine tree where she had been doing her writing.

Along the path to the village she suddenly caught sight of the gray stone walls of her new home. "*Enfin*," she sighed, like a child enchanted, "*j'ai une maison à moi.*" —PHYLLIS MERAS.

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One Who Was Saved

The Little Saint, *by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Harcourt, Brace & World. 186 pp. $4.50), sketches the early years of a future painter who is set apart by both his meekness and his love of life. Harry T. Moore, who teaches at Southern Illinois University, has just returned from a research trip to Europe.*

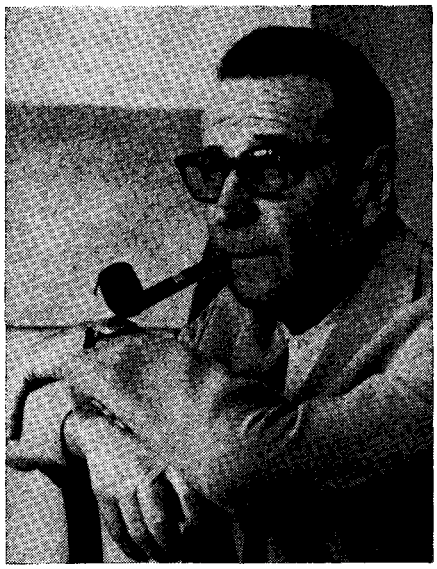
By HARRY T. MOORE

THE BELGIAN-BORN French writer Georges Simenon is best known in the U.S. for his novels about Inspector Maigret, who has been the favorite sleuth of highbrow detective-story readers since Dorothy L. Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey ceased functioning in the 1930s. The latest count shows that Simenon has written about seventy Maigret books, and more than 350 other works of fiction published under pseudonyms. But he has also turned out some 180 serious novels, many of which have won him high praise in Europe. André Gide went so far as to place Simenon in the front rank of modern French authors.

The Little Saint may be the most joyous novel Simenon has written; he says that in the present volume he was able to create for the first time "a perfectly serene character, in immediate contact with nature and life."

Most of Simenon's novels are unrelievedly grim, even those penetrated by Maigret's wry humor. Typical of those classified as "serious" is *Sunday,* the tense story of a chef in a small Riviera hotel owned by his unsympathetic wife, whom he tries to poison, thus bringing about a disaster he hadn't counted on. In *The Snow Was Black,* a young man in an unnamed country which is in the grip of a Nazi-like army murders one of the occupation troops and is caught and executed. The autobiographical *Pedigree* deals with a child and his family living in comparative poverty in Liège. *Striptease* bares the odious lives of cabaret girls in Cannes. And so it goes. Even *The Little Saint* has its quota of sordidness.

The title comes from the name given by his schoolmates to the central character, who is not actually a saint. But Louis does have same of the attributes that make consecrated people so difficult to have around every day. For one thing,



Georges Simenon—"deft word-strokes."

Louis is genuinely meek. He has no capacity for dislike; if the schoolyard bully demands Louis's colored marbles, he gives them up ungrudgingly. This of course evokes general mockery and distrust. As Louis grows older he becomes somewhat adjusted to life and overcomes various handicaps, including a sexual shyness induced by the domestic circumstances of his early childhood. He goes to work at the sprawling Paris market, Les Halles; and then he discovers an activity that interests, indeed consumes, him, taking him away at last from the great sheds where the city's food is sold.

MOST of the book concentrates on Louis's childhood and adolescence in the 1890s and the early years of this century. With brothers and sisters of various ages, he inhabits a tenement room in which the children are all too acutely aware of their mother's nightly jousts of love in the adjoining cell. Some men appear only briefly, others stay awhile. There had been a husband, but he drowned himself. The children aren't sure which of them might be legitimate, or even which of the visiting men might have been their fathers.

Here is an authentically grimy picture of life as it buzzes on in the midst of an ancient city, in the streets behind the palaces, boulevards, and gardens which the tourists know. The principal setting is the narrow and grubby Rue Mouffetard, a bit to the southeast of the domed Pantheon, where some of France's heroes are enshrined. The Rue Mouffetard existed in Villon's cramped little Paris; it bristled with Jacobins in the eighteenth century, and in our own time Hemingway has graphically described it. Simenon, in his intimate views of the life there, doesn't omit squalid details. In that little space in which Louis grows up the family chamber pot plays a hideously emphatic role, and the pubescent perversions that flourish in the children's room would provide some bizarre passages for a future Krafft-Ebing or Kinsey researcher.

Yet the mother of the children is, in her feline way, a devoted one. Often she gets up as early as 3:00 in the morning to trudge across the Seine to Les Halles, pushing a cart which she fills with vegetables to sell in the rackety street markets of her own district. At dusk she always brings home good food for the children. Simenon, too, has a tender concern for them. As they grow up he follows them out into the larger world and periodically reports on their later lives, which for the most part all too cruelly reflect their smudged beginnings. But Louis toughly survives in that environment, and if his meekness is one saintly quality, he has another in his love for all of life.

The early parts of the story prepare us for his sudden metamorphosis into a painter. In childhood, Louis constantly discovers "images, yellow and green house fronts, signboards, nooks crowded with barrels." Visiting Les Halles with his mother, the boy tells her to buy a certain assortment of apples because they are cheap and are the red kind children like; he doesn't "add that he admired the crimson color of the pippins, the golden, star-shaped designs that illuminated their skin, their slightly flattened shape." Louis at last teaches himself to paint, and to do so in his own way, fumbling toward his essential vision. Simenon himself, it might be noted, has always been particularly interested in the early twentieth-century painters known as the *Fauves* ("Wild Beasts"). He conveys in a few deft word-strokes the effect of Louis's savagely individualistic painting, which ostensibly brings him fame almost within the shadow of the Pantheon.

The last part of his career, his progress into manhood and artistry, is rather hastily and at times vaguely sketched in. Too many of Simenon's books crumble toward the end or close with a jolting abruptness. But this one, like a great number of the others, deserves the reader's gratitude if only for the current of life that goes so wonderfully through most of the story. The character of Louis is touchingly attractive, and if he is at one level alienated from the community as a special man, he is at other levels not apart from it because he is an intensification of what is good in the community. His story is at once lively, realistic, genial, and magnetic.

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The Invisible Invasion

***Sarkhan,** by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (McGraw-Hill. 307 pp. $5.50), the story of a fictional Southeast Asian kingdom, reveals Communist methods of takeover in that part of the world. John M. Allison has spent more than thirty years in the U.S. Foreign Service, chiefly in Asia or dealing with Asian affairs.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

ONCE again William Lederer and the late Eugene Burdick have hit the jackpot. *Sarkhan* is a much better book than *The Ugly American*; it is a better story better told, dealing with more important matters; and there is no reason why it shouldn't make a whale of a movie. Of course, it exaggerates. Of course, much of it never could or would happen. Of course, it will make a large number of officials angry; but this is one of its aims. The honest and sensitive ones, though, will shake their heads and be tempted to say, at least in their own hearts, "There's just too much truth in it to be pushed under the rug."

Because there is so much truth in this book one gets all the more annoyed at the careless mistakes and unnecessary exaggeration, particularly toward the end, where moderation and reality fly out the window and there is no room for anything but the extremes of action, inaction, stupidity and plain cupidity. The authors could have made their points in a quieter manner. But it probably wouldn't wind up as good a movie or sell as many books.

The story takes place in the mythical Southeast Asian kingdom of Sarkhan, which seems to be a blend of Thailand and Cambodia. The chief characters are amalgams of individuals well known to those who have been involved in Southeast Asian affairs, either in Washington or in the field. The American Ambassador, for example, has the superficial characteristics of Chester Bowles, former U.S. Ambassador to India, though he exhibits none of Bowles's intelligence or sensitivity. He has read *The Ugly American* and learned that a diplomat should, if possible, speak the language of the country where he lives; but he hasn't learned the more important lesson that a man with ten ideas in one language is better than one with no ideas in ten languages.

The Communists are beginning their campaign to take over Sarkhan from inside the country, and the story of their brutal ruthlessness is one that all Americans, particularly some of our more naïve college professors, should read and ponder. Here we see vividly how Mao's grand strategy of surrounding the cities from the countryside works in practice. We see how the Communists gather recruits through terrorism in the villages, and also how the great majority of the peasants who join them have no idea they are fighting for Communism. They believe, if they believe anything, that they are fighting for nationalism and to drive out the exploiting white man.

We also learn how difficult it is for the American on the spot, who knows and understands the Asian people and sees what is really going on, to convince those in high places of the need for urgent and sometimes unconventional action. The retired Navy officer who has worked for years with the Sarkhanese and the college professor who has immersed himself in Sarkhanese lore face a stone wall when they try to warn high Washington officials about the real danger. While giving lip service to Asian needs and customs, Washington instinctively and probably unconsciously reacts as it would toward similar situations in Europe, and discounts the often esoteric ways of the East. As Professor McCauley tells the head of Intelligence:

> "Just because a thing is intangible, like religion or rumor, is no reason to conclude it is not important. The Communists have used the invisible everywhere around the world. By the time they move to the visible—weapons, rifles, motors—they have already won the battle."

The essence of the book is expressed by the Presidential adviser, Cogswell: "If we want [these Asian nations] to join us, we will first have to convince the people that we will help them build their nation *the way they want it.*"

It is a good story, full of action and suspense, and I only hope the American people will appreciate the truth that is mixed with the fiction.

William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick—"a better story better told."

The Year of Mild Crisis: Starting with those sunny summer days of every Englishman's nostalgic fantasy, March Cost has constructed a novel of sweet, old-fashioned dreams. *The Year of the Yield* (Vanguard, $4.95), cosy with cliché, is set mainly in London in 1921—a date fortified with much tedious reportorial detail. At that time, "four habitually mild people experienced a fierce indignation crisis which was to lead eventually yet inevitably to one another." In fact, not one of the four utters so much as a single "damn." They are: a middle-aged Scottish law clerk, worthy, naïve, and mild; a middle-aged foreign office official, polite, brittle, and mild; an English lady, not yet forty, whose former affair with an Italian prince has left her wealthy, poised, and mild; and a simple little Italian countess of thirty, ill-used, innocent, and, though she waves her hands about when she talks (Latin temperament), thoroughly mild.

The crises are very gentle and cause no one more than a night's insomnia. And all is blandly resolved under a sky still clear and sunny. While Miss Cost works hard at the atmosphere, her setting is timelessly anonymous; her characters, not intended to be lively, are lifeless creatures. All that can be said about the style is that it would be better without its army of adverbs and adjectives—but then there would not be much left of *The Year of the Yield.*

—JULIAN GLOAG.

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In Defense of Disorder

Man's Rage for Chaos: Biology, Behavior and the Arts, *by Morse Peckham (Chilton. 339 pp. $6.95), sets out to prove that the goal of art, music, and poetry is not order but disorder. Robert J. Clements's latest book, "The Poetry of Michelangelo," will be published in December.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

FOR Professor Morse Peckham of the University of Pennsylvania, generalization holds no terror when he sets out to write a book. Nor does an almost cosmic area of investigation, against which an old proverb warns, "He who grasps too much hugs badly." Peckham's first major book, *Beyond the Tragic Vision: The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century* (1962), offered a sweeping and lively probe of the psychological and physiological roots of philosophy, religion, and art, ranging from antiquity to modern times, and culling examples from all over Europe. It lingered over discussions of transcendentalism, self-analysis, reality and illusion, self-identification, personality, and stylistics.

In his latest study he apparently aspires to exceed even this Herculean goal. *Man's Rage for Chaos* takes issue with centuries of literary and artistic criticism for its premise that man wants art, letters, and music to be orderly. The author holds that the inverse is true: that it is precisely disorder and chaos that draw and inwardly satisfy those who read, who hear music, and who contemplate the plastic arts. Peckham writes, "I think it is time to praise disorder a little, and to give the proper recognition to the men whose task it is to offer disorder, the artists." Thus Peckham's subject, to crib a title from Robert Herrick, is "delight in disorder."

The author proceeds to make the most of this at best debatable thesis through a perquisition of stylistics, signs, semantics, perception, rhythmics, and other sciences which affect all the arts of just about all the cultures of the world. Professor Peckham's boldness in generalizing carries over into absolute judgments against his rivals (Sypher: "not taken seriously by scholars in the various arts in which he deals." Daniells: "his claim of intellectual responsibility for his enterprise is, I fear, whistling in the dark"). Nor is Peckham above stacking the deck semantically against the order that he strives to demolish: "We value order for precisely the same reason we value a good movement of the bowels." "If art is order and unity, . . . greeting card verse is far better than the strangely messy work of John Milton." Nor does he forget the master smudge of Hitler with his New Order.

The author leads us an exhausting chase with many detours as we follow his reasonings into the areas of psychology, biology, symbology, phonemes, semantics, logistics, and the rest. We weave our way through all the arts, including architecture, where the pesky Vitruvian principle of order seems most tenacious. He gives special attention to those esthetic movements with which disunity, disorder, and discontinuity have been especially associated, such as Baroque and Romanticism (a word he consistently avoided in his earlier volume). His emphasis is light, naturally, on those theorists and practitioners who stood firm as bastions of order in the arts. If he mentions the "stylistic dynamism" of Michelangelo, for example, he forgets to mention the times which Michelangelo expressed his idea of the "*opera intera*" and "*opera perfecta.*"

Peckham works doggedly to build up his difficult case, sometimes brilliantly and always learnedly. Finally, after 314 pages he hopes to have convinced us of what seems to be his major conclusion: that man created art "to satisfy a physiologic need for a more stimulating environment than the order-directed social environment offers." (Has man's environment ever achieved orderliness, you may ask, especially today?) Then in his last paragraph he reminds us why art is not, in his opinion, order-directed.

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," by Pablo Picasso.

Art is not reality, it is not truth, it is not value. It is nothing but a construct, because it is nothing but signs, and signs can only be constructs. But art is not even a reliable prescriptive construct, for its semantic character is subordinate to its disorientative function. Art offers man an entry into a fraudulent and deceiving world, but it is necessary. It is a biological adaptation which serves to keep man alive, aware, capable of perceiving that he is neither adequate nor inadequate but a perilous mixture of the two, capable of innovation. Art is rehearsal for the orientation which makes innovation possible.

I did not always find the development of this thesis easy going, and on a couple of occasions even wished that man's putative rage for chaos did not sometimes hit him when he was expounding ideas. I am perfectly willing to take the blame for a few places where I lost the thread of the argument. However, I do remember a conversation I had years ago in Chicago with Bertrand Russell, who stated that since English speculative philosophers wrote with such simple style and words, they could never hope to be anything but inferior to the Americans and the Germans.

(*Book reviews continue on page* 59)

Poem Before Dawn

By Gerald Jonas

Shooting
like sparks from a bed of fire,
three young bucks ignite the street,
hooting
their dreams of Roman-candle kicks.
Clamorous lusts arc in the air,
flung
like half-smoked butts through the dark
where we lie, working our bellows,
hung
between art and desire, and timed
to go out in the cold light of day.

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USEFUL FOR "A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT"

"A friend of mine tells me that a Beethoven symphony can solve for him a problem of conduct. I've no doubt that it does so simply by giving him a sense of the tragedy and the greatness of human destiny, which makes his personal anxieties seem small, which throws them into a new proportion."
Joyce Cary

What Joyce Cary (one of my favorite modern writers) says about a Beethoven symphony is applicable to almost all music. And such music, music which may be useful for "a problem of conduct," music great or merely entertaining, is offered to you on these pages. We are proud of these recordings; we think they are beautiful, artistically and technically. We hope you will enjoy them.

George R. Marek
Vice President and
General Manager
RCA Victor Record Division

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"AN AMAZING MAN, RUBINSTEIN"
The American Record Guide

Rubinstein, in my view, is the nearest thing to a Renaissance man. He could have been a Medici. The breadth of his culture, the kaleidoscopic quality of his interest, the depth of his musical knowledge—and perhaps most important, his love of life—all express themselves in his playing. Two of his new recordings: Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto with Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a Chopin album containing eight Polonaises and four Impromptus.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC-ZUBIN MEHTA — RECORDED AT THE NEW MUSIC PAVILION

This is the first recording made in the acoustically marvelous Los Angeles Music Pavilion (and in Dynagroove). Zubin Mehta does exciting things with Strauss' Don Juan and Respighi's Roman Festivals. The album itself is quite a festival!

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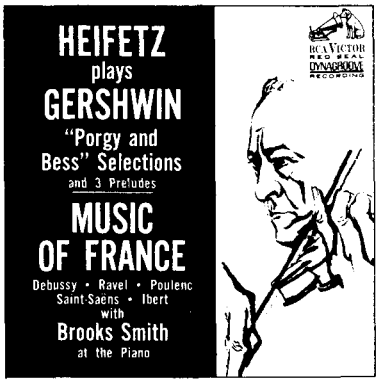
HEIFETZ-GERSHWIN—AN OLD AFFECTION

Heifetz has long been fond of Gershwin's music. He made his own transcriptions of famous Gershwin melodies and recorded them once before. The new version is better than the old because Heifetz is as fine an artist as he was—and we are better technicians. We believe that this record stands as the most important reminder of Gershwin's art since the composer's death.



NOT FOR THOSE WHO THINK MUSIC STOPPED WITH BRAHMS

The [illegible] pro[illegible] pro[illegible] sp[illegible] Str[illegible] so[illegible] hu[illegible] so[illegible] mu[illegible] an[illegible] pro[illegible] rec[illegible] choral sound.

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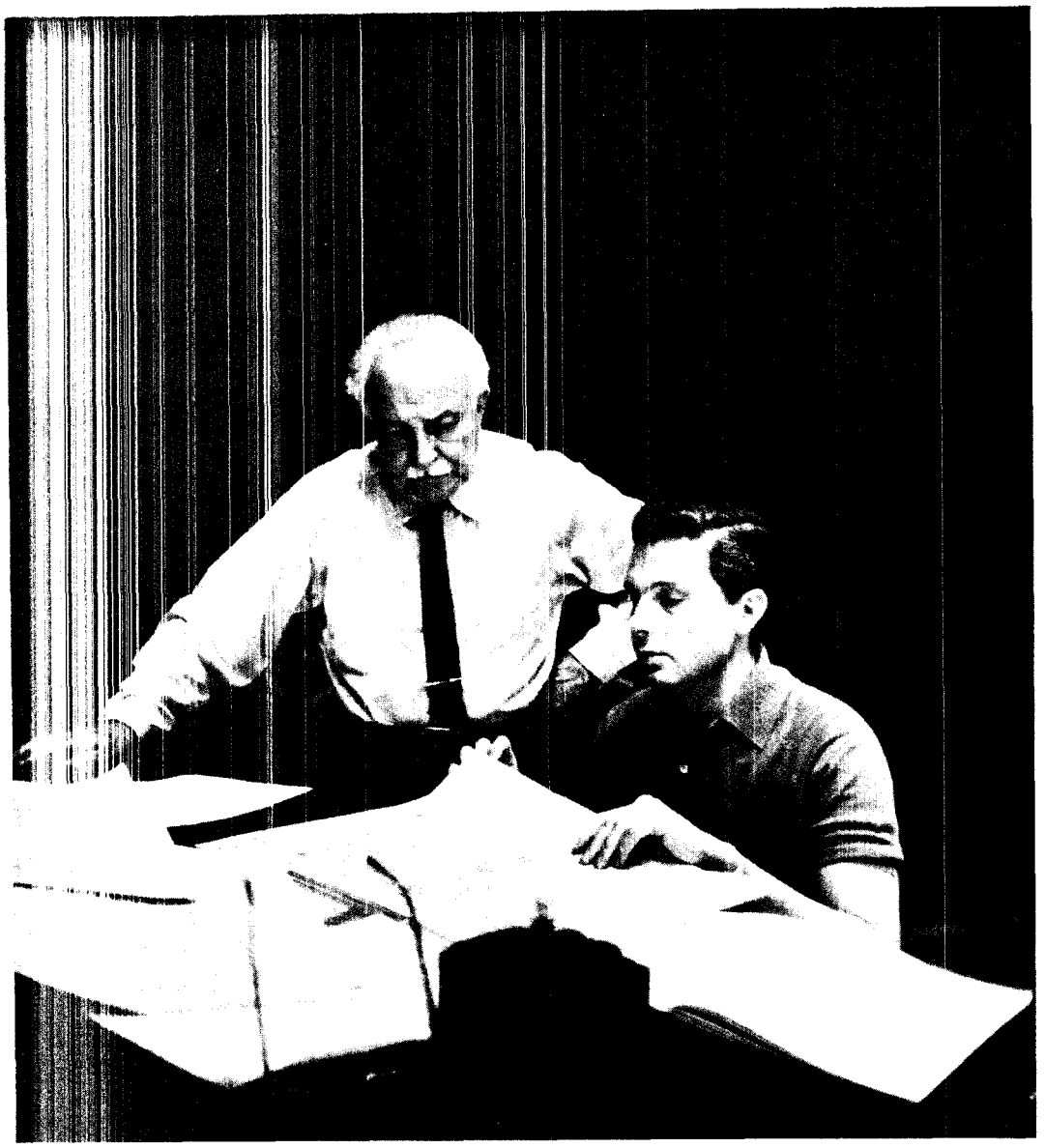
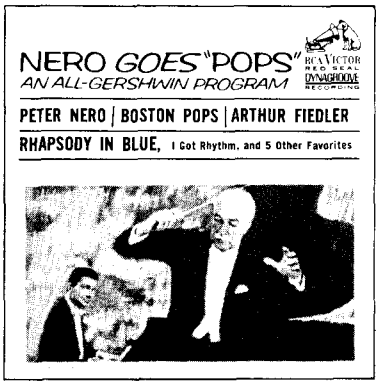


FUN WITH ARTHUR, PETER AND GEORGE

Quite a combination—Fiedler, Peter Nero, the Boston Pops and George Gershwin. That includes the Rhapsody in Blue. Too many recordings available of that rhapsody? No doubt, but wait till you hear Peter play it. He has also made his own arrangements of Gershwin tunes. "Some punkins," as they say in Texas!


NERO GOES "POPS"
AN ALL-GERSHWIN PROGRAM
RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
PETER NERO | BOSTON POPS | ARTHUR FIEDLER
RHAPSODY IN BLUE, I Got Rhythm, and 5 Other Favorites

MORTON GOULD VISITS THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY

Fritz Reiner built the Chicago Symphony into one of the world's greatest orchestras. The magic is not gone. Morton Gould proves it, conducting the orchestra in two fascinating works: Copland's Dance Symphony and his own deeply moving Spirituals for Orchestra.

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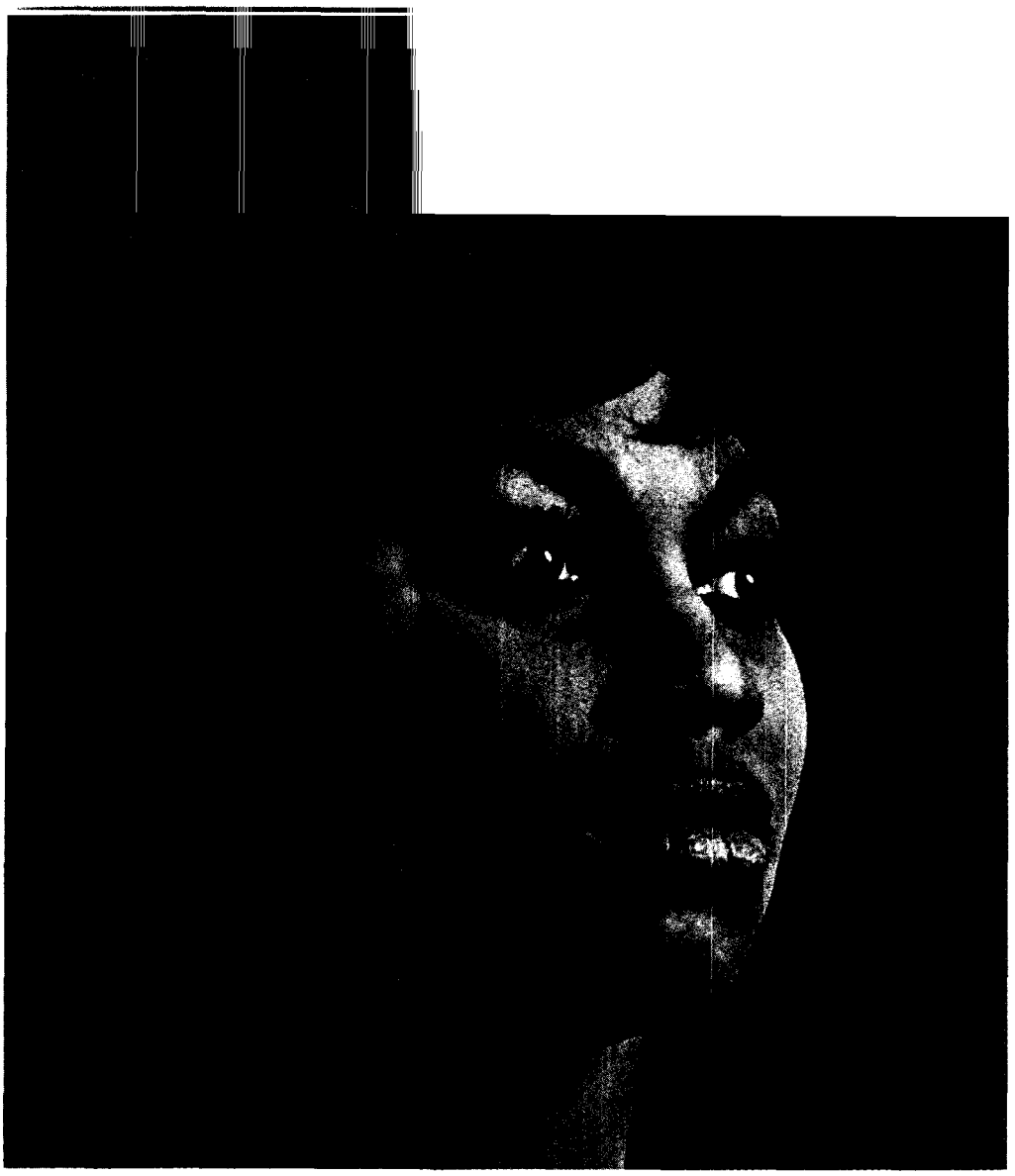
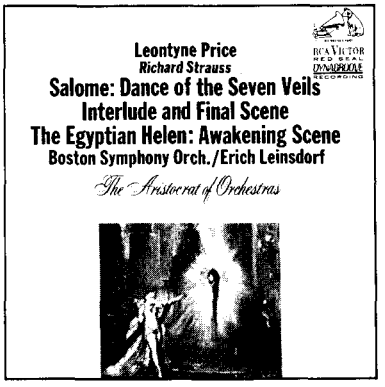


"SALOME—I'LL NEVER SING IT ON THE STAGE"

Leontyne Price

"Never" is a long word, particularly when uttered by a prima donna. In the meantime, you can hear this marvelous final scene as I think Strauss wanted it heard. He wanted Salome sung, not shrieked. Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony also play Salome's Dance and the seldom-heard Monologue from The Egyptian Helen. It is a feeble opera, but this Monologue appears "to have been written in one breathless sentence, a single act of inspiration."

(William Mann's "Richard Strauss; A Critical Study of the Operas.")



I LOVE LUISA

An unusual opportunity to hear the opera by Verdi which preceded Rigoletto by two years. I quite agree with Francis Toye, one of Verdi's biographers, that Luisa Miller is "one of the most lovable of Verdi's operas," and that Verdi here gives us "a first taste of that perfect blend of supple vocal writing and orchestral virtuosity which is to be found in Falstaff." We have assembled a very fine cast: Anna Moffo as Luisa, Carlo Bergonzi, Shirley Verrett, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello and Giorgio Tozzi. Conducted by Fausto Cleva. Recorded in our Rome studios.

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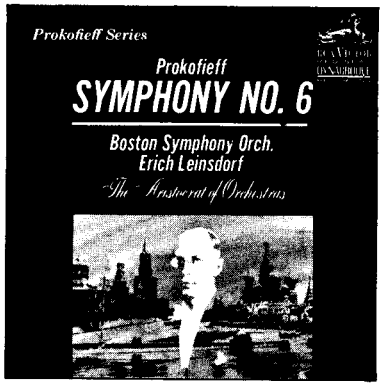
A SPECTACULAR RECORDING OF PROKOFIEFF'S SPECTACULAR SIXTH—BOSTON SYMPHONY, ERICH LEINSDORF

Prokofieff has been called the last of the great composers. We hope that "last" is not true—but a superb composer he was. His Sixth Symphony is a "big" work in more ways than one, and only modern technology can capture it on records. We believe that this is one of the best recordings we have yet made in Boston. Dynagroove helps.



DEBUT OF PETER SERKIN

Artur Rubinstein said that he is "astounded and flabbergasted" by Peter Serkin. Eugene Ormandy writes, "I have never seen an all-embracing musical curiosity such as Peter's." The son of Rudolf Serkin (a great artist who unfortunately does not record for us), Peter makes his debut in an exciting performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

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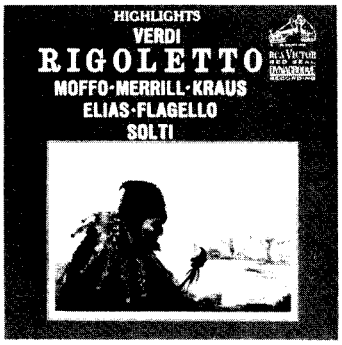
FOR THOSE WHO LIKE A LITTLE OPERA A LOT
(OR A LOT OF OPERAS A LITTLE)
NEW HIGHLIGHTS ALBUMS

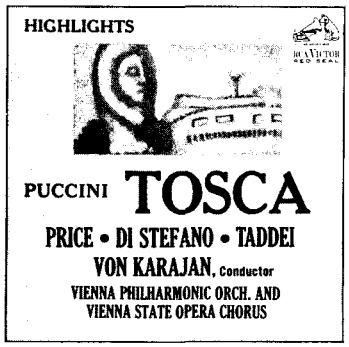


Verdi/"RIGOLETTO"/Moffo, Kraus, Merrill — Solti

Bellini/"NORMA"/ Sutherland, Horne, Alexander — Bonynge

Verdi/"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO"/Price, Verrett, Tucker, Merrill — Schippers

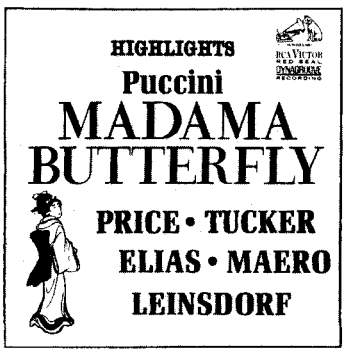
Bizet/"CARMEN"/Price, Corelli, Merrill — Karajan



Puccini/"TOSCA"/Price, Di Stefano, Taddei— Karajan

Wagner/"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"/Rysanek, Liebl, London — Dorati

Verdi/"OTELLO"/Rysanek, Vickers, Gobbi — Serafin



Puccini/"MADAMA BUTTERFLY"/Price, Tucker, Elias — Leinsdorf

Wagner/"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG"/Watson, Thomas, Wiener — Keilberth

Mozart/"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"/Della Casa, Peters, Elias, London, Corena — Leinsdorf

Mozart/"DON GIOVANNI"/ Price, Nilsson, Valletti, Corena, Siepi — Leinsdorf

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MUCH, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

If you [illegible]
of Shakespe[illegible]
Olivier's [illegible]
productio[illegible]
Nothing b[illegible]
Zeffirelli [illegible]
Smith—a [illegible]
was one-[illegible]
Robert Ste[illegible]
and Albert [illegible]
Shakespeare's [illegible]
sounds like [illegible]music.

You have just read descriptions of a select few recordings. They are representative of all the many superb albums which bear RCA Victor's Red Seal. The fame of this label is chiefly due to "the world's greatest artists."

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The most trusted name in sound

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When Life Was But a Dream

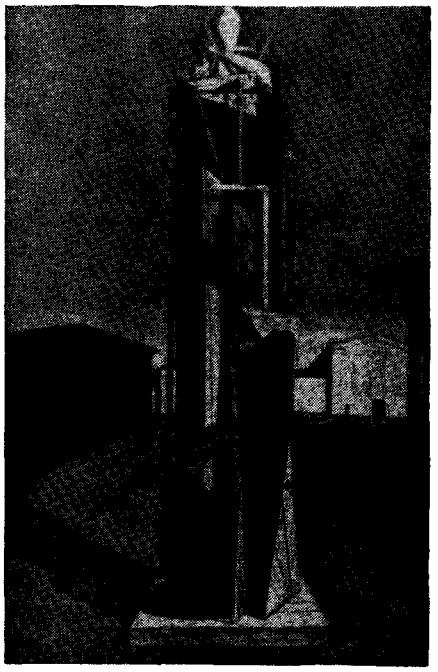
***The History of Surrealism,** by Maurice Nadeau, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Macmillan. 351 pp. $6.95), traces, from its origin after the First World War to its dissolution in the Second, an avant-garde movement that sought to unearth realities buried in hypocrisy. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and, as adjunct associate professor, teacher of esthetics and criticism at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

SURREALISM was born in the despair and agony of World War I. Disgusted with the politics, religion, morality, art, and philosophy that could send Europe to slaughter without an ideological tremor, a small group of artists and writers turned against the Establishment when they came back to Paris and found nothing changed.

In politics the surrealists favored permanent revolution, at first Communism of the Lenin orthodoxy, then Trotskyism. They opposed Stalin from the start. In religion the sneer replaced the prayer. Psychoanalysis suggested the new morality, emphasizing sexual liberation with an oddly monogamous bias, that at least favored one partner at a time. It was also to be heterosexual. Philosophy was to be replaced with analysis of the act of creation, the analysis to be the product of automatic writing or of a dreamlike state or (ideally) of the thoughts of a person about to commit suicide. Formal logic was the enemy, above all. There was also an interesting linguistic development: analysis based on the sounds of single syllables or letters and their implications in poetic discourse—not the implications of the relationship between propositions, as in formal logic, but the meaning of vowels and letters in dreams or dreamlike states, following Freud. Logical necessity was a fiction; only psychological necessity counted for anything. The whole idea of necessity was sought in a negation of traditional cause and effect.

Realism, naturalism, all the esthetic categories of the novel, poetry, and the theater were discarded as an obscene ritual of the bourgeoisie. André Breton, one of the leading figures, cautions against defining surrealism as incessant



"The Great Metaphysician" (1917), by Giorgio de Chirico.

novelty. That was dadaism, he said. Surrealism, by contrast, was opposite; it was a new position from which to discern realities that had been buried by centuries of hypocrisy. But the new position, in art and politics, philosophy and religion, was not sufficiently easy to locate, nor could it, once located, bind highly individualistic, gifted men into a society. Friction was more common than agreement.

Lous Aragon vacillated between Stalinism and his knowledge that artistic cretinism was the consequence in the USSR of the dictator's iron hand in esthetics. Breton was pro-Soviet but opposed to Stalin. Dalí, when he joined the movement, was oriented to Fascism in politics, and something called "paranoia-criticism" in art.

There were distinguished figures in and out of the movement. In addition to the support of such men as Max Ernst, Dalí, de Chirico, Aragon, Arp, Breton, Miró, Man Ray, Tanguy, Magritte, and Masson, the surrealists were able to obtain assurance from Trotsky that he endorsed their search for the liberation of the artistic conscience against the bourgeoisie, a category now expanded to include the name of J. Stalin. Trotsky was indeed a natural ally, and his bizarre murder was perhaps one of the greatest of surrealist events, both to be deplored and celebrated. (This was not a distinction but two very similar attitudes.)

In *The History of Surrealism* Maurice Nadeau traces the movement to its dissolution in World War II. There is an introduction by Roger Shattuck, who says: "Love and laughter . . . are the areas in which surrealism made its mark most deeply on the evolution of the avant-garde in this century."

The book, thought to be a classic (surrealism rejects the idea of classics), was written in 1944. Besides biographical notes and bibliographies, it contains, at the end of the text, many surrealist documents, including the "proletarian poem" by Aragon, "Red Front," which was notable for the effect it had on the French police: they almost put him into jail on its account. There are also selections by Breton and an impassioned defense of comedian Chaplin in a divorce suit with one of his wives who was so unsurrealistic as to demand a vulgar thing like alimony.

What are we to think of surrealism today? A glance at any recent art show will confirm its force in painting, and the French anti-novel descends from it. French films reveal its hand, as does beatnik poetry. Surrealism, however, has had but peripheral political consequence in today's world; perhaps only the John Birch Society may be classified as surrealist. (We hope nervously that it is peripheral.)

The attack on logic, while refreshing, is naïve. The discovery that a statement about a thing is as "real" as the thing and if true must be in some way identical with that thing, and further that a true statement about chaos must itself be chaotic is the kind of paradox that analysis is easily able to resolve. Logic, in any case, is not like an unwelcome guest who will go away if he is ignored or insulted. It is more like the tax collector who though unwanted has the power to impose certain directions upon our destinies.

Much of what is avant-garde is merely elliptical or simple paradox, and when the missing elements are supplied, surrealism becomes subject to all the old arguments about form, process, implication, etc. By no means the only vanguard development of importance in our century, surrealism was one of the most vital, and it continues to retain the capacity to inspire artistic creativity. Maurice Nadeau's history is not the least of its effects.

Coming December 4th

***SR*'s Christmas Book and Records Listings**

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The High Cost of Human Values

Yesterday's People: Life in Contemporary Appalachia, *by Jack Weller (University of Kentucky Press. 163 pp. $4.75), portrays a society that is out of step with life in present-day America. David M. Potter wrote "People of Plenty, Economic Abundance and the American Character."*

By DAVID M. POTTER

THE REVEREND Jack Weller, after thirteen years of ministry to a Presbyterian parish in the Big Coal River valley in West Virginia, has written a book about the qualities of the people of Appalachia. In some ways this is a specialized study, directed especially to future social workers in Appalachia. But in other ways it has wide interest as a striking account of the cultural differences that still linger in our homogenized society.

The conditions of life in Appalachia, says Mr. Weller, are determined not only by physical conditions of poverty, but also by the distinctive cultural values of the society. The mountaineers do not share the prevailing culture of middle-class Americans. Most Americans live in a dynamic society, geared to high material productivity, and to flexibility in making the constant organizational adjustments which are required by ceaseless economic change. Most Americans have adapted themselves to these circumstances by developing an emphasis on material values (participation in the productive system) and a readiness to adapt to new groups (David Riesman's other-directed personality).

Such a society has its own set of functional virtues, just as a warrior society or a pastoral society has. These virtues, for our society, include success, mobility, initiative, competitiveness, and striving for future goals. We are dwellers in the future, activists, organizers, dominators of nature. Basically, we still cannot escape the psychological need for a few lasting personal ties, but we reduce these to a minimum, by confining them to spouse and offspring in a nuclear family so small that it too can be mobile, adaptable, other-directed. For the rest, we are remarkably impersonal, and we conduct all sorts of transactions with people whom we will never know except in their organizational roles.

Like all people in all cultures, we soon begin to suppose that this is the only conceivable way to live. But it is, in fact, a highly specialized adaptation, and, as *Yesterday's People* shows, it is not even the way of all Americans, much less of all mankind. The people of Appalachia live in a static society which has a scarcity economy and a strong continuity with the past.

The mountaineers have adapted to these circumstances by finding value in experience or emotion rather than in acquisition, and by finding identity through membership in kinship groups or reference groups of persons of the same age and sex, rather than through a close relationship of husband and wife. They are fatalists who orient their lives to being rather than to doing, who distrust highly organized activity, who live in the present rather than the future, and who personalize all relationships so much that they cannot communicate effectively with another individual until personal recognition has been elaborately developed.

IT IS easy to idealize the quality of a folk who value friendship above material goods, and individuality above organization. Mr. Weller respects these qualities, but he does not doubt that the values of a traditionalist society handicap it immeasurably in the modern world. When people distrust progress so much that they reject education; when they distrust organization so much that they will not organize a system of garbage collection in a thickly settled community; when they value the goodwill of their reference group so much that they will reject any advancement or post of leadership that may separate them from such a group—when these things happen, one sees concretely the high social cost of preserving the value of the mountain culture. One sees also how meager the rewards of these values frequently were even in their own terms, when the dominance of the reference group inhibited the development of real individuality and bred a constant fear of social rejection for anyone who fell from reference-group grace.

In immediate terms, *Yesterday's People* offers an incisive study of the character of Appalachia society. By implication, it offers a striking comment on the relationship between a value system and the capacity to survive in a transforming world. On a planet where we are plundering the earth, polluting the water, and fouling the air, and where a runaway birth rate is rushing us toward disaster, this modest little volume might lead a thoughtful reader to wonder whether, in our social adjustment, we are not all Yesterday's People, and whether, ultimately, we are doing any better job of adaptation than the mountain folk of Appalachia.

"The Russians have a nice subway. Why can't we have a nice subway?"

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Report on Poverty

***A New World in the Making,** by Danilo Dolci, translated from the Italian by R. Munroe (Monthly Review Press. 327 pp. $7.50), tells of the Italian reformer's visits to Russia, Yugoslavia, Senegal, and Ghana to study economic planning. Gabriel Gersh is a free-lance writer specializing in international affairs.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

THIS is not another book about Danilo Dolci's efforts to rescue the peasants of western Sicily from the neglect, exploitation, and degradation to which they have been subjected for centuries. Unlike his other books, which have contributed so much to the awakening of the modern Italian social conscience, *A New World in the Making* tells of Dolci's journeys to Russia, Yugoslavia, Senegal, and Ghana to study how these nations set about developing and planning their economies.

Are their planners competent? How much scope or encouragement do they allow for initiative from below? Do the people contribute to the formation of the economic policies that affect their lives? Does the execution of these policies evoke a sense of responsibility or merely one of resignation and despair? Dolci analyzes these questions from the vantage point of his bitter, dramatic years in the slums of Sicily. Unfortunately, he does not sum up his experiences; thus the account of his Russian journey becomes a series of interviews with bureaucrats.

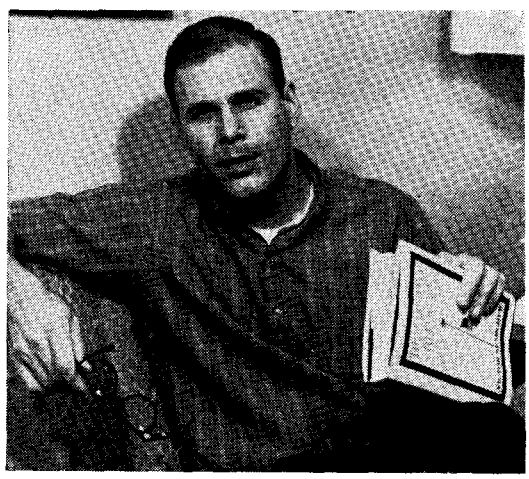
In the USSR, as in the other three countries, there is a vast difference between the plans projected by bureaucrats and their fulfillment. No one is more conscious of this than Mr. Dolci, who knows very well the discrepancy between the schemes for reform undertaken by the Italian government and the outlook for progress in Sicily.

In Yugoslavia, where squalor and backwardness coexist with modernity, Dolci admired the people, whose dignity remains uncorroded. He is pleased by the Yugoslavs' experimental attitude toward planning, but is dubious about the results.

Mr. Dolci's impressions of Senegal and Ghana are much more in focus than those of Eastern Europe. The result is a moving, amusing, and captivating description of these African states. In Senegal he is enchanted by the color of the costumes, disquieted by the power and wealth of the Moslem priests, concerned about polygamy and the lack of education. Given the size of the country's population (hardly more than three million), the widespread illiteracy (almost 90 per cent among the men and more than 98 per cent among the women) and the religious differences, it is not surprising that planning is imposed on the people without consulting them.

Senegal's social development, however rudimentary, shocked the author less than the attempts in Ghana to disguise maladministration. He is shown the Volta Dam and the new villages being built for displaced peasants. He notes that there is no provision for irrigating the new farmland, and that the villages are being set up at random without any relation to the projects for agricultural growth. The officials, steeped in professional optimism, cannot understand his questions about the social and human difficulties that must arise from their plans for national development.

While he was touched by the Ghanaians, he was disillusioned not only by the trend toward dictator-worship, but also by the distraction of public opinion from the questions that concern the people's well-being.



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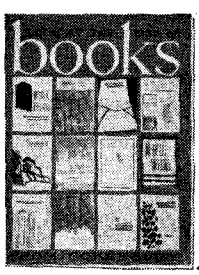

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Science and Social Myth

The Idea of Race, *by Ashley Montagu (University of Nebraska Press. 126 pp. $4), and* ***The Human Revolution,*** *by Ashley Montagu (World. 224 pp. $4.95), discuss scientific evidence supporting current social and ethical considerations of racism and atomic warfare. Anthony F. C. Wallace is professor of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By ANTHONY F. C. WALLACE

THE ETHICAL implications of scientific studies of race and evolution have long been argued by proponents of various social philosophies. No newcomer to this arena, the well-known physical anthropologist Ashley Montagu in his two new books, *The Idea of Race* and *The Human Revolution,* ably rehearses certain recent investigations of race and human evolution and draws conclusions about both scientific and social policy.

The more argumentative volume is *The Idea of Race.* Ashley Montagu asserts, as he has done before, that the term "race" should be expunged from the vocabulary both of laymen and scientists, at least in so far as it applies to man. He points out that the rise in popularity of the concept of race as a sub-species, characterized by a unique combination of genetically determined anatomical and behavioral traits, was associated with the development of racism as a serious social philosophy in the nineteenth century. Human "races," he argues, are really not sub-species at all, and "race" has no relevance to human evolution; on the contrary, the boundaries of the various "races" are fuzzy, shifting with the choice of criteria, and changing over time. Not merely is there insufficient evidence to show the superiority or inferiority of any race in relation to another, the very concept of race is of dubious value to science. The distribution of genetic traits is, indeed, he concedes, an interesting problem; the study of the fluctuating and fortuitous local combinations of these traits which are called "races" merely confuses the scientific issue. The perpetuation of the concept is undesirable, not merely because it gives aid and comfort to racism, but because it is scientifically sterile.

The Human Revolution is less contentious. It is essentially a popular handbook, reviewing the salient fossil discoveries of recent years which testify to the nature of the "missing links" between other primates and man. Indeed, it can now be said with confidence that the "missing link" has been found, in Africa; the potassium-argon test indicates an age of about 2,000,000 years.

Ashley Montagu describes in some detail the particular anatomical and behavioral modifications which constituted the "revolution" that has produced man. Thus the volume will serve as a handbook for beginning students of this critical phase in human evolution. In conclusion, the scientist again dons the philosopher's robes and draws the moral of human evolution: man is naturally a loving rather than a hating creature; his welfare and even survival depend upon the maintenance of a culture that enhances his capacities for both companionship and intellect.

Although there will perhaps be few who wish to deny the virtues which the author praises, some may come away with the feeling that their value ought not to be made to depend upon scientific argument. Whether or not to the

physical anthropologist and biologist "race" is a real phenomenon, or even a concept, need not determine one's convictions about legal and social equality, nor need the pacifist interpretation of australopithecine social habits be required to support the position that atomic war is undesirable. Racist misuse of scientific data is indefensible, not because racism is socially unethical, but because it is dishonest science. The appeal to today's view of evolutionary truth in support of contemporary social policy invites a dialogue in which it is tacitly assumed, among other things, that civil rights really *ought to* depend upon proof of genetic endowment.

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Criminal Record

Invitation to an Inquest. *By Walter and Miriam Schneir. Doubleday.* $5.95. Since the Federal Government possesses no equipment for the summary dispatch of persons condemned to death for violation of its laws, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed in the electric chair at New York's Sing Sing Prison, at Ossining, on June 19, 1953. A jury had found them guilty of violating the Espionage Act of 1917 by supplying atomic secrets to the Soviet Union in 1944. Dorothy Thompson pointed out in her column that "in 1944 we were not at war with the Soviet Union." It is the considered conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Schneir that "not only were Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—and Morton Sobell—unjustly convicted, they were punished for a crime that never occurred." This minutely detailed survey of the Rosenberg case is a book that cannot be ignored. Good photographs.

When London Walked in Terror. *By Tom A. Cullen. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.95. Little girls in London's East End still skip rope to the strains of "Jack the Ripper/Stole a kipper/Hid it in his father's slipper," even though Jack the Ripper's gory *floruit* was limited to a ten-week period in the fall of 1888. He was hell on prostitutes, five of whom he slaughtered elaborately. Tom Cullen, an American newspaperman who has been based in London for the past thirteen years, has examined the horror exhaustively and presents his findings brilliantly. He reveals "for the first time the names of three men against whom Scotland Yard held 'very strong suspicion.'" One of the three was the Yard's best bet and he is also the choice of Mr. Cullen, who examines his career in detail and has taken a photograph of his Dorset gravestone. Fine pix.

Detective's Due. *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Double murder, kidnaping, rape, and assorted lesser felonies keep detective Vic Varollo and his Glendale (Calif.) associates on their toes; there are lighter moments, too. An eminently satisfying performance.

The Twin Serpents. *By Ronald Scott Thorn. Macmillan.* $4.95. English surgeon, wedded to spendthrift beauty (her brother is a most unpleasant peer), lams in moment of crisis; initial and terminal action is on Aegean isle; echoes of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" are heard. An admirable and literate piece of work.

Airs Above the Ground. *By Mary Stewart. Mill-Morrow.* $4.95. English veterinarian (f.), on errand to Austria, finds self semi-attached to traveling cir-

Nez Perce

The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

This fascinating history of the Nez Perce centers on the tribe's confrontation with the white man. The author of *The Patriot Chiefs* recounts the full story of the actions and counter-actions of the Indians and whites, and the lack of understanding and sympathy on the part of the whites for the Indians' alien culture, from the first friendly meeting, through bitter and hostile encounters, to the final subjugation of the Nez Perce tribe. **$12.50**

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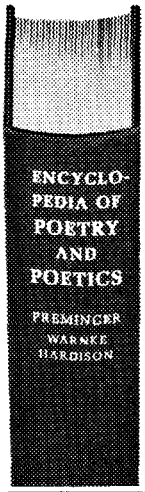

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cus; Lipizzan stallions do their stuff; there are sinister plots and sudden deaths. Highly enjoyable, highly knowledgeable, with bright comedy touches.

I Hide, We Seek. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners.* $4.50. U.S. security op trails Yank science prof, whose loyalty is suspect, to Highlands of Scotland; lady-love tags along. Dialectic often impedes pace, which is fast when given chance (and the scenery is grand).

Before the Ball Was Over. *By Alexandra Roudybush. Crime Club.* $3.50. Struggle between two *grandes dames* for hostess championship of Washington develops felonious and even lethal angles. Jolly good fun, but D.C. residents may be piqued.

Great True Stories of Crime, Mystery & Detection from the Reader's Digest. *Little, Brown.* $5.95. Sixty tales, 1949 to present, largely U.S., make up this package; compression not a plus factor in many instances, but several narratives exceed 10,000 words.

Cease Upon the Midnight. *By Simon Troy. Macmillan.* $3.95. Capable Inspector Smith journeys to Channel Islands to solve both a fresh murder and an ancient one. Attractive addition to Simon Troy's small, but choice, roster.

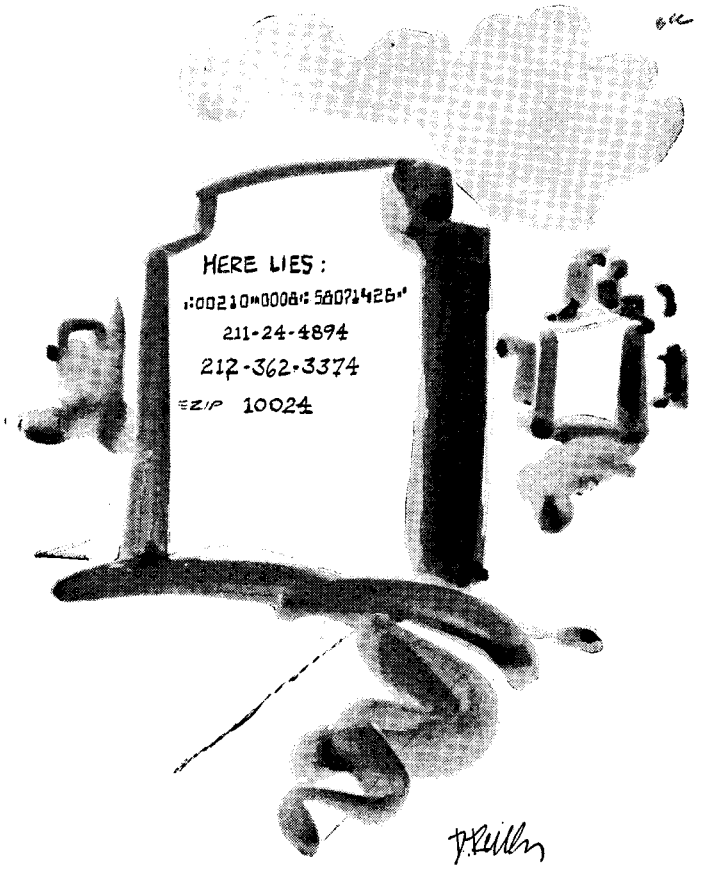
Nothing Is the Number When You Die. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.95. Nuri Bey, Turkish "middle-aged philosopher" (says he), travels from Istanbul to Oxford to find son of co-national; murder, drugs, and a rip-roaring explosion are a few of the phenomena served up. Pleasant potpourri.

Is Skin Deep, Is Fatal. *By H. R. F. Keating. Dutton.* $3.95. London beauty competition jarred when promoter takes knife in back; Supt. Ironside talks his way to victory and retirement. Rain falls up to p. 182.

Is There a Traitor in the House? *By Patricia McGerr. Crime Club.* $3.50. Meet Selena Mead, U.S. undercover agent, as she dogs Member of Congress suspected of being security risk; there's a jumped-or-jounced fatality off a famous Washington suicide bridge. A bit of all right.

Call It Accident. *By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Hiram Potter, amateur peeper, looks into San Francisco death of wealthy sourpuss; trail leads to Grand Canyon, Las Vegas. One of those family chronicles of which the text is: He who makes a will makes trouble.

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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The Best Is Yet to Be Told

—*From the book.*
Dean Acheson—"supremely urbane."

***Morning and Noon**, by Dean Acheson (Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. $6), recalls the ex-Secretary of State's youth and government service up to 1941. Formerly counsel to the President, Myer Feldman is now a practicing lawyer.*

By MYER FELDMAN

THERE is something comforting about a return to the memorable events, interesting people, and familiar surroundings of our past. That is why diaries are so popular, Eastman Kodak Company stock has soared, and psychoanalysts flourish. Taking advantage of this predilection Dean Acheson writes a thoroughly entertaining account of his youth and early career. I suspect he enjoyed himself hugely revisiting Middletown, Connecticut, at the turn of the century, and introducing the blacksmith, the dentist, the judge, the inhabitants of the rectory in which he was born, and the various other characters who made his boyhood a continuous adventure.

Occasionally, there is a hint of Thurber in the stories he tells of those times, as when he recounts "the night of the great commotion," when his father peered into the window of his home to see whether his mother was still entertaining some friends and found himself the object of a posse hastily assembled to catch a prowler whose face had been glimpsed at a window. His father came in the front door and courageously led the search.

High school, college, and law school are passed over quickly, with hardly a nod in their direction. It is almost as though the author feels small boys should be buried when they are twelve and not dug up until they reach their mid-twenties.

In 1919, at the age of twenty-six, Dean Acheson came to the nation's Capital. As a perceptive observer of the government and later as a participant in it, he gained authority to comment on the influence of men and events upon our history. He does this by anecdote, by indirection in describing one or another aspect of Washington life, by serious essays on such matters as the meaning of liberalism, and by factual accounts of significant episodes.

Among the most interesting of the incidents he relates is his encounter with Franklin D. Roosevelt. As Undersecretary of the Treasury, Acheson opposed a proposal to devalue the dollar by permitting the RFC to issue debentures for newly mined gold at a price above the legal rate of $20.67 per ounce. The President supported this scheme, and, ultimately, the ailing Secretary of the Treasury, William H. Woodin, was compelled to direct the Undersecretary to approve the issuance of the debentures. A short time later the resignation of the Mr. Acheson was accepted. The report of this uneven battle between the President and the Undersecretary of the Treasury provides a rare insight into the workings of the government during that period. At one point Mr. Acheson sought to enlist the aid of other Cabinet members but ruefully came to the conclusion that the "Cabinet is usually a poor place in which to take up an important and complicated matter with the President. Too many uninformed people are likely to get involved and confuse matters." A viewpoint that has been echoed by many successors.

Today a minor debate rages over whether participants in history should hurry to record and publish their accounts. There are those who favor the British system which frowns upon any publication while the subjects are alive and thereby prevents embarrassment to either people or national objectives. Others are convinced history is most valuable when it is closest in time to

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events. This book appears to have adopted the British view; it stops in 1941 with the author's appointment as Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. During the next fifteen years Mr. Acheson was successively Assistant Secretary, Undersecretary, and Secretary of State. A personal account of those crucial years in the life of our nation would be a major contribution to our understanding. The reason given for cutting off his reminiscences at the very moment when his participation in world affairs became so active is that after 1941 the author was too intimately involved in the happenings around him. He felt that he would therefore be unable to report them objectively. The reasoning will not stand up, and I hope Mr. Acheson will write a sequel covering these years. I doubt that anyone expects an objective report. Certainly the period covered by the current volume is not treated objectively. Nor should it be. All we can ask is an honest recital, told with grace, that contributes to our knowledge and entertainment. This the author has provided.

Mr. Acheson is supremely urbane, sophisticated, witty, and charming; he is known and admired for these qualities. They shine through in the book to a more limited degree than in the man. Particularly in those chapters dealing with Washington life I had the feeling the material had been too tightly compressed to reveal his personality. This, however, may be more a tribute to the man than a criticism of the author.

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Continued from page 22

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—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.

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He thought we needed more insurance.

Not on our possessions.
Not on our lives.
But on our democratic way of life itself.
Here is how Adlai Stevenson put it in April 1963:

"Bernard Shaw said that democracy was a device that insures we shall be governed no better than we deserve. The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions can be thought of, then, as a kind of national insurance plan —a way of making sure we deserve better and better."

What, precisely, is this Center he believed in so deeply? It is not a university. Not a research institute. Not a political organization.

Instead, the Center is a gathering place, an intellectual community in Santa Barbara, California, headed by Robert M. Hutchins, where thinking men convene to grapple with the basic issues of our time. Issues like free speech. Atomic warfare. Automation. Civil rights. Urban sprawl. Big, knotty, "impossible" issues. Issues that fill us with fear, frustration, and too often hopelessness.

And they *do* something about these issues. In an atmosphere free from pressure and bias, they sort and sift, clarify and crystalize. As many as 300 of them a year, from every corner of the world.

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All with one goal: to maintain a free and just society for mankind.

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Who, then, stands behind this Center?

Directors like William O. Douglas, Paul Hoffman, Bruce Catton, Robert Hutchins, Stanley Marcus. Consultants like John Courtney Murray, Henry R. Luce, Isidore Rabi, Clark Kerr. Convocation participants like Hubert H. Humphrey, LeRoy Collins, J. William Fulbright, U Thant, Thurgood Marshall, Robert F. Kennedy, Lewis Mumford.

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Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions
P.O. Box 4068
Santa Barbara, California

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In the American Grain

—Geoffrey Clements.

Sketch of William Benton by Reginald Marsh, 1948.

CAN WE know a man by the pictures he keeps, particularly if he chooses off-beat works, acquires them lavishly, and follows only his own taste? If so, William Benton's art collection should tell us something about this man who is publisher and chairman of the board of *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Ambassador to UNESCO, and was at one time United States Senator from Connecticut. Surrounding himself with a vigorous brand of exclusively American art, he favors restless, aggressive themes. Though his collection is large, it is homogeneous and, as a rule, avoids the theoretic and obscure in favor of a gutty native toughness. One assumes that the man who lives with these pictures is stimulated by people, by ceaseless activity and, above all, by the frenetic spectacle of America.

During his student days, when Mr. Benton was editor of the *Yale Record,* he spent considerable time writing captions for pithy illustrations by the paper's art editor, Reginald Marsh, a name later to become formidable in the history of American painting. After college, Marsh reviewed burlesque shows for the New York *Daily News,* inventing a technique that relied solely on pictures and percentage evaluations. Notable for their crisp economy and lack of words, these new-style criticisms were born of expert draftsmanship. And, indeed, draftsmanship was always the root of Marsh's painting. Even a brief visit to Benton's extensive collection of "Marshiana" underscores this emphasis and, not unexpectedly, reveals that other favorites of the Senator are also specialists in linear excellence.

Thirty years ago the Bentons bought their first two paintings (two oils by Reginald Marsh), which were to become the nucleus of a group by this artist that now numbers high in the hundreds. During his life (Marsh died in 1954 at the age of fifty-six) the painter received only apathetic public acceptance. Though museums admired his work, private collectors were wary of his obsessed interest in the vagaries and vulgarities of American life. William Benton was the rare private collector to understand Marsh, to enjoy his "lustful vitality, a vitality that immediately recalls Hogarth and Rubens."

It would be a mistake to see Reginald Marsh merely as a faithful follower of the Ash Can School. He went far beyond realism to exaggerate America's brutal gaudiness, and yet he made it seem vulnerable. There is pathos in his muscular mounds of cavorting human flesh, as there is also innocence. Marsh may have looked at Degas but he looked more acutely at his own surroundings. If his almost baroque compositions sometimes suggest the French artist's foreshortened candid-camera immediacy, if his subjects parallel certain of the Ash Can themes, what he had to say was decidedly his own, and it always dealt with a burgeoning America.

During the Depression, under the auspices of the WPA, our government employed painters and sculptors at a fixed sum per month (usually about $100) in return for works of art. Once, Marsh wistfully told Benton that this arrangement appealed to him, that he would welcome similar security. So the two men came to an agreement whereby Benton put the artist on private WPA rations, and slowly annexed an impressive group of his works. After Marsh's death, the Senator went on buying and reputedly acquired half the paintings left in the estate, thus assembling the most important single survey of Marsh in existence. Some of the canvases are minuscule views of single female figures swinging along with such sexual vitality as to explode into heroic proportions. Some are volatile scenes of New York life, of strip-teasers, of Coney Island mobs, of crowded subways, always with human figures forcibly predominating. There are a few curious canvases that Marsh subdivided into numerous small paintings, each signed and ready to be cut into separate compositions. These phenomena were actually mass-produced, all the legs created at one time, all the arms, faces, etc. And so the small sections grew without preliminary plan. They have the unabashed speed of fine sketches, but at the same time each is a complete tiny painting. In addition to an impressive group of drawings by Marsh, Benton also owns every print the artist made in every extant state.

Though the collection is richest in works by Marsh, it includes many other American artists, with particular emphasis on Ivan Albright and Jack Levine. From the latter's last exhibition Benton bought every picture. Many of the canvases he now owns originally belonged to *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* In 1943, under Benton's chairmanship, this organization began investing heavily in American paintings and rapidly acquired the first important art collection to be commercially sponsored in the United States. Several years later Benton bought all the *Britannica* pictures, some 130 canvases. He says it was "at that time I started giving art away, mostly to schools and universities I was involved with. Earlier I gave some small Marsh paintings to friends as Christmas presents."

And it was also at this time that Benton started buying more widely. In the living room of his New York apartment among innumerable pictures one finds certain stars—a splendid Bellows riverscape, a flag scene by Hassam, a famous Kuniyoshi, and in the bedroom a group of Jack Levine's paintings, oil sketches, and drawings, these latter all

Opposite Page

Top right: "Taxi Dance Hall," by Reginald Marsh.

Bottom right: "The Judgment of Paris," by Jack Levine, 1965. (Courtesy the Alan Gallery).

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—*Geoffrey Clements.*

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related to a single theme. Everywhere there is art—in the kitchen a startling composition called *Star Burlesque* by Marsh, in the hall some enigmatic recent Albrights, in the library an accomplished group of ceramics by Henry Varnum Poore. On a bedside table one discovers a portrait of Benton made by Reginald Marsh during a night of drinking and inscribed, "1948 – June 25 – 3:45 A.M." Here the nervous energy of both sitter and artist seems to merge in rapid, fragile lines.

"From the encyclopedia collection I kept about one-third," Mr. Benton said recently. "These works are distributed in my homes and offices. Almost all my pictures are on view, though of course some of the Marshes are in storage. My rate of purchase has greatly slowed down, because now I must decide what to give away in order to make space for a new work. I don't look for advice; I buy what I believe in." And in many cases, as was true also of the WPA, Mr. Benton's acquisitions have turned into sound investments, though this was never the original goal. Reginald Marsh's best paintings have climbed to high brackets since his death eleven years ago. As for the WPA, approximately $5,000,000 was paid for a collection that now is valued at $105,000,000, an interesting fact considering the intense opposition this program met during and shortly after its few years of existence.

An engrossing sidelight of the Benton collection grows out of its documentary material—letters, personal sketches, and memorabilia. Unique are two notebooks by Ivan Albright that acted as preparatory memos for two paintings now owned by the Bentons. In these books one can trace this extraordinary artist's method of working. Slowly weighing alternative possibilities, he carries on a searching dialogue with himself, and through trial and error finally arrives at visual conclusions. Take, for example, a page of rough drawings where Albright has hastily jotted down, "Every limb is built like an engineering project. . . . A live oak, for instance, because of the huge mass of weight of its limbs as they get very old, is ponderous. The diagram above is intentionally overemphasized—a cypress, because it is a soft wood, becomes a violent product of wind and storm and becomes immensely twisted during its life, but it compensates for its softness of wood with extreme toughness." Another entry accompanied by a sketch of tree forms notes, "You never move into perspective—you are always the center."

It is rare when an artist parts with private explorations of his own symbolism. The man who received the gift (and these notebooks were a gift from Albright) must be an unusual collector to inspire this degree of confidence.

—Katharine Kuh.

—Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago.

"I slept with starlight in my face (The Rosicrucian)," by Ivan Albright, 1930. (From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. William Benton.)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Another Oistrakh, Another Tchaikovsky-Scotto

SOMETHING MORE of a cross-section of Russian musical life than has previously been provided for New Yorkers in the years of "cultural exchange" is emerging from the series of twelve concerts by the Moscow Philharmonic in its first visit to Carnegie Hall. The big names are all familiar—the Oistrakhs, Rostropoviches, Kiril Kondrashin—but there are a hundred-odd others, from Agrononik, Boris, to Zvonov, Valery, which are not, and these provide a livelier insight into the emerging character of musical performance in the Soviet Union than any happening in years.

They are, of course, the members of the orchestra, a younger one, both individually and as a group, than the previous visitors from Moscow (the State Symphony) and Leningrad (the Philharmonic). They tend less to the traditional Russian sound in such instruments as the French horn, clarinet, and oboe, which may well be a consequence of performance under Kondrashin, the most traveled of younger Russian conductors, and the one to whose ear they have been responsive. What the horns produce in the third movement of the Brahms third symphony is, still, closer to a saxophone quality than anything commonly heard west of the Dniester, but it also shows a tendency toward adaptation to a different kind of international standard from the one that prevails with the older, deeper-rooted Russian orchestras (this one was founded in 1951).

The mere mention of Brahms in the repertory of a Moscow orchestra is indicative of a new wind blowing from the East. When von Bülow visited Russia in 1885, he wrote to his young friend Richard Strauss: "For the time being I shall have to give up Brahms here. . . . To make [him] acceptable to the masses I should have to add *cor anglais,* harp and the whole of the percussion. . . ." What Kondrashin had in mind, in a performance of wide dynamic scope, rather more dramatic temper, and generally brusquer character than might be considered "consensus" Brahms, would not strike a Viennese as the summation of the third symphony as he has grown to know it, but it was, without question, of a high musical refinement and beautifully performed. It showed not only Agrononik, Boris, and Zvononv, Valery, but all his colleagues in between to be musicians of broad general culture as well as the specific kind native to them.

Of the latter there were many persuasive examples in the first three programs, especially in Boris Tchaikovsky's cello concerto, written for and performed by Rostropovich. There have been other Strausses than Johann senior and junior, so why not another Tchaikovsky? This one, aged approximately forty, commands a strongly personal musical idiom from which he has evolved a work far from the limited scope of the usual virtuoso concerto. It is, rather, a dialogue between the one and the many, with all the instruments treated as equals where capability is concerned. This makes for an unusual game of follow the leader, in which the leader himself sometimes follows. The flavor, so far as it could be analyzed into components, suggested a blend of Bartok and Mahler, which may be as remote from this Tchaikovsky as William Schuman is from Robert; but the improvisatory, unfettered style of the writing proclaims—against all odds to the contrary—a Tchaikovsky who might make a name for himself. To say that the Rostropovich performance was magnificent is simply to say that he upheld a family standard set a little earlier in the program by Mrs. Rostropovich (Galina Vishnevskaya) in her singing of two excerpts from Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova.* In ease and vocal discipline these were superior to anything she did on her earlier visit here (including Aïda at the Metropolitan), which is synonymous with singing of the highest artistic quality.

As there was another Tchaikovsky from the familiar, so there was a "new" Oistrakh, who exchanged a baton for the bow with which he powered his way through the intricate but unvital pages of the Shostakovich concerto at the first concert. He chose to introduce himself as conductor in the second (B flat) symphony of Schubert, a choice that combined modesty of pretention with sufficient problems of direction to make his qualifications clear. After a rather stolid, unpromising treatment of the largo opening, Oistrakh launched into a swift, very well articulated treatment of the first movement. Its contrasting moods were keenly differentiated, with the vivacity and fineness that characterize his music-making as a performer. It also demonstrated that Oistrakh possesses the conductor's all-important gift of anticipation, which means that he not only coordinated the performance—he controlled it. He then served himself in a more customary way by collaborating with a chamber ensemble in the D major (No. 4) concerto of Mozart, resuming the baton to direct the Tchaikovsky violin concerto with his son Igor as soloist, and the program-ending *Meistersinger* overture of Wagner.

Not many Metropolitan Opera-goers can claim to have heard Zinka Milanov's interpretation of an act of *Madama Butterfly,* least of all at the debut of another singer. This was not the product of an hallucination, but of the circumstance that placed her, in O-1, a row ahead of me at Renata Scotto's first appearance. Milanov's humming was in quite good taste, if a little loud for critical concentration on Scotto. Of the two, Scotto was in better voice, which was all to the good, for not many recent performers of Butterfly have brought to a debut the qualities of workmanship, artistry, and professionalism.

A small, roundish woman, Scotto contrived, through clever makeup and wiggery, to give herself an oval face and, by apt movement, the illusion of an authentic Orientalism that recalled such Asiatic singers as Tamaki Miura, Hizi Koyke, and the more recent Kunie Imai. The difference, and an important one, is that with her appearance Scotto combines a full, generously large Italian soprano sound, which is much more appropriate to a large theater than the smaller volume to which the Orientals have been limited. It is an appealing rather than rich sound, and when she goes all-out—as in the duet at the end of Act I—the wiry core tends to be exposed. But this is a Butterfly of sense and sensibility, whose capabilities should be a pleasure to become acquainted with in other roles. John Alexander's solid Pinkerton was a further embellishment of this performance, as, in lesser degree, were the efforts of two newcomers—Robert Schmorr, a capable Goro, and John Robert Dunlap, another American (of much European experience) who made an uncommonly interesting character study of Sharpless. The voice is not notable for volume or quality, but it served well to articulate his Midwestern characterization of the Consul, with a Hoover-sized collar and black bow tie. Fausto Cleva's continuing ailment brought on George Schick to conduct in his place, slowly.

The interest aroused season before last by Jerome Loewenthal's performance with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra prompted a visit to hear the young pianist perform in Carnegie Hall on the same evening. Atypical as his program was (Brahms's variations on a theme by Schumann, Beethoven Opus 10, No. 3, two works of Scriabin, and the Bartok sonata for two pianos and percussion), so Loewenthal is atypical of most pianists in his age category. He is assertive rather than aloof, full of conviction rather than restraint about his inter-

(*Continued on page* 98)

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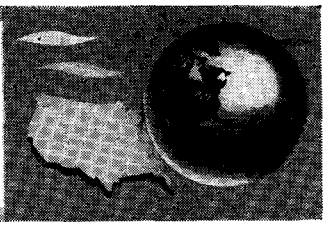
As Others See Us



TORONTO:

Mismanaging the News

IT IS NEARLY three years since the phrase "managing the news" became the subject of great controversy in the United States. It was in the aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis that the outcry over the government's public information policies reached its peak, culminating in an inconclusive Congressional investigation.

In the center of the storm was Mr. Arthur Sylvester, a former newspaper editor and correspondent, and then (and now) the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs. Replying to "managed news" charges, Mr. Sylvester said, "It is basic throughout history that it is the government's right—and therefore the people's right—inherent if necessary, to lie to save itself. . . . News flowing from actions taken by the government is part of the weaponry."

The fact that the government's admission of deliberate distortion of news created the furor it did was tribute to the openness of American society and the freedom of the American press to insist on being told—and to dig out—the truth. In many (if not most) countries, outright lies by the government are dutifully reported in the controlled press and the truth is systematically repressed.

Now it appears that that most sensitive and secretive of politicians, President Lyndon B. Johnson, is getting into the news managing business—if, indeed, he has not been in it for some time. According to reports leaked to American newspapers, President Johnson recently told a gathering of government information officers that he expects them to spend more time producing favorable news about his Administration and less time in cooperating with reporters in search of stories which displease him. He is reported to have said that if the information officers could not produce the sort of good news he wanted he would hire some high school seniors from Johnson City, Texas, to do the job.

In other words, an official of the Johnson Administration will have to ask himself, before he talks with a reporter, "Will LBJ approve of the story he is going to write?" It is a question he will not be able to answer because he will not know what the reporter is going to write and he will have no way of knowing in advance whether it will please or displease the mercurial Mr. Johnson. Therefore, if he values his job he will keep his mouth shut and concentrate on cranking out those laudatory press releases which keep a news editor's wastebasket full.

In his way, Mr. Johnson may be doing the American people a service. By removing the effectiveness (real or imagined) of his middlemen, he may force those who write about his Administration to concentrate their attention upon the people who make the news, rather than those who are hired to interpret it. Any newsman worthy of his calling should be exhilarated at the prospects. —*Globe and Main.*

Taking Their Medicine: After years of diehard opposition to any form of government health insurance, the American Medical Association has been forced, by the passage of the Medicare scheme for the elderly, into a shotgun marriage with the Johnson Administration. Both the moderate president of the AMA, Dr. Appel, and the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Mr. Gardner, are determined to make the best of this. Mr. Gardner, indeed, was enlisted by Dr. Appel to help him outmaneuver the right-wing extremists. Mr. Gardner spoke to an "orientation" meeting in Chicago on the eve of a special session of the AMA's policy-making House of Delegates, a session forced on Dr. Appel in the hope of reviving the campaign to boycott Medicare.

Mr. Gardiner, with a supporting cast of experts from his own department, from the private nonprofit health insurance organizations, and from the American Hospital Association, pleaded for "collaboration. . . ." The doctors gave a respectful hearing to Dr. Appel's warning that unless they cooperated they would forfeit any influence over the working of Medicare; to his reminder that the doctors' image would suffer if they did not act like responsible men; and to his argument that, if only for strategic reasons, the AMA should avoid angering the public. The strategy, he said, was for the doctors to gather their forces for the next fight—opposition to an expected campaign to extend Medicare to everyone.

The conservatives from the South and Middle West who came armed with resolutions urging a boycott as a moral imperative also found themselves disarmed by the AMA's own legal adviser. He warned them that a concerted boycott would violate the antitrust laws. One diehard asked if doctors should not go to prison for their principles, but in the end the House of Delegates gave Dr. Appel a vote of confidence; some of the lunatic fringe could not even find members prepared to second their anti-Appel motions. The Medicare law does indeed provide that a doctor can decline to participate, just as a British doctor can stay out of the National Health Service. But in fact most of the discussion at this meeting was about how fees would be collected under Medicare. Whether the doctors like the law or not, most of them seem prepared to swallow their principles rather than risk losing those fees. —*The Economist, London.*

EDMONTON:

New Era?

ONE OF THE MOST hopeful and promising developments in Canadian-American relations in years passed almost unnoticed the other day. A group of eleven Republican Congressman, in a White Paper issued in Washington, went far in advocating greater American recognition of Canada's rights and achievements. Said the White Paper:

> The greatest single deterrent to a new maturity in United States-Canadian affairs is an appalling ignorance about Canada in America.

The White Paper paid full credit to Canada's fidelity to the causes of freedom in the world. It excused Canada's refusal thus far to join the Organization of American States with the argument that the OAS indeed needs improving. Canada, the paper argues, will be more willing to get involved in the OAS when the OAS itself becomes more a genuine hemispheric security organization and less of a rubber stamp for the U.S. The paper . . . made three positive proposals which all Canadians will welcome:

► That the International Joint Commission be charged with studying water-sharing agreements between the two countries, as well as with studying pollution problems in Lake Michigan.

► That Canadian relations should be assigned a new desk in the State Depart-

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ment, to replace the present archaic arrangement under which Canada falls within the purview of the office of British Commonwealth and Northern European Affairs.

► Finally, that the American government should change the Trading With the Enemy Act to allow U.S. subsidiaries operating in Canada to trade with Communist nations without penalty.

Considering that the Republican Party traditionally embraces a large segment of isolationist and nationalist opinion in America, the White Paper is all the more important. With more initiatives of this kind, we may indeed be entering a new era in our mutual relations.

—*The Edmonton Journal.*

LONDON:

Looking Backward

MR. MANSFIELD, the Democratic leader in the Senate, reflected widespread feelings when he said that, in spite of all reassurances, the news that President Johnson was to have his gall bladder removed was a shock. The President did cushion the blow admirably; his calm and full explanation of what was wrong saved the stock market from the violent plunges that accompanied each of President Eisenhower's three illnesses. All the same, the news of the impending surgery came little more than a month after the President had celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday to the strains of medical reports saying that he was in magnificent health. The pains from his afflicted gall bladder apparently started ten days later. But there has been no outward sign. Lately he has seemed particularly brisk, energetic, and cheerful. With the benefit of hindsight, however, it is tempting to speculate whether the bilious humor which got such attention last summer—"the President is irascible, moody, high-handed, peeved at his critics, and generally hard to live with"—should have been laid to incipient gall bladder trouble rather than to egocentricity. —*The Economist.*

WARSAW:

Progress and Portents

THE UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION of the Security Council calling for a cease-fire between India and Pakistan was a positive achievement for the U.N. Too much optimism would be unjustifiable, however, because of difficulties that face the participants of the current U.N. session. There is no doubt that tension, created in the world by U.S. aggressive policy, will be hindering the activity of the U.N. in the cause of security and world peace. Nevertheless, one must not forget that the time when the U.S. could impose its point of view on the U.N. is gone.

The alignment of forces of this organization has changed in favor of the anti-imperialists. The fact that despite the difficult world situation a great international debate is to take place shows that the U.N. can play a positive role.

—*Trybuna Ludu.*

RANCHI, INDIA:

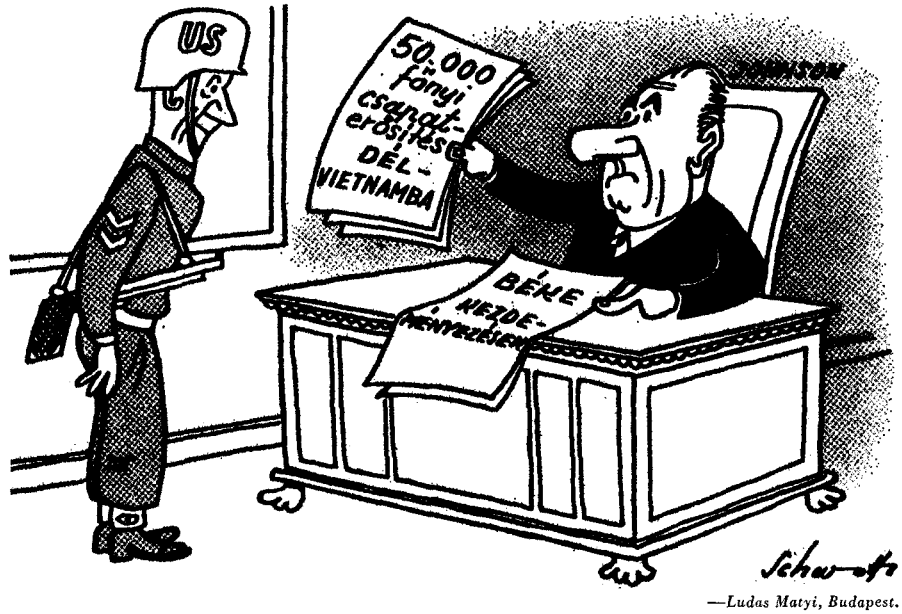
Defeating the Purpose?

THOUGHTFUL OBSERVERS of international affairs can hardly avoid the conclusion that one of the biggest tragedies of the post-World War II world is the domination of U.S. international diplomacy by the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon—a domination that has been consistently producing distressing results all over the world.

The fates of all nations of the world are today interlinked in a complex pattern in such a manner that no nation finds it possible to live an absolutely independent life of its own, free from pressures and influences emanating from sources beyond its territorial boundaries. Being the strongest economic power in the world and one of the strongest in the military field, the U.S. naturally enjoys a unique position of influence in international affairs, with almost limitless power to influence the affairs of less powerful nations. Since the U.S. uses this power deliberately in order to maintain and enlarge its sphere of influence in the world under the catchy slogan of "containing Communism," the course of U.S. international diplomacy is a powerful element in the modern world and one whose impact no nation can possibly avoid even if it tries to do so.

Pursuit of a course of international diplomacy in its own national interests is not, however, an exclusive U.S. monopoly. So long as national states persist in the world, each nation will seek to protect and promote its national interests and to use international diplomacy as a means to promote its own interests. It is only natural that the U.S., too, acts in the same manner and that, being a big power, it does so in a big way. While, therefore, there can be no quarrel with the U.S. because it pursues a course of international diplomacy which it believes to be in its own national interest, other nations cannot remain absolutely indifferent to U.S. diplomacy or refrain from making critical assessments of it. A close scrutiny produces the most incongruous conclusions. While the U.S. proclaims itself as the leader of the "free world" and as an uncompromising defender of democracy and the democratic way of life, it is in fact supporting and sustaining the most reactionary regimes in all parts of the world and its international diplomacy is consistently coming to the aid of butchers of democracy in every part of the world. . . .

Americans are often heard lamenting the ingratitude of nations which, having obtained substantial U.S. aid, shout slogans calling upon them to go back home. If they reflect a little more closely on the subject, they could easily arrive at the conclusion that the same thing is happening in the international field, too, and that they have only themselves to thank for it. So long as U.S. international diplomacy is dominated by the CIA and the Pentagon, American actions will continue to defeat their own professed purposes. —*The New Republic.*



—*Ludas Matyi, Budapest.*

"This one ['50,000 Soldiers to South Vietnam'] is for immediate action, and send this one ['Peace Proposals'] to the U.N. so they'll think I'm trying."

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The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

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Rats, Cats, and History

THE NEW "black comedy" from London, Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, represents an unusual sort of satire. It attempts to amuse us by a continuing demonstration of the extent to which phonily genteel people will go to rationalize their professed high principles and actual low behavior.

The comedy's neo-Neanderthal inhabitants are immediately transparent. From the beginning, when the coy forty-two-year-old Kath enters spouting girlish sentiments and offering a "motherly kind of love" to an apathetic but well-built young boarder, we recognize her comic duplicity. Likewise, it doesn't take long to see that the Mr. Sloane she set out to entertain is a completely amoral hustler willing to sell himself for whatever he can get. And no one could be fooled by Kath's brother Ed, a ruthless businessman who insists upon "principles" and "appearances," but whose conference-table training has schooled him in distorting these to cover any perfidious or dishonest act. He is a master of hypocrisy, as he speaks nobly of eschewing women for the agreeable company of men, but obviously doesn't mean the latter in the Pickwickian sense. Finally, there is Kath's senile old father, ignominously called "the Dadda," who represents the wrecked old order that, instead of manipulating principles, found itself senselessly stuck with them. If there is a happy medium none of these characters achieves it.

The play's undertones are serious and could be treated profoundly, as indeed they are in Harold Pinter's more recent work, *The Homecoming*. Both plays deal with uningratiating characters hypocritically and ruthlessly serving their selfish interests. However, Mr. Pinter's piece is more poetic and fascinates us with the compulsive subconscious atmosphere it creates, where Mr. Orton's play attempts to be a humorous surface parody of conscious efforts to exploit implausible circumstances. The trouble with this is that the humor is in great part merely a strained elaboration of already used jokes. And since the people are unendearing, the jokes and plot must win the battle by themselves, which they unfortunately do not.

Under Alan Schneider's direction, the performances here are precisely outrageous. By a miracle of makeup the beautiful Sheila Hancock has transformed herself into the toothless hag that is Kath. Dudley Sutton, who created the title role in London, is the essence of uncalculating amorality. Lee Montague is sleazily vicious as the brother. And George Turner nicely keeps "the Dadda" an unsympathetic victim. William Ritman's set amusingly contrasts the cluttered coziness of the house with the other junkyard beside it. Yet for all these appropriate efforts, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* doesn't make its macabre mixture of comedy and vileness funny enough or significant enough to succeed consistently on either level.

The new musical spoof *Drat! The Cat!* has no such serious pretensions, but nevertheless must face the problem of taking a comically detached view of its characters and at the same time making us care about them, as was done successfully in Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend* and Rick Besoyan's *Little Mary Sunshine*. However, *Drat! The Cat!* works so hard at being broadly humorous that it never becomes more than the sum of its jokes and parodies. Although some of these, written by Ira Levin, are amusing enough, as is David Hays's complex of melodrama-style scenery, they get but slight support from Milton Schafer's not very catchy score.

Furthermore, the performances by the very pretty Lesley Ann Warren as the bored society girl who becomes a thief for a rebellious lark, and by the zany Elliott Gould as a ridiculously honest policeman, are less inspired and expert than they would need to be to give this show the heart it lacks.

OFF-BROADWAY, *An Evening's Frost* emerges as an admirable attempt to offer the essence of the late American poet's verse. While narrator John Randolph comments and relates the various poems to the history of Robert Frost's career and life, Will Geer impersonates the poet. He is assisted by Jacqueline Brookes and Donald Davis, who re-enact the most dramatic poems, notably "The Death of the Hired Man" and "Home Burial."

The program of poems and excerpts from things Frost said, and had said to and about him, has been well selected by Donald Hall and unpretentiously staged by Marcella Cisney. If its lyrical moments are less exciting than its humorous and dramatic ones, they nevertheless balance the total experience so that we end up with an appreciation of a wide variety of Frost's poetry, and an appreciation, too, of his remarkable ability as a craftsman, a mystic, and a user of simple but unclichéd language to make seemingly ordinary subjects extraordinary. —HENRY HEWES.

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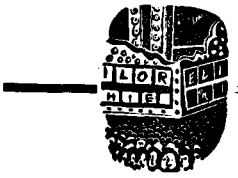

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Thaw in the Russian Winter

ALTHOUGH the horrors of the Russian campaign in the dread winter of 1942-43 have now been thoroughly rehearsed in books, novels, and even a handful of motion pictures, it has remained for—of all people—Joseph E. Levine to present the full impact of that war as experienced by the troops on both sides who fought and died there. If Mr. Levine contributed nothing more than American distribution to this unique American-Italian-Russian co-production, *Italiano Brava Gente*, he is still to be congratulated. Rarely on the screen has war appeared less glamorous, less the "great adventure," less the "grand illusion." And rarely has film been so effectively mobilized as to render at once the mass maneuvers of combat and the inner emotions of the participants. For an equivalent, one thinks back to Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front*—and realizes at once how much more complex this new production is. *All Quiet* concentrated upon a handful of German infantrymen; *Italiano Brava Gente* flings wide the canvas to embrace all ranks, friend and foe alike.

As the title suggests, however, it is the Italian participants, ill-fated from the start, who command the most attention and, ultimately, win most of the sympathy. These are the foot soldiers, some of them firm believers in the invincibility of Hitler and Il Duce, more of them simple men—farmers, plumbers, taxi drivers—who, incredibly, find themselves rolling into the Ukraine in the summer of 1942. A young peasant stares in agony at the vast stretches of ripe wheat left unharvested by the retreating Russians or their onrushing conquerors, then dies unnoticed in a field of sunflowers. A Roman cab driver blows a few notes of *The Internationale* on his harmonica while facing a horde of Russian prisoners awaiting trans-shipment to German labor camps, and is horrified at the brutality of their Nazi guards when men, women, and children take up the refrain. An Italian Colonel learns graphically the second-string position of his troops as a German column dashes in to claim the fruits of his first hard-won victory, and of the political strength of Mussolini's Black Shirts when his reprimand of a Fascist major in a rest area results in immediate orders back into the lines for the colonel and his men.

But the film's true theme, a plea for peace through international understanding among ordinary people, emerges most clearly and tellingly when the Italian soldiers meet individual Germans or Russians. Toward the end of the picture, a little bricklayer holes up with a German infantryman until they can both surrender to the advancing Russian army. Their mutual concern for the cab driver, who is determined to return to Rome, is true brotherhood at its best. From their meager resources, they load him with food, clothing, even a compass, and send him on his way. There is no common language—just a common need. Where language is no barrier, as in the sequence in which a Russian partisan offers himself as hostage until an Italian doctor can operate on his wounded friend, all other barriers simply melt away. The guards, even the Colonel, are soon talking, drinking, and singing with this good-natured giant of a man, and it is another irony of war that they must execute him in the morning.

Italiano Brava Gente is filled with such vignettes, all beautifully, humanly drawn; but director Giuseppe De Santis and his co-author, Ennio De Concini, never fail to set them in the context of the developing campaign as early optimism is drowned in the fall rains, then frozen by the Russian winter. After Stalingrad, the Germans pull back, leaving the ill-equipped, ill-supplied Italians to hold untenable positions. For sheer, nightmare horror, few scenes have ever equalled that in which a truck driver, tears streaming down his face, must run down soldier after soldier simply to keep in convoy. This is war at its most inhumane—and this is the face of war that De Santis, with his international cast and crew, has captured for all time. America's contribution, incidentally, is Arthur Kennedy as a hard-bitten Fascist major, and Peter Falk as a Neopolitan medic sent on a mission of mercy behind the Russian lines. It is yet another tribute to De Santis and his film that neither is one whit more extended or out of key than Lev Prygunov as an Italian peasant or I. Paramonov as the German deserter.

For *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, on the other hand, Otto Preminger has assembled an international, Anglo-American cast that somehow has both sides contriving to appear that they are doing their producer-director a great favor by consenting to appear in his contrived mystery-horror film. For Laurence Olivier and Martita Hunt, the condescension is perhaps justified; for Keir Dullea and Carol Lynley it is not. As for Noel Coward, this is probably the first time he has ever been cast in the role of a red herring, and in his inimitable way he manages to make the least of it.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SENSATIONAL MIXUP

In the imaginary scare headlines below, Jeanne Jacobson of St. Petersburg, Florida, has given anagrams of some all-too-real character traits. A synonym or definition of each appears at its right. See them in their true colors on page 101.

1. AIR VOTER PANIC	mendacity
2. RIO OIL UNREST	indecision
3. U S SPIES RUIN CLOSE	lofty contempt
4. RATION UNION BIDS	disobedience
5. GRIM ZONING AD	gluttony
6. SPARTAN COIN RIOT	habit of deferment
7. CONS USE VOTES	greed
8. CONVINCE RED FOE	recklessness
9. NINE MEN SNARL U S	incivility
10. SNOOPERS AIM IS SUN	stinginess
11. L I MAIL UNIT SPY	cowardice
12. AVENGE CAR TAX	waste

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TV AND RADIO

The History Game

EDUCATION on television is not exclusively the domain of educational television stations. Commercial television can be educational, too. Take history. Any day or evening you can probably find an old movie that tells a World War II story. *Action in the North Atlantic*, for example, was recently available, starring Humphrey Bogart in a merchant marine convoy adventure. *Tomorrow the World* was another Nazi story, with Fredric March, There was a movie about smuggling rubber out of Japanese-occupied Malaya. *Heroes Die Young* told the story of the daring American air raid on the Ploesti oil fields in Europe. *All Through the Night* dealt with Nazi spies.

This educational matter is not limited to old movies. Television series like *Combat*, which deals with American infantrymen in Europe, and *12 O'clock High*, episodes recalling the sacrifice and gallantry of our fliers, reinforce the heroic image of our soldiers and the abominable portrait of the enemy. Nor does fiction exhaust television's teaching about World War II. The documentaries, in series and in special programs, unfold around great central figures (Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Truman, Hitler, Mussolini) and give the factual outlines of the cataclysmic seven-year conflict. On this side the angels; on that the devils, clear and unmistakable. They invite—nay, they command—strong, polarized emotions of hate and admiration.

Now comes the new television season, and several programs add another educational dimension to the World War II image of the enemy. The new picture of the Nazis and Japanese clashes sharply with the images perpetuated by the old war movies and their small-screen derivatives. There's *Hogan's Heroes* on CBS, a fast-moving, rowdy farce about Allied prisoners of war in a Nazi POW camp. They suffer no deprivation, cruelty, or psychological isolation. They run a successful escape center for Allied soldiers streaming out of Germany. They are resourceful and have constructed an underground pleasure palace with all the comforts of home. And, in doing this, they outfox, blackmail, and make utter fools of the Nazi commanders and guards. The terrible Teuton is played for laughs. He has become a vain nitwit or a fat, bumbling clown—in either case, utterly harmless. The fangs were also pulled from the sibilant, hissing Japanese in an incident on the first episode of NBC's World War II comedy, *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*. The *USS Kiwi*, a wooden sailing ship, is really a secret espionage vessel. It encounters a two-man Japanese sub on a shakedown cruise. Inside the sub we encounter two, ragged, bewildered Japanese sailors who disagree about whether to surrender or die in a suicide attack. The winner of the debate conks the loser over the head with a wrench, and submits happily to being taken in tow.

THE enemy in an early episode of *Convoy*, NBC's new series about the North Atlantic run, turned out to be a beautiful lady physicist kidnapped by British commandos from a heavy-water project in Norway. Hardly the world-conquering Aryan, she professed scientific neutrality to politics and war. Our hero, skipper of a destroyer, battled not only for the safety of his ship in getting away from the Nazi hunters, but also for the soul of the sexy enemy. Home, at dockside, he won. "I want to join your world," she said. "This is a most unusual farewell." "You are a most unusual enemy," the skipper replied. "Perhaps we will meet again."

Now, all this is, as we started to say, educational. Confronted by the old *vs.* the new image of the Nazis and Japanese, we conclude that they teach valuable lessons in history. Obviously, in order to fight a war, you must persuade your people that the enemy is subhuman. This the instruments of communication do well in wartime. Then comes the victory, and the enemy quickly becomes your ally. It is difficult, so soon, to love him, but an adjustment must be made. So our entertainers, subtle antennae of our culture, play the middle alternative. They deprecate, laugh at, romanticize, and thereby neutralize the old hateful image.

The lesson may be carried further. The present enemy is the Vietcong in Asia, who leaves us little room for subtle shades of good or evil. But is this enemy destined, too, twenty years from now, to be played for laughs? If so, are we, in a sense, laughing already at our fighting men who are dying there? Exactly what are history's claims, and how much are they worth in television's own terrible struggle with its mortal enemies—silence and darkness and thought? Perhaps little. Perhaps education itself, which searches for the truth of the past so that we may more humanely shape the future, is only a situation comedy.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Editorial

Continued from page 39

der" came through from the Security Council.

The reason could be found in the multi-layered, paradoxical attitude of India toward the unwanted war, both among the people and within the government at New Delhi.

There was a clearly visible euphoria of patriotic excitement stirring this capital during the actual fighting. At night, thousands of vociferous civil defense volunteers patrolled the blacked-out streets. Pride, determination, patriotism, excitement, although held in dignified restraint except for the shouting, undisciplined night patrols, were easily evident. At the same time there was a sense of painful embarrassment that a nation historically committed to neutralism and anti-war policies was fighting militantly and was seeking allies instead of neutrals. Ironically, the Indian government was finding its sole response in the Soviet Union, while the West, which had so often decried India's neutralism in the cold war, was being very stiffly proper and neutral in a hot war. The Indian radio continued its nightly concerts of Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach, uninterrupted by jingoistic broadcasts, while from Pakistan the national radio unceasingly played powerful, intoxicating, war-stirring versions of "Kadam Barar-hijao," the national anthem of Pakistan (a listener could hardly help being reminded of other days in Germany), with its pounding refrain of "one step, one more step, one step at a time and we shall conquer all."

These confused, conflicting feelings within India were also complicated by a universal concern over the cost in social progress and limited resources of an unwanted and unnecessary war. One government official said, "We shot away my entire budget for social improvements today. Yesterday the guns fired off two badly needed irrigation dams." Indians realized that a prolonged war without massive Soviet or U.S. aid would have quickly exhausted their slim resources. An essentially peaceful government, struggling with democratic methods to achieve sorely needed social progress for 460 million people in a race with the forced, authoritarian progress of Communist China, was deeply troubled to find itself engaged in a conflict so costly in human values.

It was these mingled reasons and emotions that made Shastri warmly welcome the intervention of the United Nations, and the close Soviet-American cooperation it represented, even while pursuing a steadfast policy in the face of Pakistani aggression and Chinese threats.

Thanks to the diplomatic success of the United Nations and the military success of India, the United States and the West have a precious opportunity to assess the impact of this critical conflict on the power relationships in Southeast Asia and the power balance in the world.

No doubt there will also be some urgent new appraisals in Moscow and Peiping.

Assessment is made urgent by the dramatic gains in Soviet prestige in India and Southeast Asia at the expense of both the West and Red China. Inquiries by high-ranking Indian authorities for some clue to the future stance of the United States, in the event that hostilities are resumed, have become insistent. There is little confidence here that the cease-fire can be enforced indefinitely, just as there is no disposition to take China's intentions toward India lightly or to regard China as a paper dragon.

IN the view from here the best hope of the United Nations for maintaining some sort of equilibrium lies fundamentally in the ultimate decision of the United States to make it unmistakably clear that Washington will not allow India to be overrun by the Pakistan-Chinese alliance. At the same time India apparently recognizes that strong diplomatic pressure will almost certainly be exerted through the United Nations on both warring governments to negotiate a settlement of the eighteen-year-old Kashmir quarrel, which is now more bitter than ever.

In Moscow the decision has apparently been made to block Chinese hegemony in Southeast Asia by supporting India and thus maintaining the relative balance of power, however precarious, in the world today.

The puzzle in New Delhi is whether Washington really recognizes the delicate equilibrium involved here. Indians realize how disastrous its upset will be for stability and democracy in Southeast Asia if China convinces itself and the rest of the Far East that there is no security for India or any other democratic Asian regime in trusting the paper tiger far across the sea in America.

It is urgent that the United States, in the eyes of New Delhi and Peking, neither act like nor be a paper tiger. In its recent empty maneuvers on India's northern frontier, Communist China may have seemed like a paper dragon, but no one here believes the Chinese incapable of the most brutal exertion of their power if they became convinced that such a move would be in the interest of the ideological or military conquest of Southeast Asia.

The view from New Delhi is that India's clash with Pakistan has put in motion a great shift of power. Part of such a shift could be a rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union in a new alliance of those who believe war as an instrument of national policy has become obsolete, against those who claim to believe, as Red China does, that war has become the most effective instrument of national policy today precisely because of the nuclear fears of the West and its reluctance to use this catastrophic weapon for national goals.

A Soviet-American understanding might be the lever that would finally permit the United Nations to build a stable peace based on world law because of the overwhelming power that could be arrayed against Red China or other potential transgressors.

At least such is the view from New Delhi of the potential shift in world power that the India-Pakistan clash may have set in motion.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

—Rizzoli Press (Pix).

After a bombardment—Civilians near the Pakistan-India border wander through the ruins of their homes as they try to recover belongings.

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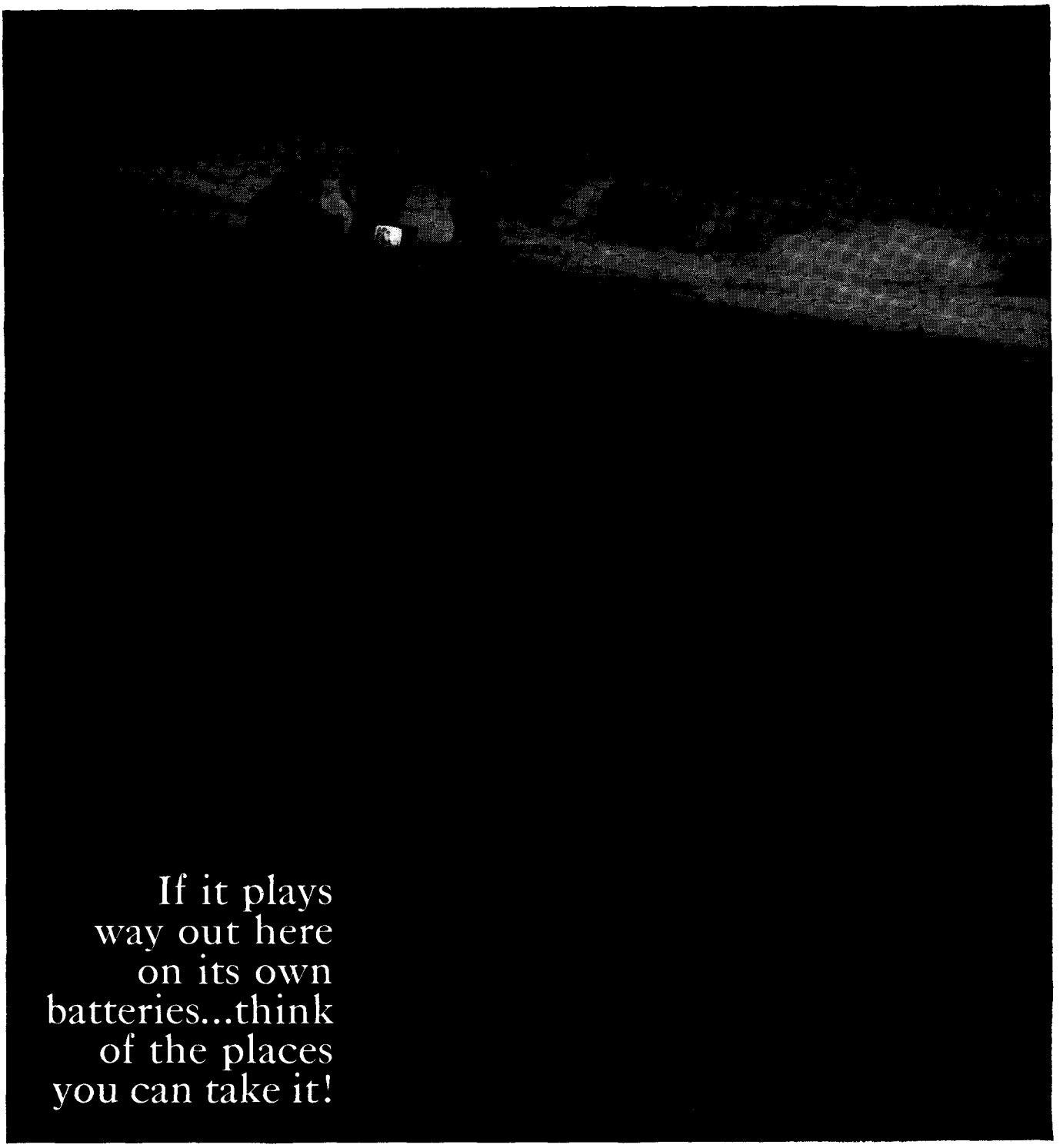

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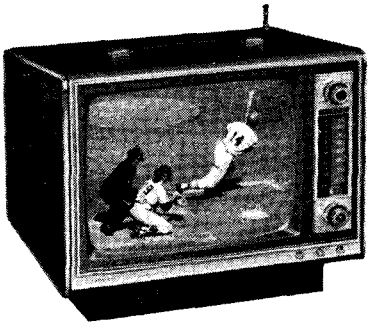

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Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767)

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A FEAST AT TELEMANN'S TABLE

THE TOPOGRAPHY of an art, like the land from which it arose, is replete with instances of substantial outcroppings covered over by later, mightier layers of creation, of landmarks reduced to mere way points by the trend away from one road to another. Of all the arts, music is particularly prone to this phenomenon, for what is not performed may as well not exist, and what is performed is not always in exact relationship to historical fact.

Among its other benefits, the long-playing record has permitted some of these buried landmarks—we need not call them, each and every one, hidden treasures—to be uncovered, revealed to the light, allowed to be heard again in some relationship to the importance they had when new. The music of Domenico Scarlatti was one of the first, perhaps because what had to be done could be done by the enterprise of a single performer. Antonio Vivaldi is the most celebrated because so much of his music was unheard for so long. And there are others whose turn will surely come, as Georg Philipp Telemann's seems now to be at hand.

"History is the most partial of the sciences," wrote Romain Rolland in a prophetic essay nearly fifty years ago. "When it becomes enamoured of a man, it loves him jealously; it will not even hear of others. Since the day when the greatness of Johann Sebastian Bach was admitted, all that was great in his lifetime has become less than nothing. The world has hardly been able to forgive Handel for the impertinence of having had as great a genius as Bach's and a much greater success." It was no accident at all that these words by Rolland were a kind of verbal preluding on the theme of "Telemann: A Forgotten Master," his way of introducing a subject to which he had given long and close attention. It is appropriate, in the circumstance when a representative sample of Telemann's music can finally be judged not by "hearsay," as Rolland called it, but by *hearing*, that some of Rolland's prophetic words be recirculated. They are taken from "Essays on Music," by Romain Rolland, edited by David Ewen, Copyright 1948 by Allen, Towne and Heath, Inc. Published by Dover Publications, Inc. and reprinted through permission of the publisher.

—Irving Kolodin.

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I. Telemann: The Man and His Music

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

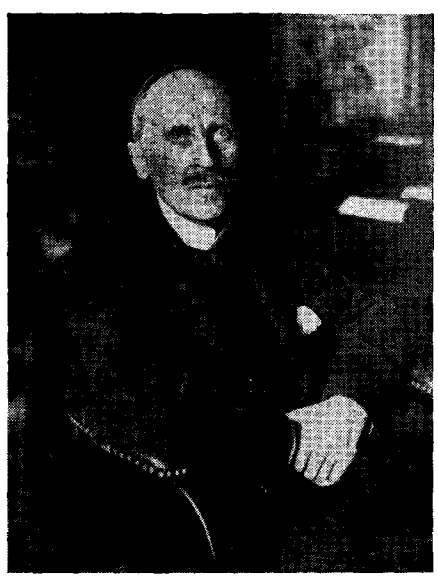
THERE is no dust so dry as that of Telemann, whom posterity has forced to pay for the insolent victory which he won over Bach in his lifetime. This man, whose music was admired in every country in Europe from France to Russia, and whom Schubert called "the peerless master," whom the austere Mattheson declared to be the only musician who was above all praise, is today forgotten. No one attempts to make his acquaintance. He is judged by hearsay, by sayings that are attributed to him but whose meaning no one takes the trouble to understand. He has been immolated by the pious zeal of the Bach enthusiasts, such as Bitter, Wolfrum, and Albert Schweitzer, who did not realize that Bach transcribed whole cantatas by Telemann with his own hand. It is possible not to realize this; but if one admires Bach, the mere fact that his opinion of Telemann was so high should give us food for reflection. Georg Philipp Telemann was born at Madgeburg on March 14, 1681. He was the son and grandson of Lutheran pastors. He was not yet four years old when he lost his father. At an early age he displayed a remarkable facility in all subjects: Greek, Latin, music. The neighbors diverted themselves by listening to the little fellow, who played on the violin, the zither, and the flute. He had a great love of German poetry—an exceptional characteristic in the German musicians of his time. While still quite young—one of the youngest students in the college—he was chosen by the cantor as his assistant in the teaching of singing. He took some lessons on the clavier but was lacking in patience; his master was an organist with a somewhat archaic style. Little Telemann had no respect for the past. "The most joyful music," he says, "was already running in my head. After a fortnight's martyrdom I left my master, and since then I have learned nothing as regards music." (He means, of course, that he learned nothing from a teacher, for he learned a great deal by himself, from books.)

He was not yet twelve years of age when he began to compose. The cantor whom he assisted wrote music. The child did not fail to read his scores in secret; and he used to think how glorious it was to make up such beautiful things. He, too, began to write music, without confiding the fact to anyone; he had his compositions submitted to the cantor under a pseudonym and had the joy of hearing them praised—and, better still, sung—in church and even in the streets. He grew bolder. An operatic libretto came his way; he set it to music. O happiness! The opera was performed in a theater and the young author even filled one of the parts!

"Ah! but what a storm I drew upon my head with my opera!" he writes. "The enemies of music came in a host to see my mother and represented to her that I should become a charlatan, a tightrope walker, a mummer, a trainer of monkeys, etc. . . . if music were not prohibited! No sooner said than done; they took from me my notes, my instruments, and with them half my life."

To punish him further he was sent to a distant school in the Harz mountains, at Zellerfeld. There he did extremely well in geometry. But the devil did not abandon his rights over him. It happened that the master who was to have written a cantata for a popular fête in the mountains fell ill. The child profited by the opportunity. He wrote the composition and conducted the orchestra. He was thirteen years of age, and he was so small that a little bench had to be made for him, to lift him up, so that the members of the orchestra could see him. "The worthy mountaineers," says Telemann, "touched by my appearance rather than my harmonies, carried me in triumph on their shoulders."

When about seventeen years of age he proceeded to the gymnasium at Hildesheim, where he studied logic; and although he could not endure the *Barbara Celarent*, he acquitted himself brilliantly. But above all he made great progress in his musical education. He was always composing. Not a day went by *sine linea*. He wrote church and instrumental music principally. His models were Steffani, Rosenmüller, Corelli, and Caldara. He acquired a taste for the style of the new German and Italian masters, "for their manner, full of invention, cantabile, and at the same time closely wrought."



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Romain Rolland—prophetic words.

Their works confirmed his instinctive preference for expressive melody and his antipathy for the old contrapuntal style. A lucky chance favored him. He was not far distant from Hanover and Wolfenbüttel, whose famous chapels were centers of the new style. He went thither often. In Hanover he learned the French manner; at Wolfenbüttel the theatrical style of Venice. The two courts had excellent orchestras, and Telemann zealously investigated the character of the various instruments. "I should perhaps have become a more skilful instrumentalist," he says, "if I had not felt such a burning eagerness to learn, in addition to the clavier, violin, and flute, the oboe, the German flute, the reedpipe, the viola da gamba, etc. . . . down to the bass viol and the *quint-posaune* (bass trombone)." This is a modern characteristic; the composer does not seek to become a skilled performer on one instrument, as Bach and Handel on the organ and clavier, but to learn the resources of all the instruments. And Telemann insists on the necessity of this study for the composer.

However, he was twenty years of age; and his mother (like Handel's father) would not hear of his becoming a musician. Telemann (like Handel) did not rebel against the will of the family. In 1701 he went to Leipzig with the firm intention of studying law there. Why should it have befallen that he had to pass through Halle, where he very fittingly made the acquaintance of Handel, aged sixteen, who, although he was supposed to be following the lectures in the Faculty of Law, had contrived to get himself appointed organist and had acquired in the city a musical reputation astonishing in one of his age? The two boys struck up a friendship. But they had to part. Telemann's heart was heavy as he continued his journey. However, he adhered to his purpose and arrived in Leipzig. But the poor boy fell into temptation after temptation. He had hired a room in common with another student. The first thing he saw on entering was that musical instruments were hanging on all the walls, in every corner of the room. His companion was a melomaniac, and every day he inflicted upon Telemann the torture of playing to him; and Telemann heroically concealed the fact that he was a musician. The end was inevitable. One day Telemann could not refrain from showing one of his compositions, a psalm, to his roommate. (To tell the truth, he protests that his friend found the composition in his trunk.) The friend found nothing better to do than to divulge the secret. The psalm was played in St. Thomas's Church. The burgomaster, enraptured, sent for Tele-

(*Continued on page* 93)

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II. The Recorded Literature of Telemann

By RICHARD FREED

OF THE MAJOR baroque composers "rediscovered" via the phonograph, Georg Philipp Telemann has enjoyed a singularly well-balanced renascence. Until now, his music has escaped the record companies' passion for the complete (which might have given us his complete Passions—only one of the forty-four has been recorded so far), and barely more than a handful of his works may be found in more than a single recorded version.

But sooner or later there was bound to be duplication with a vengeance, plus hefty servings of *The Compleat Telemann*. Earlier this year Helma Elsner's recordings of the three dozen fantasias for harpsichord were made available on the Dover label, and it seemed peculiar that no one up to now had come forth with a complete recording of the ingratiating collection of suites, concertos and chamber music known as the *Tafelmusik*. Just say the word. . . . In the latest batch of recorded Telemann, in addition to two more versions of the Suite in A minor for Recorder and Strings (both of them exceptional), are not one but *three* recordings of the *Tafelmusik*—all eighteen parts of it—with individual sections continuing to turn up on single discs here and there.

The *Tafelmusik*, or, as Telemann himself titled it, *Musique de Table*, shows the diversity one may expect from this composer, even within a single published collection. It is divided into three "Productions," each comprising an orchestral suite (French overture), a quartet for wind and string instruments, a concerto, a trio, a solo sonata, and, finally, a "Conclusion" for the same forces as the overture.

The works within a single "Production" are not related in key (except for the Suite and the Conclusion, the latter being actually the delayed finale of the former), and the instrumental combinations called for in the respective segments differ from one Production to the next. The First Production's Suite, in E minor, is scored for two flutes and strings, with a series of dances following the overture. In the Second Production, the Suite is in D, for oboe, trumpet, and strings, and the overture is followed by four "airs." In the Third, the Suite is in B flat, for two oboes and strings, with another series of dances attached to the overture (repeating none of the forms represented in the First).

The smaller works within the three Productions show even more variety. The Quartet in the First, in G, is a splendid piece for flute, oboe, violin, and continuo; in the Second, it is for two flutes, recorder, and continuo in D minor; in the Third, for flute, violin, cello, and continuo in E minor. The solo instruments in the three concertos are, respectively, flute and violin in I (A major), three violins in II (F major), and two horns in III (E flat). The three trios call for two violins and continuo (I, E flat), flute, oboe, and continuo (II, E minor), and two flutes and continuo (III, in D). The solo sonatas are for flute (I, B minor), violin (II, A major), and oboe (III, in G), each with continuo.

The collection was published in Hamburg in 1733. Handel ("Mr. Hendel, Docteur en Musique, Londres") was one of the subscribers, and borrowed the *Postillons* of the B-flat Suite for his own *Alexander's Feast*, which followed the *Tafelmusik* by three years. Max Reger later based one of his gargantuan sets of variations on the minuet of the same suite.

We are told Telemann intended this music for use at actual state banquets, hence not only its title but the variety of the components in the three Productions, each of which is just about banquet length (an hour and a half or so), fitting snugly on four record sides.

Both Deutsche Grammophon, in its Archive series, and Telefunken, in its series called "Das alte Werk," offer the *Tafelmusik* complete in three two-disc sets, each containing one Production in full. Telefunken also offers its six records in a single de luxe package. August Wenzinger directs the concert group of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis on DGG; Frans Brüggen, the young Dutch

(*Continued on page* 96)

Choice Items Among Recent Telemann Releases

(Stereo numbers in italics)

The *Tafelmusik (Musique de Table)*, complete

a. Concerto Amsterdam, Frans Brüggen conducting. Telefunken: Production I, *SAWT-9449/50-B* or AWT-9449/50-C; Production II, *SAWT-9451/52-B* or AWT-9451/52-C; Production III, *SAWT-9453/54-B* or AWT-9453/54-C; $11.96 per two-disc set, or $35.88 for the six records boxed.

b. Schola Contorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger conducting. DGG Archive: Production I, *ARC-73234/35* or ARC-3234/35; Production II, *ARC-73236/37* or ARC-3236/37; Production III, *ARC-73238/39* or ARC-3238/39; $11.96 per two-disc set.

c. Austrian Tonkünstler Orchestra, Vienna, under Dietfried Bernet. Musical Heritage Society (1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023): Production I, *MHS-629/630-S* or MHS-629/630; Production II, *MHS-637/638-S* or MHS-637/638; Production III, *MHS-641/642-S* or MHS-641/642. $5.00 per two-disc set, plus 35 cents for shipping.

Suite in A minor for Recorder and Strings; Suite in D major for Viola da gamba and strings. Hans-Martin Linde, alto recorder; Johannes Koch, viola da gamba; Rolf Reinhardt conducting the Collegium Aureum. Harmonia Mundi *S-530618* or 30618, $6.98.

Suite in A minor. Frans Brüggen, recorder, with Friedrich Tilegant conducting the Southwest German Chamber Orchestra; Concerto in E minor. Brüggen, recorder; Frans Vester, flute; André Rieu conducting Amsterdam Chamber Orchestra; *Ouverture des Nations anciens et modernes* in G. Rieu, orchestra. Telefunken *SAWT-9413-B* or AWT-9413-C, $5.98.

Suite in C (*Hamburg Water Music*); Concerto in B-flat for Three Oboes, Three Violins and Strings; Oboe Concerto in F minor. Rudolf Barshai conducting the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, with Pierre Pierlot, first oboe, and Barshai, first violin. Angel *S-36264*, $5.98, or 36264, $4.98.

Concerto in E flat for Two Horns and Strings; Trumpet Concerto in D; Concerto for Oboe d'amore in A; Violin Concerto in G. Georges Barboteu and Gilbert Coursier, horns; Albert Calvayrac, trumpet; Robert Casier, oboe d'amore; George Armand, violin; Louis Auriacombe conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Toulouse. Nonesuch *H-71066* or H-1066, $2.50.

Sonata in D minor and Trios in E minor and D major, all for flute, oboe and continuo; Trio Sonata in E flat for Oboe, Harpsichord and Continuo. Maxence Larrieu Quartet. Nonesuch *H-71061* or H-1061, $2.50.

Sonatas for Recorder and Continuo in C major and F minor; Trio Sonata in D minor for Recorder, Violin and Continuo; Trio Sonata in E minor for Recorder, Oboe and Continuo; *Concerto a tre* in F for Recorder, Horn and Continuo. Concentus Musicus of Denmark. Nonesuch *H-71065* or H-1065, $2.50.

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Berlioz by Ormandy—and Others

THE *Grande Messe des Morts* of Hector Berlioz is so formidable a work in its material demands—four massed bands in addition to a great orchestra and enormous chorus—that one would hardly await its appearance as recorded music more than once or twice in a generation. And yet within the past two decades it has been put on discs five times. For those of us with memories of the first release by French Columbia right after the war in a performance by the Emil Passani Choir, an unspecified orchestra, and the Paris Opéra tenor, Georges Jouatte, all under the direction of Jean Fournet, this early pressing—in 78s—brought a thrill that has never been quite surpassed: a first encounter with *the sound of the Requiem,* that special sonority of which many had dreamed on reading the score but not yet heard in performance. There were dark speculations, when the Fournet disc first came out, on the political timing involved, but these were put out of mind, almost by compulsion, in the face of its musical impact.

In the mid-Fifties came another Requiem, this time from Entré-Columbia, by the chorus and orchestra of the Rochester Oratorio Society, directed by Theodore Hollenbach, with Ray de Voll as tenor soloist. As a pioneer LP version of the work, it filled a certain need but reached no inspiring heights.

Then, after this in-between Requiem, came the score's first appearance in stereo under circumstances that should have assured dazzling results. Véga (Westminster) had gone to the trouble of recording the music at the scene of its first performance—the Invalides—with the splendid chorus of Radiodiffusion Française and the rather less good but still competent orchestra of the Paris Opéra. As in the early recording by Fournet, the sound of the brasses differs from the massed trumpets and trombones in American performances. Their bore is narrower, the tone lighter, more brilliant, and consequently less pompous. The Requiem in itself marks the beginning in music of what might be called quadruple stereo; and the sound of the individual bands coming from all four corners of the great church, blending in turn with the main orchestra, has the litheness (when French small-bore instruments are used) and strength of Gothic tracery.

Yet for all its importance, the great brass ensemble is heard in only three of the ten sections that make up the Requiem. Berlioz's score calls above all for a sense of mystery and exaltation—qualities that have been conveyed better tonally in the Westminster than any other version. The means, a pervasive feeling of spaciousness—helped by the acoustical properties of the Invalides—and of sweet, pealing wind sonority. Unfortunately, the conductor, Hermann Scherchen, leads a performance with eccentric tempi and phrases bent out of shape. As noted, the sound of this set is superb but the musical effect remains one of hard-core vandalism. Jean Giraudeau is the tenor soloist.

The stereo version next in line—RCA Victor's, presenting Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, together with the New England Conservatory Chorus—gave promise of a major achievement. Munch, of course, is a famous Berliozian; the orchestra is a distinguished one; and Leopold Simoneau, the tenor soloist, has won a notable reputation in French music; but in this recording, made at Boston's Symphony Hall, the added percussion for the crack of doom sounds skimped, the throbbing of the sixteen timpani below optimum effect. Mr. Munch directs at less than his inspired best, and—more predictably—the student chorus does not approach the artistic level of the Boston Symphony.

THE same disparity between chorus and orchestra has happened again in the latest recording of the Requiem (Columbia stereo M2S 730, mono M2L 730). Here we have one of the great ensembles of the world, the Philadelphia Orchestra, coupled with a modest singing group, the Temple University Choirs. The discrepancy is too glaring, the tone unmatched.

This reservation aside, it may be said that the new version of the Requiem, conducted by Eugene Ormandy and recorded at the Philadelphia Athletic Club, is in many ways the most nearly definitive yet to have appeared on discs. Just as Munch, in the Boston recording, disappointed, so does Ormandy, in the Philadelphia release, surprise. In the new recording one feels a deepening of perception, a quality of the spirit, especially in the *Offertoire,* which, stunningly played, gives full rein to the beautiful tone of the Philadelphia strings and winds. Ormandy's rhythmical sense is impeccable, not only in sections of the Mass as firmly articulated as the *Dies Irae* and *Lacrymosa,* but also in the more freely molded pages of the opening *Requiem aeternam.*

Another point for Ormandy lies in his superb grasp and communication of the work's architectural lines. For once, in a performance of the Requiem, such elusive connecting movements as the *Quid sum miser* and *Hostias* are illumined by a sense of destination, bound by a thread leading the listener from start to finish without any of the inequalities that beset most accounts of the work. This is a thoroughly integrated, subtly meshed performance.

The sound of the recording—only the oppressively dark color of the brasses seems out of character—is fabulous in its depth and breadth. The whir of the timpani in the Day of Judgment is awe-inspiring, and the crack of doom—while not weighty enough for my taste (were there actually four tam-tams and ten pairs of cymbals on hand for this one recorded crash?)—comes off with a plausible degree of grandeur. Only when it should be soft and almost imperceptible, as in parts of the *Lacrymosa* and *Sanctus,* does the bass drum get out of scale, cutting through the web too prominently. Conversely, the entrance of the massed percussion at the climax of the *Lacrymosa* is marvelously effective, and the summit of this movement marks the high point of the recording. There are inequalities of pitch, especially among the sopranos, in the unaccompanied *Quaerens me,* while in the *Hostias* the male chorus performs expressively (though again with passing lapses of intonation).

Cesare Valletti, the tenor soloist, sings with artistry, sounding well except in the topmost phrases of the *Sanctus,* which try him. Of the tenors in the other recorded versions of the Requiem, Georges Jouatte (French Columbia) is best of all, singing with luminous, sustained tone; Leopold Simoneau (RCA Victor) is generally satisfactory, but resorting to some odd evasions on those Himalayan top notes; Ray de Voll (Entré-Columbia) all-around adequate and musicianly; and Jean Giraudeau (Westminster) lacking in manly sound. I should rate Valletti just below Jouatte and above Simoneau.

Berlioz himself, in a letter to a friend not long before his death, wrote: "If I were threatened with the destruction of all my works save one, I should beg mercy for the Requiem." The new recording confirms its pre-eminent place in the corpus of his works. Playing, conducting, engineering are on the highest possible plane. If only that fourth element, choral singing, had been their equal! The voices are passable, but on a disc of this importance, good is not enough. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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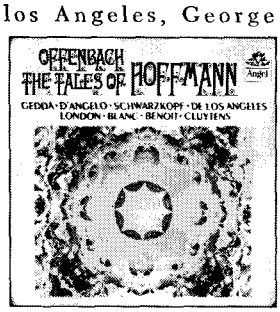

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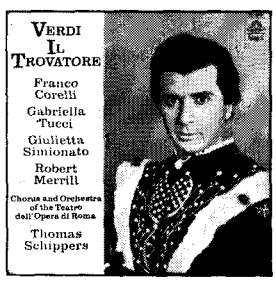

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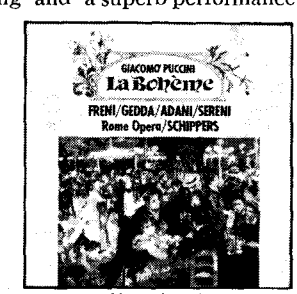

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Take Me to Your Lieder

By OLIVER DANIEL

IN GERMAN the word *lied* simply means song. There is no ambiguity about it. As adopted by English-speaking countries, *lied* has come to mean something arcane and special, but our term "art song" carries a slightly effete connotation. There is nothing effete, however, about the forty-three songs by twenty-six American composers sung by four excellent American singers—Eleanor Steber, Mildred Miller, John McCollum, and Donald Gramm—recently issued by Desto (two discs: mono 411/412; stereo 7411/7412). These recordings had appeared earlier, although practically unnoticed, on the now inactive Stand label and were distributed to schools and colleges by the Ditson Fund of Columbia University, which has made the recordings possible. "If it is difficult," writes Jack Beeson, chairman of the Ditson Fund, "to determine the main directions of contemporary American music, it is impossible to reduce American songs to a few types, and the present collection makes no attempt to do so. Rather, it has been our attempt to emphasize variety of styles and idioms, ranging from the *lieder*-inspired songs of MacDowell and the impressionism of Griffes and Carpenter to the unfolding variety of present-day composition."

The earliest of the songs, MacDowell's *The Sea*, dates from 1893. The most recent, Ben Weber's serial setting of John Dowland's *Mourn! Mourn!* was written in 1960—a time span of sixty-seven years. Basically the collection is conservative, and it is indeed impressive. And it is surprising to discover some of the finest songs are written by lesser known composers, while some of the better-known composers do less here to add to their acclaim.

The first of the four sides, sensitively sung by Mildred Miller, opens with two songs by David Diamond. The first is a rambling and emotion-filled setting of *David Mourns for Absalom*. Diamond could have learned much from a predecessor of his: William Billings, who was born precisely 200 years before Diamond set the same verses from the Book of Samuel. While the Billings work is a minute but authentic, unadorned masterpiece, the latter, by comparison, is melodramatic and overburdened. Diamond's second song, *Brigid's Song*, is brief and touching.

These are followed by a rather diminutive *Sonatina to Hans Christian* by Vincent Persichetti, who is as skilful a pianist as he is a composer. This probably accounts for what seems to be a greater preoccupation with accompaniment than with the vocal line.

Two songs that have the simple American style often associated with Virgil Thomson and the early Charles Ives are the product of Otto Luening. They are warm, moving settings of two Blake poems, *The Divine Image* and *Love's Secret*. The late Irving Fine has produced some direct and amusing songs based on *Childhood Fables for Grown-ups* by Gertrude Norman.

The next two songs are by a composer endowed with abundant lyric gift. He is William Flanagan, and his tender treatment of Gertrude Stein's *Valentine to Sherwood Anderson* is like one of Stein's tautological phrases "very lovely, very lovely . . . which is very lovely." His second, on John Donne's *Send Home My Long Strayed Eyes*, is another authentic beauty; Flanagan seems at his best in songs of this type. A fellow composer, Ned Rorem, whose works have frequently been heard in conjunction with his, has built an impressive reputation in this field of song writing and has numerous recordings to back his claim. He suffers, however, from the choice made here. One, a clattering tenversed Bedlam, is a cumulative set of verses reminiscent of *The Twelve Days of Christmas, Chad Gadyo*, or *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*. While I have often admired Rorem's lyric gifts, I found little to admire in this or his second song, which is an insistent and rather zealous *Alleluia* sung by Eleanor Steber. Obviously, neither of these is the best of Rorem.

The second side is sung by Donald Gramm, whose voice is of such richness that it sometimes overwhelms the music. It is ironic that by singing Ives's shouts "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" as beautifully as he does, Gramm robs them of the rant and passion that they should have. But the song *General Booth Enters Into Heaven* is a remarkable one, achieving its effect more by intensity and declamation than by vocal beauty. While it does not really need such mellifluous tone, it is a distinguished bit of Ives to add to the growing catalogue of Ivesiana.

I can think of no work of Douglas Moore's more compelling than his unaccompanied setting of *Come Away Death*. The first notes of the piano which introduce the next work, Jack Beeson's *Calvinistic Evensong*, seem like a spell-breaking intrusion, but Beeson's second song is an exceptionally fine one.

Readers who are acquainted with Paul Bowles, particularly as a novelist, will welcome meeting him as a composer in his sensitive collaboration with Tennessee Williams—here in the role of a poet; four *Blue Mountain Ballads* are the result of their collaboration. Back in 1940, when neither had attained his subsequent fame, Bowles was known slightly as a composer but more as a critic on the New York *Herald Tribune*. Later, New Yorkers became acquainted with him as the composer of the haunting music of *The Glass Menagerie* and of a Zarzuela, which was based on Garcia Lorca's *The Wind Remains*, which created quite a stir as conducted by a then little-known conductor, Leonard Bernstein. The *Blue Mountain Ballads* relate more perhaps to popular songs than to the more pretentious art songs, but they have an unself-conscious charm that should make them far more popular than they are. *The Drummer* of John Edmunds seems stilted in contrast, but his second song, *The Faucon*, based on an early fifteenth-century text, is delightfully melismatic and could only have been written by a master song writer. Then, sneaking up unawares, comes a song of such tender lyric loveliness that one wonders where it has been hidden so long. It was written back in 1909 by John Alden Carpenter on a text of Robert Louis Stevenson's called *Looking Glass River*.

THE third disc, sung by Eleanor Steber, is the least even of the lot. Here in particular the better-known composers don't fare very well, but the lesser-known fare better. First we have Samuel Barber, who was commissioned by Eleanor Steber to write his effective *Knoxville 1915*. Here we have a work somewhat similar in character, *Nuvoletta*, taken from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. But it is a pretentious and rather fussy display piece that, for all its care, is too low in musical content to sustain interest. Contrastingly, Ernst Bacon has produced four songs on poems of Emily Dickinson that seem to have all the appropriate simplicity and charm of the originals. They are all attractive, but the first, *It's All I Have to Bring*, is particularly engaging.

Douglas Moore's setting of John Donne's *Death Be Not Proud* is a bit dreary, as is William Bergsma's *Lullee, Lullay*. Charles T. Griffes of an earlier generation is no new composer for Eleanor Steber. There is an old 78 rpm collector's item of his which was recorded many years ago, *By a Lonely Forest*

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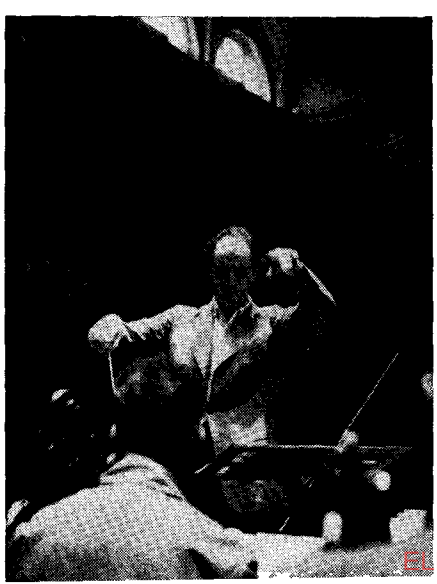
Pathway. While her voice was perhaps a bit more even then, she still sings with considerable beauty Griffes's *Waikiki,* which is an attractive, curious bit of impressionism. Now that Hawaii has become our fiftieth state, it is hardly as exotic a place as Rupert Brooke encountered when he found "an eukaleli thrills and cries." The disc includes a nicely fashioned setting of Robert Frost's *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening,* by John La Montaine, and Virgil Thomson's song based on Blake's *The Tiger.* Anyone knowing Mack Harrell's singing of this with the Philadelphia Orchestra might prefer to ignore the present performance completely. It's pretty bad.

The final disc sung by John McCollum, the least known of the four vocal luminaries, is in a sense the best side of the lot—the frosting on the cake. McCollum sings with sympathy and conviction, and his material is first-rate. He begins with MacDowell's *The Sea* and then proceeds to two songs of Theodore Chanler. Frankly, it is hard to think of any other American composer who has a more perceptive sense in fusing sounds with music. While Chanler achieved relatively little recognition during his lifetime, he was a man of enormous gift. The two songs recorded here, *The Rose* and *I Arise When You Enter,* are masterpieces. Aaron Copland's *Dirge in the Woods* has the usual Copland trademarks and appeal.

Robert Ward, who has a natural operatic flair, gives a very lyric quality to the John Masefield poem *Sorrow of Mydath.* John Gruen, a sensitive critic as well as composer, has tastefully set *Three* by e. e. cummings, and it deserves a triple-X rating.

The concluding three composers, Daniel Pinkham, Ben Weber, and Henry Cowell, are represented here by works that show them at their best. Edwin Billcliffe and Richard Cumming provide sensitive accompaniments that adds to this collection's plethora of riches.

Kubelik—"sensitive, fluid interpretation."



A New Life for "Gurre-Lieder"

Waldemar: Herbert Schachtschneider (tenor); Tove: Inge Borkh (soprano); Wood Dove: Hertha Töpper (mezzo-soprano); Peasant: Kieth Engen (bass); Klaus the Fool: Lorenz Fehenberger (tenor); Speaker: Hans Herbert Fiedler. Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio. Raphael Kubelik, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft 18984/5, $11.96; stereo 138984/5, $11.96.

HOW important performances are! An examination of the score of Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder,* almost never heard in a live version, encourages agreement with the stock judgments of it as an overblown, distended example of post-romanticism at its worst. The tantalizing sample that was recorded by Stokowski in the 1930s supported this opinion. The antiquated sound of that period muddied the texture of the elaborate orchestration—some 140 instrumentalists, plus vocal soloists, three male choirs and a mixed chorus. The singing of such soloists as Jeanette Vreeland, Paul Althouse, and a young, then unknown, mezzo-soprano named Rose Bampton was impressive, but could not dispel a feeling that the work was foggy, pretentious, dated.

The complete recording under the direction of René Leibowitz that appeared on LPs in the 1950s dissolved some of the miasma that had surrounded the music and its reputation. Leibowitz obviously loved the work and had analyzed it down to the last hemidemisemiquaver, finding in its formal organization much to admire and respect. The sound of this monophonic recording was remarkably clear, but it worked to the disadvantage of the performance, which was decidedly inferior. The orchestra was poor, the soprano soloist inadequate. Leibowitz as conductor was disastrously pedantic. The careful, static reading left the work among the musical curiosities that are more talked about than enjoyed.

The new recording from Deutsche Grammophon should jolt those who have taken a condescending view of the work in the past. Excellently performed in every way and brilliantly clear in sound, this version does justice—finally—to the music, which stands revealed as a score of stature and great beauty.

As a Viennese product of the twentieth century's first decade, coming before Schoenberg had fully developed his revolutionary methods of composing, the *Gurre-Lieder* is very much of its place and time. Isolated phrases seem right out of Wagner and Mahler. The emotional climate is like a Tristan hangover. Its legendary Danish subject matter wallows in love, death, and night. It is significant that the weakest part of the work is the finale—a gigantic choral salute to the rising sun. It seems curiously flat and banal after the haunting, tortured romanticism of the previous pages.

The great number of performers required by the score gives it an illusion of enormity. Yet the orchestration, like Mahler's, often has the delicacy of chamber music. The pictorial impressionism of the orchestra as it accompanies the speaker in the "melodrama" is as coruscating as can be. The whole work, despite its division into several sections, moves constantly forward, with a direct setting of its text and with shrewdly varied musical approaches. The work does not seem long, swollen, or tedious, when it is given the kind of sensitive, fluid interpretation that Rafael Kubelik offers here.

The recording, made last March in Munich during a series of live performances, commands only admiration. The Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra's sound is warm and gleaming, the playing generally elegant (not so elegant, though, as the Boston Symphony provides in its recently recorded excerpt, the "Song of the Wood Dove"). Not all of the complex choral writing is clearly projected—this would seem to be an impossibility—but the massed sound is effective and well balanced.

As Tove, Inge Borkh's soprano sounds purer and brighter than ever, and she sings with the big line the music needs. Hertha Töpper's Wood Dove is equally lovely in tone, her singing more expressive than dramatic. Herbert Schachtschneider makes handsomely Wagnerian tenor sounds as Waldemar, with an occasional bleaty tone at the top, and Keith Engen, the American bass, is strikingly sonorous and forceful. Tenor Lorenz Fehenberger is just right for the role of Klaus the Fool, and Hans Herbert Fiedler speaks the "melodrama" satisfactorily. Deutsche Grammophon's clean, spacious engineering further helps to give the *Gurre-Lieder* a new lease on life.

—Raymond Ericson.

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Recordings in Review

Raskin . . . "The results are . . . consistently superior."

Lieder by Raskin

MENDELSSOHN: *"Die Liebende Schreibt," "Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich," "Frühlingslied," "Venetiansches Gondellied," "Der Mond," "Italien," "Suleika," "Neue Liebe," and "Bei der Wiege."*

MAHLER: *"Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald," "Liebst du um Schönheit," "Hans und Grete," "Ablösung im Sommer," "Erinnerung," "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht," "Frühlingsmorgen," "Scheiden und Meiden," "Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen," and "Ich atmet' einen linden Duft." Judith Raskin, soprano, with George Schick, piano.* Epic LC 3905, $4.79; stereo BC 1305, $5.79.

Who would have thought that a time would come when any category of works by Mahler would be better known than Mendelssohn's? Least of all, probably, Mahler himself. But it is the songs of Mendelssohn that are the "novelty" of this recording by Judith Raskin, the sequence of Mahler that invites comparison with other well-known versions. It is, indeed, the only collection of its kind in the current Schwann, meaning that Miss Raskin has anticipated even the busy Fischer-Dieskau.

To judge from the nine examples she has chosen, Mendelssohn's song writing came as easily to him as almost all his other forms of expression. Taken as a group, they conform to a common experience with "unfamiliar" Mendelssohn in being better than one had expected but not as good as one had hoped. They are, for example, far from qualifying to the level of individuality attained by Schumann, whose feeling of inferiority toward Mendelssohn is as well known as it was unwarranted. By a curious contradiction, the vocal line and text settings are hampered by the piano writing, which tends to recall so many familiar pieces by Mendelssohn that other values in the songs are diminished.

It is fortunate for Miss Raskin that she did not restrict herself to an all-Mendelssohn collection in this first (recorded) song recital, for she is a much better interpreter on the Mahler side. This may have been a result of a certain reticence in her treatment of Mendelssohn, as if emotion were to be rigorously controlled, and anything like passion completely excluded. In the Mahler no such barriers are acknowledged and the results are consistently superior. At the same time I cannot avoid mentioning that the quality of the voice is less beautiful than it has been on other occasions (and some other recordings), the apparent effort to conform to a mental image of "purity" penalizing to variety and color. Schick's piano playing is a steady source of support.

Fun at the Philharmonic

LIGETI: *Atmosphères.* Feldman: *Out of "Last Pieces."* Austin: *Improvisations for orchestra and soloists.* Anon: *Improvisations Nos. 1-4. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Don Ellis, trumpet, Barre Phillips, bass, and Joe Cocuzzo, drums.* Columbia ML 6133, $4.79; stereo MS 6733, $5.79.

Comparing the impressions of the sounds on this disc with the live occurrence of them in Philharmonic Hall in the spring of 1964, the conclusion emerges that Bernstein may have contributed to the creation of a new art form: Music for Recording. For, with the exception perhaps of the Ligeti, each embodies the happenstance of a one-time performance, and thus can never be heard the same way by two different audiences. Thus, instead of opus numbers or dates, future connoisseurs may refer to "Feldman, Side A, Columbia MS 6733," or "Austin, Side B, Columbia ML 6133." Whether the mono version will be rated by purists as in some measure superior to the stereo remains, of course, to be determined.

In any case, by my reckoning, the Feldman, Austin, and "Improvisations" all profit from the recording process, for each has some element of disembodied sound in it that comes more convincingly to the listener from a mechanical device (amplifier and speakers) than it does from the "live" performers in a hall. I cite them in the order preceding for reasons of interest: Feldman has a conscious image of the result he is trying to achieve, and the orchestra's participation in it (only dynamics and the number of notes to be played in each minute segment are prescribed; the players elect their own pitches and rhythms). This provides a control absent in the "Improvisations 1-4," which are, on a massive scale, what is traditionally refered to as "noodling" (the musicians' equivalent of "doodling").

Least successful of the lot, to my ear, is the Austin investigation into the discovery of music's Northwest Passage—that is, how to combine jazz techniques with the resources of the symphonic (legitimate) orchestra. What he has tended to do here is to cancel out the reason for being in each—which was not, I take it, to have been his intention. At the very least, Columbia MS 6733 (or ML 6133, as you will) is a skilful piece of mechanics by producer John McClure and at most, in the Feldman, a provocative assemblage of raw materials from which someone, someday, may make a work of art.

Ives No. 4

IVES: Symphony No. 4 *Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with David Katz and José Serebrier, associate Conductors, and members of the Schola Cantorum of New York, Hugh Ross, director.* Columbia ML 6175, $4.79; stereo MS 6775, $5.79.

By contrast with the foregoing, with its natural affinity for the mechanical medium, the Fourth Symphony of Ives loses rather than gains through the intercession of the reproductive process. Much as I had looked forward to hearing a recording of the pioneering performance of this work that Stokowski gave with his orchestra last spring, it only occasionally gives back the impressions of that occasion. That is a reflection neither on the performance nor on the reproduction of it (which, as it happens, was supervised by the same John McClure who earns honors for his work above).

It is, rather, inherent in the nature of the problem. Ives's well-known preoccupation with merged and overlapping musical materials produces its own kind of synthesis. When it is subjected to the contraction of scope and the lack of perception in depth that is still a conditioning factor in recording (stereo or no stereo), the outcome is another kind of synthesis than Ives intended. As with almost every recording I know of an orchestral work by Ives, the blurred, overlapping images always leave some doubt whether I am

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hearing the confusion Ives intended or an approximation of it—which is to say another kind of confusion altogether.

For those with no prior experience with the work, there will doubtless be rewards, especially in the last two movements. But I doubt that many will find immediately evident, from the recording, the reasons for the words "masterpiece," "remarkable," "a musical experience of rare delight" in the press reports of the Carnegie Hall concert that are quoted *in extenso* on the jacket of this issue. The simple substance of it all may be that the music of Ives is just not phonogenic.

Kapell with Heifetz

BRAHMS: *Sonata in D minor, opus 108. William Kapell, piano, and Jascha Heifetz, violin.* SINDING: *Suite in A minor.* RAVEL: *Tzigane. Heifetz, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.* RCA Victor LM 2836, $4.79.

The recurrence of October 23 brings a reminder that it was on this date a dozen years ago that William Kapell, one of the greatest of pianistic talents produced in this country, lost his life in a plane inbound from Australia when it crashed into a mountain side as it approached San Francisco. For those whose record-buying or music-listening days post-date that time, Kapell's name may have little to distinguish it from others who have ceased to have living reality. There is abundant evidence in this reissue to show why recollection of him has not dimmed; nor will memory fade for those whose experience overlapped Kapell's all-too-brief career.

The communicative thing about this effort, it seems to me, is that the performance is as much Kapell's Brahms as it is Heifetz's—that is, he was not in the

(*Continued on page* 94)

Gerhardt (arriving for an American tour in the mid-Twenties)—The "disc . . . unquestionably endorses the legend."

The Legend of Gerhardt

WOLF: *"Begegnung," "Lied vom Winde," "Auf einer Wanderung," "Heimweh," "Rat einer Alten," "Das verlassene Mägdelein," "Gesang Weylas," "Das Ständchen," "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," "Nun wand're Maria," "Die ihr schwebet," "Ach, des Knaben Augen," "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst," "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," "Auch kleine Dinge," "Ihr jungen Leute," "Du denkst mit einem Fädchen," "Nein, junger Herr," and "Und steht Ihr früh." Elena Gerhardt, with Coenraad V. Bos, piano.* Great Recordings of the Century, Angel COLH 142, $5.79 (mono only).

To judge from some trends of thought, Gerhardt was the first of all lieder singers, not merely in quality but also in time. (In his commentary for this reissue, Desmond Shawe-Taylor names Julia Culp and Mysz-Gmeiner as her fellow "pioneers in this art.") What is closer to the fact is that they grew to prominence in a time when recording began to take itself seriously, and thus became more widely known in their lifetime and left more to show of their specialties than any predecessors.

For one who approaches this disc in the full flush of the Gerhardt legend, the first disillusioning discovery will, undoubtedly, be the quality of the voice itself—worn, tremulous, sometimes fading from the pitch. A quick calculation relating her birth in 1883 to the time of recording establishes her age (in 1931) as forty-eight, which is well within the possible perimeter of a singer's prime. Was she, then, always a singer whose intellectual accomplishments exceeded her vocal endowment? Not necessarily. One report of her American debut in Carnegie Hall on January 9, 1912, reads "Her natural voice is most agreeable, a full-blooded soprano, rich, warm, and of sufficient power, especially in the splendid middle register. The scale is well equalized and the tone production is of unusual mastery. Miss Gerhardt has found the secret of coloring. She can sing from the bottom of her scale almost to the top in full voice, letting loose all the resonance of her organ, and she can sing from the top almost to the bottom in the light, thin quality customarily called 'head' tone, which enables her to give forth a most exquisite *mezza voce* and to impart to certain passages that remote, introspective feeling required to meet exactly the demands of many songs."

As the sound that is heard from the disc bears only a shadowy resemblance to that description, the conclusion must be that Gerhardt's vocal chords lost their resilience and responsiveness at an earlier age than was true of some other great singers. What that description does sustain is the reason she is described in some texts as a soprano, in others as a mezzo. It was, undoubtedly, the "splendid middle register" that persuaded some that she should be called a mezzo.

With these relevant matters in mind, the searcher after truth in Wolf may proceed from one song to the next in rational disregard of tone quality per se, and hear what he can hear. He (or she) will, first of all, hear an extraordinary finesse in the pronunciation of texts born, no doubt, of the conviction that as Wolf's musical expression began with the text, it should be given as much prominence as the musical line. But, for those who listen closely, the manipulation of tone follows closely the enunciation of the word, with many degrees of shading and emphasis that escape even some very good singers.

AS for comparisons with other singers, these are difficult to come by, for beyond "Gesang Weylas," "Auch kleine Dinge," "Herr, was trägt der Boden hier," and "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," Gerhardt's repertory runs a course away from the customary. Perhaps the most revealing instance may be found in the last named, which she sings at a much more measured pace than the vivacious version of Elisabeth Schumann or the roguish one of Lotte Lehmann. Was this a consequence of age and impairment of the vocal faculties? Not necessarily, to judge from the observations of the critic cited above, who observed that "it ought to be noted that in some of her songs Miss Gerhardt used uncommonly slow tempi."

What seems to be more likely is that the art of song interpretation is (or should be) an evolving art, that a later singer should profit from the example of an earlier, and add something to it, as, in their individual ways, Schumann and Lehmann did. Thus while this disc unquestionably endorses the legend of Gerhardt, it also reveals that some others have done some things better, if not all as well. The piano playing of Bos is the kind associated with his name and the recording is about average for the time when it was made. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: *The Wooden Prince*. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury 50426, $4.98; stereo SR 90426, $5.98.	Dorati's more systematic attention to the earlier works of Bartok than to those for which he is best known (*The Miraculous Mandarin* and *Bluebeard's Castle* prior to this one) may eventually provide the means for hearing that composer's development as a whole, something that has not been possible up to now. In this score of 1914-16, one can identify Bartok's attraction to Strauss, his reaction to Stravinsky, and, withal, the element of individuality that eventually came to be dominant. This may lead to the conclusion that it is not a wholly realized work, which is true, but it has much in it that is attractive, enhanced by the vivid treatment of Dorati, the excellent performance by the orchestra, and the successful reproduction of both.
Copland: *Dance Symphony*. Gould: *Spirituals*. Morton Gould conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2850, $4.79; stereo LSC 2850, $5.79.	Gould has more than acted the good host in providing Copland with house room on a pairing with one of his own most popular works (which automatically assures it of a satisfying sale), he has also performed it with the care and understanding to make it as intelligible as his own work. There is, in all of this, something of an irony, for the *Dance Symphony* was co-winner (with four other works) in a competition conducted by the Victor Company (a predecessor of RCA Victor) in 1929, but has not been previously recorded for its label. Now, after thirty-five years, it has come full circle to the place of its beginning, no longer a "problem" but as much an "audience piece" as some of those by Stravinsky and Debussy, in whose image it was conceived. Gould's good ear for microphoned sound, which has contributed to previously outstanding recordings of his own music, does as much for it again and also for Copland.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 75 in D, and No. 81 in G. David Blum conducting the Esterhazy Orchestra. Vanguard VRS 1138, $4.79; stereo VSD 71138, $5.79.	Even to the unaverage devotée of Haydn, these symphonies are likely to be *terra incognita*, belonging as they do to the middle group of works, which has only recently become accessible for performance. That means they have no duplicate versions in the current Schwann catalogue, nor do I recall that they have been represented previously. It would be gratifying to discover that Blum's enterprise has resulted in something momentous, but the conclusion has to be that they belong to the large mass of Haydn symphonies that are neither as strong as the best nor as weak as the least. My preference between them is for No. 75, a cheerful work with a good deal of grace and wit. However, it is undeniable that interest runs thin after a while, for Blum has chosen to use the original Esterhazy instrumentation, on the premise that the trumpet and timpani parts added later may not be authentic. This impoverishment is least damaging in the slow movement, which is written in quartet style, and beautifully performed under Blum's attentive direction. But the last movement and all of the G major tend to monotony of color. The recording, including the added resonance, is skilfully done.
Mozart: Serenade in D (K.250). Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Wurtemberg State Orchestra, with Susanne Lautenbacher, violin. Turnabout TV 4013, $2.50; stereo TV 340133, $2.50.	It is a pleasure to hear this work in almost any mode of performance, for the sheer abundance of idea it contains in its fifty-five minutes. The mode of this performance, for all that it is not the product of the Vienna Philharmonic, has its own virtue of being homespun and yet warmly musical —as one might imagine the original one for the wedding of Haffner's daughter to have been. Its seven movements contain virtually every kind of instrumental music Mozart could write— symphony, serenade, dance, and concerto—and Lautenbacher's performance of the "concerto" (a spirited rondo) is outstandingly good. Aside from pleasure, the content affords some useful insights into Mozart's creative processes. Among them is the character of music he considered appropriate to a festive wedding, in 1776, and to which he reverted nearly fifteen years later (1790) when he created the wedding music for *Così*. The sound of this recording is wiry and not too resonant, but a fair value at the moderate asking price.
Saint-Saëns: Concertos No. 2 (in G minor) and No. 4 (in C minor). Phillippe Entremont, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6178, $4.79; stereo MS 6778, $5.79.	Entremont blends in happy measure the oratorical and the elegant with which Saint-Saëns infused his works. What is even more to the point, he plays them as though there were, for the time being at least, nothing else that he would rather be doing (some interpreters tend to rattle through them as if on the way to something worthier—Brahms or Prokofieff, perhaps). In those moments, such as the scherzo of No. 2 or the finale of No. 4, in which Saint-Saëns has entertained himself, and us, with a broad range of orchestral effects, Ormandy and the players appear to be poised and waiting, ready to spring at them. Big, spacious sound.
Strauss: "Ah! du woltest mich nicht deinen Mund kussen lassen, Jochanaan," Interlude, and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" (*Salome*); "Zweite Brautnacht!" (*Die aegyptische Helena*). Leontyne Price, soprano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 2849, $4.79; stereo LSC 2849, $5.79.	Whatever one's preconceptions to the contrary, the plain proof of this record is that Price *can* sing the final scene of *Salome* with fine sound, complete musical command, and a sensitized, personal, evaluation of the emotion it contains. That does not mean that it is, in the least, like Nilsson's or Welitch's—any more than their singing of *Aida* (with which both are identified) is like hers. I am conscious from time to time of deficiencies in the low range, and the sound of the German is far from clean, but there is no doubt in my mind that her voice and Strauss's orchestra make a compatible pairing, as microphoned and reproduced. The extract from *The Egyptian Helen* is something like a Straussian *Turandot*, rather overblown and thrice richly scored for the amount of music it contains. It serves Price admirably as a vocalise on which to prepare for the meatier matter. Leinsdorf is on top of every situation that presents itself, whether in the excerpts with voice or in the crafty examination of the Dance. If I mistake not, this is absolutely the best sound RCA has ever achieved in Symphony Hall (and almost every other place save the Via Tiburtina studios in Rome) —realistic, opulent, faithful down to the sound of the contra bassoon.
Tchaikovsky: Serenade in C. Arensky: Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Angel 36269, $4.79; stereo S36269, $5.79.	It is not necessary to invoke Barbirolli's background as a string player to extol his command of string sound, string phrasing, string weight, and string mass, but it assuredly contributes to the special suavity of the results he achieves in these performances. For those to whom the Arensky Variations may not be as familiar as the Tchaikovsky Serenade, it may be identified as derived from "The Legend," one of the set of *Sixteen Songs for Children*. The London Symphony's strings respond to Barbirolli's demanding yet affectionate treatment with results that attest to the conductor's effect on them. Very good sound.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 3 (*Sinfonia Espansiva*). Leonard Bernstein conducting the Royal Danish Orchestra, with Ruth Guldbaek, soprano, and Niels Moller, tenor. Columbia ML 6169, $4.79; stereo MS 6769, $5.79.	Bernstein makes an engaging experience of this work, in the sense that he engages the attention with it from the start and does not relinquish it for the thirty-seven minutes and forty-two seconds of its length (hardly generous measure for the two sides of an LP). This is a replica of the performance by Bernstein and the Royal Danish Orchestra in Copenhagen last summer that inspired the Danish press to the discovery that Nielsen was, in truth, a great composer, something they have for years been reluctant to concede. For those to whom the sound of the voices may appear to be inordinately distant, it may be noted that this was deliberately arranged to conform to the composer's instructions. In any case, it is the tonality that counts and it is all here, in one of the finest Bernstein performances of which there is record. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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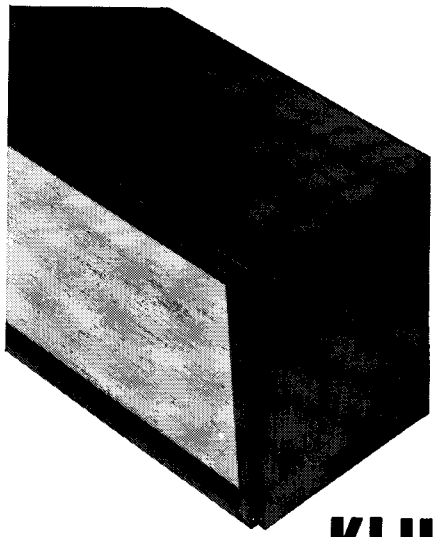

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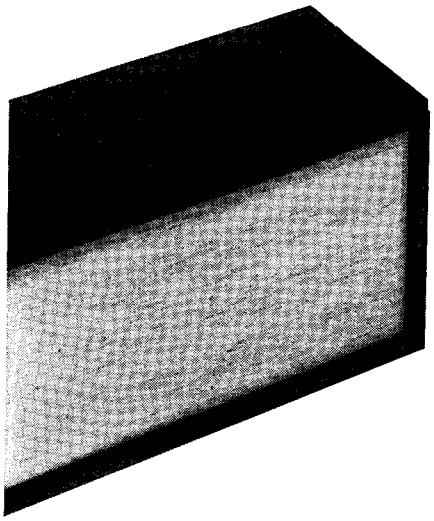

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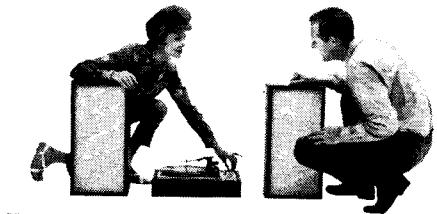

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Rollins and Davis Renewed

APPARENTLY the last release to come from the tenor saxophonist's RCA Victor contract is *The Standard Sonny Rollins* (RCA Victor LPM/LPS 3355.) It is also further recorded evidence of a phase in Rollins's career that has seemed to me a most unfortunate one. However, *Sonny Rollins on Impulse* (Impulse A/AS 91), the first release with a new company, is a very different matter and quite the best recorded Rollins in several years. It is also evidence that the unfortunate phase is past.

Rollins's chief virtues as a player are a penetrating sense of musical wit and a comprehensive sense of form. In the former, he is sometimes sardonic but never merely disparaging, and his penchant for high comedy has led him on occasion to a healthy self-parody. As for the latter, he has produced extended improvisations that are emotionally spontaneous but that often have a continuity and a sustained design previously unequaled by any other horn man, and by only a handful of pianists.

However, for three years past, Rollins has courted "the new thing," and undertaken the kind of loose, free-form improvising with which the more talented of his younger successors are involved. In espousing the aims of the avant-garde, Rollins has of necessity abandoned his innate sense of form, and he has also fought—rigidly, inhibitingly—with his sense of humor. On records and in person he has produced a series of grotesques in which he fights with his material, fights with his instrument, fights with his sense of structure, and, biting off and spitting out his notes as he goes, fights with the very act of playing itself. It is as if Rollins, in undertaking new challenges, had undertaken the wrong ones and was completely dissatisfied with the results, but did not know where to turn.

The Standard Sonny Rollins is, as I say, further evidence of that lamentable state of affairs. The LP is also evidence of the fact that someone apparently thought that *this* Sonny Rollins was potentially a whopping commercial success. Most of the tracks are drawn from the popular repertory, and most of the performances are quite brief, a couple amounting only to a chorus or so. And in order to get "Three Little Words" down to such length, the saxophonist's improvising gets faded quickly down and out after little more than two minutes.

There is a seven-minute reading of the same "Three Little Words" on *Sonny Rollins on Impulse*. Rollins explores the piece with a kind of organized rowdiness that is just about irresistible. And what a pleasure it is to hear Rollins perform with such open gaiety as he does on the calypso "Hold 'em Joe." And what a joy, on "Blue Room" and "Green Dolphin Street" particularly, to hear once again Rollins's huge, cello-like saxophone sound, delivered once again so fully and unapologetically. And what a gratification to hear his sense of pace so soundly employed as it is during his opening solo on "Everything Happens to Me."

Rollins's affair with "the new thing" has not been a total loss, however, and the lessons learned have not all been negative. There are some querulous and mockingly effective choked notes in these performances, and some fleeting but effective relaxations of structure. But all in all it seems that Rollins has discovered that the way to turn is to return to his former self. The journey, however, was no retreat, but a simple re-ascent to the peak.

I alluded in this space some years back to the classic recorded examples of Rollins's sense of form, but surely such high achievements are worth noting again. There is his remarkable "Blue Seven," recently reissued on Prestige 7326, which depends entirely on Rollins's ability to get inside a theme, elaborate it, abstract it, and rebuild it; not once does Rollins leave that theme melody for invention on its chords alone. Then there is his "Blues for Philly Joe" (Blue Note 4001), on which the saxophonist alternately uses the theme-melody and then only its chords, in a kind of loosely structured blues rondo.

Miles Davis—"never the same."

Some five years ago Miles Davis recorded an album called *Kind of Blue* (Columbia CL 1355/CS 8165). The set was a commendable departure from the sort of subdued balladry-and-blues programing that had brought him popular success. In its efforts to break away from more conventional procedures for jazz improvisation, *Kind of Blue* was frequently successful, and it managed to show several members of the then gathering avant-garde what to do with themselves for the next few years. Davis's new release, called *E.S.P.* (Columbia CL 2350/CS 9150), is a comparable "experiment" perhaps equally commendable but not, I think, equally successful.

The title piece comes off well even though its basic idea may be a little contrived. And Ron Carter's metrical setup, "Eighty One," works out very well. But there is, for me, a kind of static sameness in a couple of the slow pieces like "Iris," by Davis's new tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter (and the most interesting saxophonist Davis has had in some years), and "Mood," again written by Davis's bassist Ron Carter. And a couple of other pieces, like Davis's own "Agitation," seem made up of bits and pieces.

The *E.S.P.* recital comes on the heels of Davis's LP titled *My Funny Valentine* (Columbia CL 2306/CS 9106), which, as its subtitle indicates, once again presents Davis "In Concert" and once again finds this singular musician standing in front of an already appreciative audience, using material he has played many times, and truly challenging himself (even his recoveries from occasional mistakes and fluffed notes are a pleasure to hear).

I do not mean that all of it works. The title piece is a perhaps formless tissue of ecstatic sounds. But I would not want to have missed this ravishing "Stella by Starlight." And I am perfectly willing, by the way, to call Davis's young sideman, Tony Williams, a superb jazz drummer on the basis of his original cymbal work alone.

From one point of view, then, this is the same old Miles Davis in the same old program of ballads and blues. But the refreshing truth is that he is simply never the same. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bernstein: *Chichester Psalms; Facsimile.* The composer conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with the Camarata Singers. Columbia ML 6192, $4.79; stereo MS 6792, $5.79.	The quality of thought and craftsmanship admired in last summer's first performance of the *Psalms* in the Philharmonic's French-American Festival is preserved intact in this recording of a few days later. The opportunity for a second audition gives no cause to take anything from the praise previously rendered, but does illuminate some sources from which the *Psalms* stem. Prominent among these is Poulenc, whose initiative in the use of everyday secular motives in his "Gloria" is echoed here. The echo, it should be stressed, is only in the method not in the means, which are wholly Bernstein's. The *Facsimile* that follows makes a refreshing addenda in this well-recorded (Manhattan Center) performance.
Brahms: Quintet in B minor. Reger: Quintet in A (scherzo only). Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, with Emanuel Hurwitz and Ivor McMahon, violins, Cecil Aronowitz, viola, and Terence Weil, cello. Angel 36280, $4.79; stereo 36280, $5.79.	If this is not the best recorded version of the Brahms quintet, then its superior is unknown to me. It has not quite the attack and fire of the Kell, but it has its own distinctions of mood and sound. The first is more introspective, the second more mellow than the qualities for which Kell was long celebrated. For sound itself, de Peyer's strikes me as a reversion to the older model of Charles Draper, with its woody richness, rather than an emulation of Kell's more brilliant, slightly metallic timbre. It does, in any case, make for a highly satisfactory blend with the members of the quartet, each excellent on his own. The Reger excerpt has the sound of Brahms on an off-day, which is to say that it has many distinctions of workmanship but few of thought. It suggests Brahms, too, in combining two tempi (the trio is almost a slow movement) within the same scherzo unit.
Diamond: Quartet No. 4. Barber: Quartet, Op. 11. Beaux-Arts String Quartet. Epic LC 3907, $4.79; stereo BC 1307, $5.79.	Barber's brief quartet (fifteen minutes) is known to some for its slow movement, which has become independently celebrated as the "Adagio for Strings." The whole of Diamond's work deserves the attention of anyone with an ear for distinguished chamber music. It has a double virtue rarely encountered—a series of absorbing ideas not only suited to the medium in which they are employed, but pursued with logic to a finality of outcome. That it has been so well prepared for the purpose of this recording should enable those who missed its "live" premiere in New York (in 1957) to acquire all the familiarity required for appreciation. Indeed, in both the Diamond and Barber works, the group led by Charles Libove (his associates are Alan Martin, violin, Peter Mark, viola, and Bruce Rogers, cello) displays a unanimity of sound and a disciplined intensity that puts them among the world's foremost interpreters of such music. Beautiful reproduction.
Gershwin: Preludes; "Summertime," "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," "My Man's Gone Now," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "Bess You is My Woman" (*Porgy and Bess*); Tempo di Blues. Debussy: *La Chevelure; Golliwogg's Cake Walk; Beau Soir.* Ravel: *Valses nobles et sentimentales* (Nos. 6 and 7). Poulenc: *Movements perpetuels.* Saint-Saëns: *The Swan.* Ibert: *Le petit âne blanc.* All transcribed by Heifetz. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano. RCA Victor LM 2856, $4.79; stereo LSC 2856, $5.79.	Neither Heifetz's tone nor his mode of musical thought are inherently helpful to the excerpts he has chosen for his transcriptions, the two together tend to prettify and make synthetic an order of expression which is, in its own terms, self-sufficient and genuine. As for the slides, inflections, and presumable "blues" colorations, they have much more to do with the salon than with Catfish Row. They have also a lot more to do with the material on Side 2, which is adroitly self-arranged and performed with much of the stylistic suitability absent from the performance of Gershwin. The one exception would have to be *The Swan,* in which Saint-Saëns's carefully controlled harmonic imagery has been revised to be more befitting of a peacock. Brooks Smith keeps his distance at the piano.
Haydn: Quartets in G (Op. 77, No. 1) and F Op. 77, No. 2). The Amadeus Quartet. DGG 18980, $5.98; stereo 13980, $5.98.	As well as the Amadeus quartet plays the music of other composers, there is little doubt that their talents are most attuned to the idiom and expression of Haydn. Conversely, what other groups may do to surpass in the works of Beethoven or Brahms, they rarely strike the same accent of rightness and balance in their Haydn. Part of this has to do with temperament, but almost as much with pure sound itself. From leader Norbert Brainin on, the players command a blend of warmth and finesse that serves the conversational style of late Haydn (such as these quartets) admirably. The Andante of the F major, which is characteristic of Haydn's best variations manner, comes off particularly well.
Mascagni: "Siciliana," "Brindisi," and "Mamma, quel vino" (*Cavalleria Rusticana*). Bizet: "Je crois entendre encore" (*Les Pecheurs de Perles*). Cilea: "E la solita storia" (*L'Arlesiana*). Verdi: "Di' tu se fedele" (*Ballo in Maschera*); "Quando le sere al placido" (*Luisa Miller*). Puccini: "Recondita armonia" and "E lucevan le stelle" (*Tosca*). Leoncavallo: "O Colombina" (*Pagliacci*). Tchaikovsky: "Air de Lensky" (*Eugene Onegin*). Halévy: Passover Scene and "Rachel! quand du Seigneur" (*La Juive*). Jan Peerce, tenor, with Laurence Dutoit, soprano, and Franz Allers conducting. Vanguard VRS 1129, $4.79; stereo VSD 71129, $5.79.	For art, for emotion, for sincerity, Peerce has done nothing in his long career to surpass the quality of his performances in this collection. To be sure, the sound of the voice is not as compelling as it once was, but Peerce remains unique among contemporary tenors for the taste, clarity, and discipline of his phrasing, his awareness of where expression ends and excess sets in. He can even venture a sob in Federico's Lament (*L'Arlesiana*) and make it convincing. As for his *Passover Scene,* it is another reason (the first being Richard Tucker) why *La Juive* should be restored to the Metropolitan's repertory. Miss Dutoit performs capably in the Halévy and Mascagni material in which she is heard, and Franz Allers shows himself to be as much at home in Bizet as he is in Puccini.
Novaček: *Perpetuum Mobile.* Schubert-Wilhelmj: *Ave Maria.* Kreisler: *Schön Rosmarin.* Mendelssohn-Kreisler: *May Breezes* Schumann-Moses: *Träumerei.* Bach-Wilhelmj: Air. Kreisler: *Liebeslied, Caprice Viennois,* and *Tambourin Chinois.* Drdla: *Souvenir.* Aaron Rosand, violin, with Michel Walevski, piano. Vox 12850, $4.98; stereo 512850, $4.98.	Rosand's collection embodies a good idea in presenting pieces such as *Souvenir* and Novaček's *Perpetuum Mobile,* which are played by most violinists, but few of his quality. However, the digression to the Kreisler transcriptions, Schubert's *Ave Maria,* etc., converts it into just another miscellany, of which he plays some pieces—especially *May Breezes* and *Liebeslied*—uncommonly well, and others just commonly well. Perhaps at some future time Rosand will begin with Novaček, proceed to Nardini, then on to such others as Francois Schubert's *The Bee,* etc., in demonstration of how they should sound. Walevski accompanies capably. —I.K.

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Man and Music

Continued from page 80

mann, gave him a present of money, and commissioned him to write a composition for the church every fortnight. This was too much. Telemann wrote to his mother that he could no longer hold out; he could do no more; he must write music. His mother sent him her blessing, and at last Telemann had the right to be a musician.

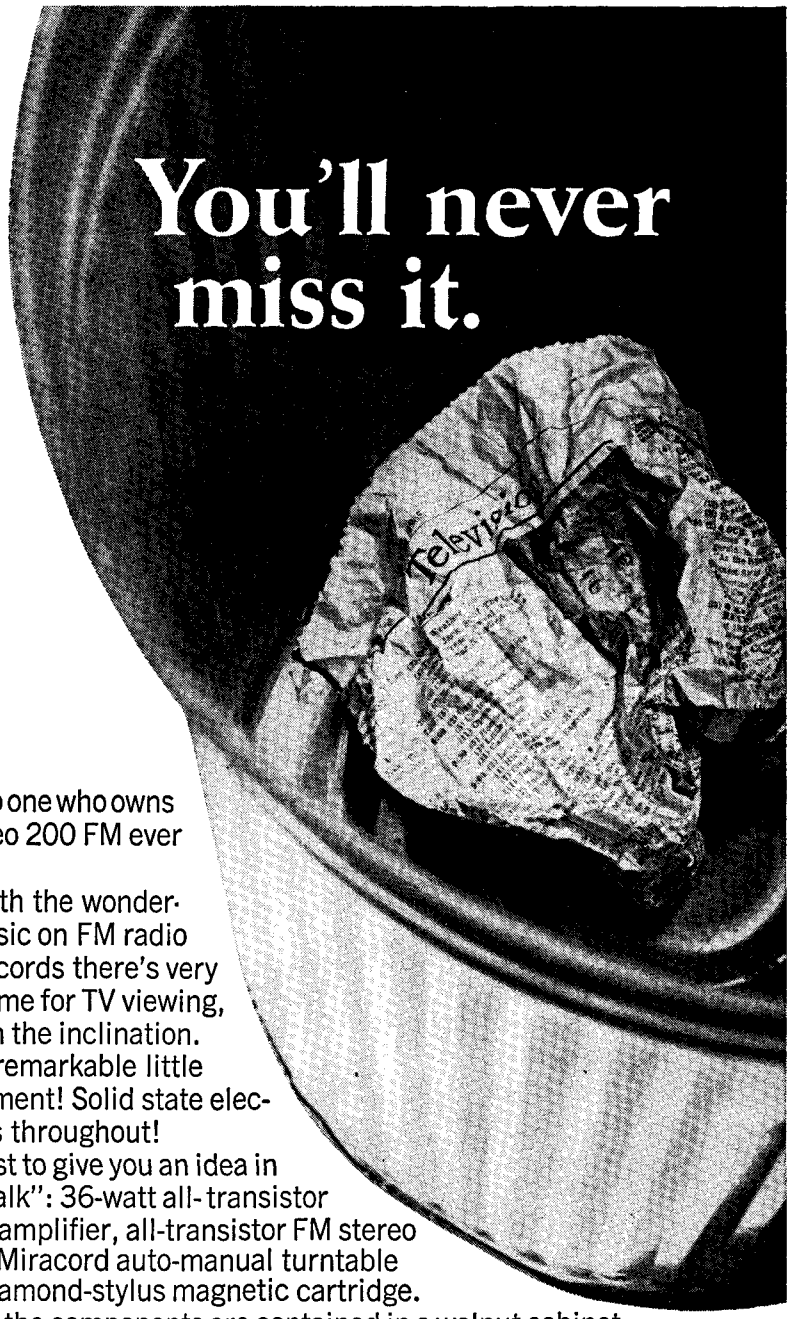
[After tracing Telemann's life through his many activities and appointments, Rolland sums up by saying:]

In his old age this excellent man divided his heart between two passions: music and flowers. Letters of his are extant dating from 1742 in which he asks for flowers; he is, he says, "insatiable where hyacinths and tulips are concerned, greedy for ranunculi, and especially for anemones." He suffered in his old age from weakness of the legs and failing sight. But his musical activity and his good humor were never impaired.

His ablest musical compositions date from the last years of his life when he was more than eighty years of age. In 1767, the year of his death, he published yet another theoretical work and wrote a Passion. He died in Hamburg on June 25, 1767, overburdened with years and with glory. He was more than eighty-six years of age.

From first to last his vitality remained fresh and enthusiastic. What is so unusual in Telemann is that at no moment of his life did he begin to grow old and conservative; he was always advancing with youth. We have seen that at the very beginning of his career he was attracted by the new art—the art of melody—and did not conceal his antipathy for "fossils." "Yes," writes Telemann, "they tell me that one must not go too far. And I reply that one must go to the very depths if one would deserve the name of a true master. This is what I wished to justify in my system of Intervals, and for this I expect not reproaches, but rather *a gratis*, at least in the future."

In the theater, to begin with, even those who were most unjust to him recognized his gifts as a humorist. He seems to have been the principal initiator of German comic opera. No doubt we find comic touches here and there in Keiser; it was a theatrical custom in Hamburg that a clown, a comic servant, should figure in all the productions, even in the musical tragedies; and to this character were given comic lieder with a simple accompaniment (often in unison) or none. Handel himself played this tradition in his *Almira*, performed in Hamburg. But the comic style was not really sanctioned in German music until Telemann's works were written; the only



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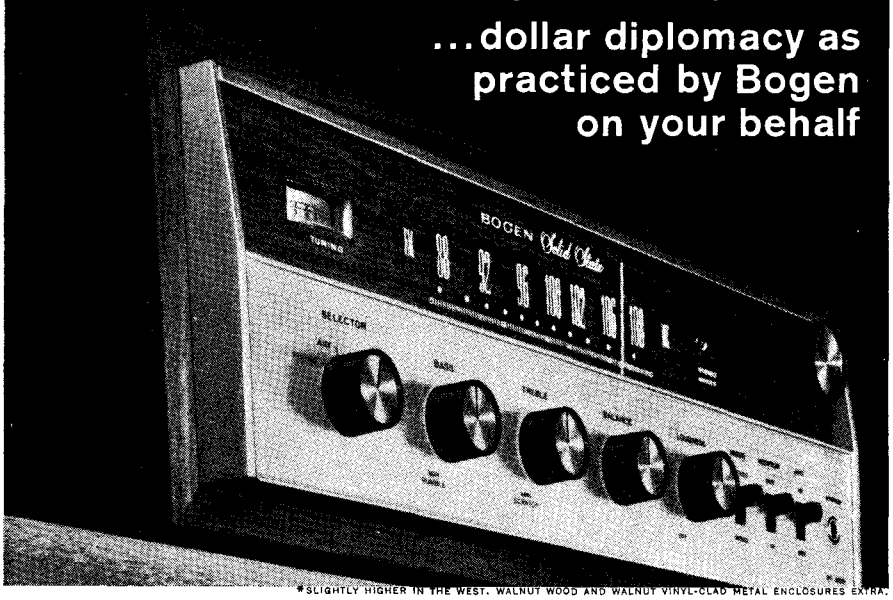

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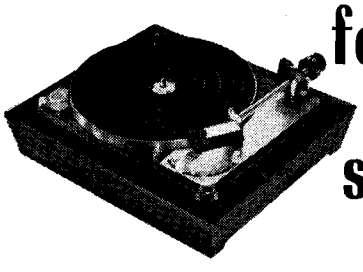

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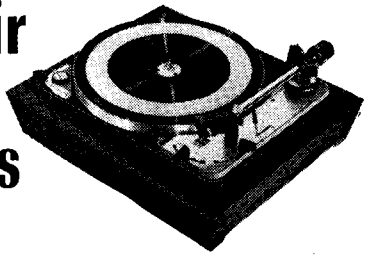

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opera bouffe of Keiser's which has come down to us, *Jodelet* (1726), is subsequent to Telemann's works and is certainly inspired by them. Telemann had the comic spirit. He began by writing, in accordance with the taste of the time, little comic lieder for the clown in opera. But this was not enough for him. He had a waggish tendency, as Herr Ottzenn has noted, to show the comic side of a figure or a situation in which the librettist had seen nothing that was not serious. And he was extremely skilful in delineating comic characters.

When we read such a composition [as the cantata *'Ino*] we are abashed at having so long been ignorant of Telemann, and at the same time we are annoyed with him for not employing his talent as he might have done–as he should have done. It makes us indignant to find platitudes and trivial nonsense side by side with passages of perfect beauty. If Telemann had been more careful of his genius, if he had not written so much, accepted so many tasks, his name would perhaps have left a deeper mark on history than that of Gluck; in any case he would have shared the latter's fame. But here we perceive the moral justice of certain of the decrees of history; it is not enough to be a talented artist; it is not enough even to add application to talent (for who worked harder than Telemann?); there must be character. Gluck, with much less music than half a score of other German composers of the eighteenth century – than Hasse, Graun, or Telemann, for example–achieved where the others amassed material (and he did not utilize even a tenth part of it). The fact is that he imposed a sovereign discipline upon his art and his genius. He was a man. The others were merely musicians. And this, even in music, is not enough.

Kapell with Heifetz

Continued from page 87

slightest awed by the company in which he found himself, or deterred from pursuing his objective. In consequence, it is Heifetz's performance that is somewhat different from what might be considered his norm–bigger in sound, bolder in outline, and broader in tonal effects. Unlike some other sonata performances in which Heifetz has participated, the pianist is here a balanced part of the tonal totality.

The content of Side 2 is, in every way, inferior to what it accompanies–whether as music, as sound, or as a combination of both. The implication in this combination is that those who buy this record for Side 1 are interested in Heifetz, rather than Kapell, least of all Brahms. But Heifetz, and his virtuosity, are all they have in common.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Shostakovich Premiere, Boehm's "Wozzeck"

LONDON.

LONDONERS who filled the Albert Hall on October 9 to hear the visiting Moscow Philharmonic under Kyril Kondrashin were also privileged to witness the long-delayed confrontation of Russia's two greatest string virtuosi, David Oistrakh and Mstislav Rostropovich, who gave a truly magnificent performance of the Brahms Double Concerto. We were told that they had never before played together, in or out of the USSR, and one can only hope that this instrumental summit-meeting will not have passed unnoticed by one of our record companies, so that it may be repeated in studio surroundings!

Decca's October releases feature no fewer than four separate discs by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande devoted, respectively, to the music of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Chabrier, and Debussy. It is true that this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of Ansermet's joining the staff of the Diaghilev Ballet, but Decca gives no special reason for this little "Festival of Ansermet." Its justification, in any case, lies in the musical distinction that the veteran Swiss conductor confers upon so varied a bill of fare. That he would be thoroughly at home in Chabrier *(España/Marche Joyeuse/ Suite Pastorale/Danse Slave/Fête Polonaise)* and Debussy *(La Mer/Rhapsody for Clarinet/Khamma)* one knew from past experience, but the Mendelssohn Collection *(Italian Symphony/Hebrides /Ruy Blas/Melusina)* proves a source of unexpected delights, while the Berlioz program *(Carnaval Romain/Beatrice & Benedict/Corsair/Benvenuto Cellini/* 3 pieces from *Damnation de Faust)* reveals not merely the accustomed sensitivity in matters of orchestral texture but also plenty of rhythmic vitality and a fine feeling for Berlioz's characteristic line.

After this extended visit to Geneva, it is the turn of Vienna to provide Decca with the remainder of this month's list. It includes a further installment, Vol. 4, of the company's projected ten-disc series devoted to the complete dances and marches of Mozart; as before, the Vienna Mozart Ensemble is directed by Willi Boskovsky, and the present, attractive volume is built around the nineteen Minuets, K.103, which have been split up into four separate sequences, interspersed with some later and more sophisticated Contredanses and the D-major March, K.445 (thought to belong to the splendid *Divertimento,* K.334). Three more Viennese discs all feature the Weller Quartet. After their admired Beethoven and Brahms discs earlier this year, these players now turn to the fountain-head of the quartet literature and offer us Haydn's six "Russian" quartets, Op.33, spread over two discs—a wonderful set of works which they perform with outstanding skill and verve despite an occasional, slight want of flexibility. A twentieth-century coupling by the same group is unusual in that it features, along with Alban Berg's Op.3, the latest string quartet by Shostakovich (his Tenth) which has yet to be performed in public outside Russia. The composer offered this unusual form of "Western premiere" to the Weller after hearing their performance of his Eighth Quartet.

EMI's new stereo recording of Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* has been eagerly awaited for many months, for this oratorio—which, Elgar claimed, "is the best of me"—has occupied a very special place in the affections of musical Britain since it was first performed under Hans Richter at the Birmingham Festival of 1900. Even if its pronounced Anglo-Catholic flavor may not be to everyone's taste, the beauty and sincerity of Elgar's response to the poem cannot be gainsaid; it receives here a fine performance under Sir John Barbirolli.

Among DGG and Archive recordings lately arrived from Germany, we welcome especially two twentieth-century operas new to stereo: Berg's *Wozzeck* and Ravel's *L'heure espagnole.* There has never before been a really satisfactory version on disc of Berg's masterpiece, although the opera is nowadays performed all over the world; fortunately DGG's two-disc album, conducted by Karl Böhm and featuring a strong cast led by Evelyn Lear and Fischer-Dieskau, makes handsome amends for past neglect. After the oppressive atmosphere of *Wozzeck,* Ravel's deliciously naughty one-acter brings welcome relief, and there is much to admire in the performance directed by Lorin Maazel. Perhaps the casting is not ideal—the male voices seem insufficiently differentiated in character, and Jeanne Berbié's Concepcion hardly suggests a woman smouldering beneath her outward composure—while the recording misses a number of points in terms of "production" (I should like to see John Culshaw tackle it with Ansermet), but this is still a thoroughly enjoyable issue for the score is a gem, while singing and playing is highly accomplished.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Telemann

Continued from page 81

recorder virtuoso, leads an ensemble called the Concerto Amsterdam on Telefunken. The DGG, labeled "First Complete Recording of this Delightful Work," was recorded about six months earlier than the Telefunken last year, but the Telefunken is available now *in toto*; the DGG release will not be completed until January.

Both sets were obviously made with the greatest care and commitment on the part of the respective participants, and the recorded sound in both upholds the high standards associated with these labels. The marked differences in the two interpretations, however, make the matter of preference simpler than one might have thought, for anyone who prefers one set over the other at any given point will almost certainly prefer it all the way through.

Wenzinger's broad, spacious conception is evident throughout the Archive set. Balance is immaculate and individual playing is excellent, as one would expect from a group including such distinguished instrumentalists as Hans-Martin Linde and Joseph Bopp, flutes (Linde playing the recorder as well), Eduard Müller, harpsichord, and Wenzinger himself as cellist. What is generally lacking, though, is the enlivening spirit one has also come to expect from this source. With Wenzinger's elegant, smooth-flowing handling, there is a bland effect, particularly in the chamber pieces, emphasized by rather unvaried dynamics (a gentlemanly mezzo-forte is maintained, for the most part) and matter-of-fact phrasing. The delicious minor-key episode in the last movement of the D minor Quartet in III (perhaps the finest single work in the entire sequence) is virtually thrown away here.

Those familiar with the glowing performances of that Quartet and the one in G (I) on earlier Archive single LPs will find the Telefunken versions of these and the other chamber works closer to (and occasionally surpassing) that standard. In general, the phrasing is more pointed in the Brüggen set, with far more dynamic variation. Where Wenzinger projects the charming *Bergerie*, which follows the Overture of the B-flat Suite in III as a placid pastoral, Brüggen brings it to life as a *pifa* with a faster tempo, more prominence for the oboes, and more angular phrasing.

Wenzinger's horns (Erich Penzel and Umberto Baccelli) are admirably crisp and clearly defined, but less stimulating in the E-flat Concerto (III) than the robust playing of Brüggen's Adriaan van Woudenberg and Hermann Baumann. The highly effective use of an organ instead of the harpsichord as continuo in the E-flat Trio (I) and the theorbo as continuo in the Violin Sonata (II) are additional credits for the Amsterdam team.

The keyboard player on that team, it should be noted, is Gustav Leonhardt. Maurice André is the brilliant trumpeter in the D-major Suite (II), Ad Mater and Lilian Lagaay are the oboes, Jaap Schroeder the fluent first violin, and Frans Vester and Joost Tromp the flutes. Brüggen's performance of the recorder part in the D minor Quartet represents his only participation as an instrumentalist.

When it comes to leadership, Brüggen (now thirty-one) may have a way to go before matching Wenzinger in subtlety and suavity. Some of his rhythmic accents in the orchestral suites are a little heavy and his (or the Telefunken engineers') idea of balance, with the winds very much forward, may not be to every listener's liking. There is, however, an animation in his readings that gives a hearty buoyancy to the material, with no lack of gentleness where called for, as in the exquisite *Grazioso* of the A major Concerto (I). In sum, the spirit shown in the Telefunken set makes it the inevitable choice.

THE third complete *Tafelmusik* is in the bargain price range and is not generally available in shops, so it may be considered apart from the other two. It is on the mail-order Musical Heritage Society label, played by a Viennese ensemble under the direction of a 25-year-old conductor named Dietfried Bernet. Unlike Brüggen and Wenzinger, Bernet has no identity as a chamber music player and his participation is limited to direction.

Bernet is no less vigorous than Brüggen, but a good deal less imaginative in such matters as phrasing and dynamics. Nor can it be said that his unfamiliar soloists are a match for those on either of the other teams. Barnet's most striking accomplice is Joseph Spindler, the trumpet in II, but he is up against the stunning Maurice André on Telefunken. Helmut Riessberger and Gerhard Perz, the flutes in I, are never less than competent, but seldom more, with nothing to suggest the suave blend of Linde and Bopp or Vester and Tromp. The horns in III, Robert Freund and Hannes Sungler, play neatly but without the confident flourish to bring out the majesty in the opening *Maestoso* of the Concerto in E flat.

But, if the MHS performances are not *Weltklasse*, their liveliness makes them far from unsatisfying. The recorded sound is very good, and the factor of economy is not to be entirely dismissed when we are talking about six records. Sides 2, 3 and 4 were labelled 4, 2 and 3, respectively, in my copy of II, but this

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will be corrected in future pressings.

The aforementioned Brüggen and Linde, probably today's two outstanding practitioners on the recorder, are heard from again as the soloists in the two new recordings of the deservedly popular Suite in A minor. Oddly enough, this best-known of all Telemann's works has never been offered on DGG. Linde performs with the Collegium Aureum under Rolf Reinhardt's direction on an imported Harmonia Mundi disc. Brüggen is again on Telefunken, this time with the Southwest German Chamber Orchestra under Friedrich Tilegant.

Both performances are predictably excellent, with the Collegium Aureum the richer-sounding of the two neighboring German ensembles (Susanne Lautenbacher and Eduard Melkus are numbered among its violins). On the other side of the Harmonia Mundi release, Reinhardt leads what is evidently the first recording of Telemann's Suite in D for Viola da gamba and Strings, with Johannes Koch as soloist. It is a brilliant work, full of spirited bravura passages, and it gets a dazzling performance. Particularly impressive is the heady little section called *La Trompette*, just after the Overture. It is not "for the trumpet," as the English liner notes have it, but an irresistible *Trompetenstück* for strings, as identified in the German text. The mono pressing received for review was disfigured by an obtrusive and hardly superficial swish, but the stereo edition is as attractive as the performance itself.

The other side of the Brüggen disc offers two shorter Telemann works: the Concerto in E minor for Recorder, Flute, and Strings and the *Ouverture des Nations anciennes et modernes* in G, for string orchestra. André Rieu conducts the Amsterdam Chamber Orchestra in these, with Brüggen and Frans Vester as soloists in the Concerto. The Concerto has already been well served on disc (by the Emil Seiler Chamber Group on Archive ARC-3109), but the new performance, despite a patch of out-of-tune violin playing, is *sui generis*, with more individuality in the solo work and a wild vitality in the *presto* finale that justifies the anonymous annotator's reference to Bartók and Kodály. The little Suite in G is not as broad in scope as its title might imply, caricaturing only the Germans, the Swedes, and the Danes. It is a handsome addition to the Telemann discography, though; M. Rieu shows a fine feeling for both its humor and its musical content, and the recorded sound is very good indeed. Obviously, Telemanniacs will have to have both of these fine discs.

Three of Telemann's strongest works are performed by the Moscow Chamber Orchestra under Rudolf Barshai on a new Angel release. The Suite in C that fills Side 1 is the *Hamburg Water Music* also recorded by Wenzinger on DGG (*SR*, December 8, 1962). The Concerto in B flat for Three Oboes, Three Violins, and Continuo is the one recorded by Hermann Töttcher and associates on Archive ARC-3109. This listener is hopelessly addicted to Töttcher's way with the oboe in this material, but must concede that the estimable Pierre Pierlot, who leads the oboes in the Barshai performance, is hardly less persuasive and has partners far more worthy of him. Moreover, stereo is a definite asset in this work. Finally, there is the Oboe Concerto in F minor, which has had several previous recordings, but none so stylish as this one, with Evgeni Nepalov as soloist.

The Wenzinger recording of the *Water Music* has given so much pleasure that one feels something like disloyalty in enthusing over the new version, but the vigor of Barshai's reading and the spectacular playing of his ensemble put this record in a very special class, and not just in the Telemann discography. Personally, I like the warmth of the Wenzinger version, especially in the sections featuring the viola da gamba and recorders (Barshai makes do with flutes and cellos), but I wouldn't think of doing without this marvelous new one.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 71

pretive intentions, disposed to utilize all his considerable equipment for the exposition of music rather than the exhibition of technique. There are still rawness and crudities in his achievements—a tendency to overpower rather than persuade in such a work as the Beethoven sonata, a little lack of the full range of colors to make the sixth sonata of Scriabin as persuasive as it can be—but these are all excesses of virtues that need but to be refined and coordinated to make Loewenthal the exciting musician-performer he promises to become. The associated pianist in the Bartok was Ronit Amir (Mrs. Loewenthal), and the percussionists were the peerless Saul Goodman and his able disciple, Morris Lang.

Of all the forms of music in which Bela Bartok composed—and there are very few that he missed—the category for which he is least known is the vocal. To judge from the group of songs which Eugene Ormandy performed for the first time in New York at the opening concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Philharmonic Hall series, this is not for lack of talent or the ability to make the voice fulfil an expressive function. Doubtless these products of 1916 (they bear opus number 15 and were not published until after his death) will be characterized by some as conservative, retrogressive or—worst of all—reactionary, but what does it matter now whether they were written in 1905, 1915, or 1895, as long as they embody the kind of quality—Bartok quality—that they do?

Each is a mood piece concerned with some aspect of love—imaginary, erotic, reflective—and the texts are so far from distinguished that no authorship has been traced. They show Bartok still to be dazzled by the glow of some brighter names of the time—Debussy and Strauss especially—but feeling his way, nevertheless, to an identity of his own. The suitably pastel orchestrations were made, after Bartok's death, by his friend and colleague Zoltan Kodaly. Carolyn Stanford, a new mezzo to these surroundings, sang them with fine perception of mood and content, if with a vocal sound that was a little breathy at my point of hearing. The program served Ormandy's retrospective purpose (commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the composer's death) with finely shaped performances of the early "Portraits," the first piano concerto (Gyorgy Sandor was the soloist), and the late "Concerto for Orchestra." —IRVING KOLODIN.

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The American Kundrys

IRVING SCHWERKE's letter in the September 25 issue gives rise to an interesting point. Edyth Walker was a teacher of Irene Dalis. Is it possible that Kundry was one of the roles they studied?

To answer the question raised by that letter, Minnie Saltzmann-Stevens (Bloomington, Ill., 1874-Milan, 1950) sang Kundry at Bayreuth in 1911-13. And if Olive Fremstad is considered an American singer (born in Sweden, she was raised in America and did not return to Europe until she was twenty-three), she was surely the greatest of American Kundrys.

ALAN MARK SILBERGELD.

St. Louis, Mo.

As MR. SCHWERKE's letter and your postscript conclude, not many Americans have performed the role of Kundry. Some additions to the list are: Marion Weed (Met, January 7, 1904), Florence Wickham (Savage English Opera, Boston, October 19, 1904), Minnie Saltzmann-Stevens (Bayreuth, 1911 and 1912; Chicago Opera 1914), Cyrena Van Gordon (Chicago Opera, 1922-23), Anna Balos (Milan, Scala, 1948), Grace Hoffman (Stuttgart, 1958). It is also possible that some of the young Americans active in Europe (Marion Lippert and Lenore Glickman come readily to mind) are being heard in the role.

CHARLES JAHANT.

Landover Hills, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor's note made mention only of recent Kundrys. As the citations in the letters at hand indicate, there have been many "American" Kundrys relative to the frequency with which "Parsifal" is performed, far too many for a reference to the singer described as "the first American Kundry" to be a mere oversight.*

"Etudes" by Rubinstein

WHAT IS IT necessary to do to get RCA Victor to allow us to buy a recording of the two opuses of Chopin *Etudes* played by Artur Rubinstein while he is still at the zenith of his powers? There is no modern representation of these works in the catalogue and certainly it is Rubinstein who would be the pre-eminent choice to record them.

R. C. JACKSON.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Doubtless the first thing necessary would be to get Rubinstein into a studio with this project in mind. That RCA Victor would be happy to issue it hardly needs saying.*

Shure's "Diabelli"

MR. RIEDE, whose letter appeared in the September 25 Recordings issue, may be advised that Leonard Shure did remake the Diabelli Variations. Since the second recording (Epic LC-3382) was deleted only

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four or five years ago, it might be easier to find than the older Vox issue mentioned by Mr. Riede.

RICHARD D. FREED.

New York, N.Y.

Sibelius Wants

UTTER FRUSTRATION is beginning to set in during this year, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sibelius. A partial list of the unrecorded works by this Finnish master (according to domestic catalogues):

Symphonic Poem, "Kullervo," Op. 7

Six Partsongs, for Male Voices, Op. 18

"Malinconia," for Cello and Piano, Op. 20

All four "Legends," from the "Kalevala," Op. 22 (The "Swan" is well represented)

"The Origin of Fire," Op. 32 (a choral work recently performed locally)

Incidental Music, for "Pan and Echo," Op. 53

Incidental Music, for "Svanevhit," Op. 54 (an exceptional work)

Funeral March, "In Memoriam," Op. 59

Two Serenades, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 69

"Luonnotar," Tone Poem for Soprano and Orchestra, Op. 70

Pieces, for Violin and Piano, Op. 78, 79 and 81

Sonatina, for Violin and Piano, Op. 80

Five Partsongs, for Male Voices, Op. 84

"Jordens sång," Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 93

"Maan virsi," Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 95

"Novellette," for Violin and Piano, Op. 102

Five "Danses champêtres," for Violin and Piano, Op. 106

Four Compositions, for Violin and Piano, Op. 115

"Two Pieces in Memory of Gallén-Kallela," for Organ, Op. 111 and others . . .

These, not to mention much of his early chamber music and piano music and more of his songs than are now available, should surely be recorded. The gratitude of myself along with all other Sibelius music lovers will surely be felt by the recording companies.

ALPHONS J. RIEDE.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Leonard Bernstein recently directed a performance of "Luonnotar" with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (and Phyllis Curtin), the probability is that it will also be recorded.*

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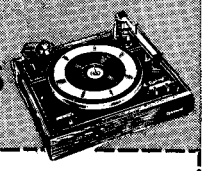

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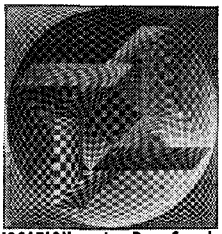

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Southeast Asia

Continued from page 35

organizational means of securing and preserving peace, it must work. The alternative is war."

Communist Heterogeneity

Representative Clement Zablocki: "The House Subcommittee on the Far East and the Pacific held two weeks of hearings on the Sino-Soviet conflict. There were differences of opinion, but only in degrees. Almost all were of the opinion that there is a split. All were of the opinion that the United States cannot overtly try to exploit the split, but certainly must not ignore it."

C. V. Narasimhan: "I think it would be a mistake to just use a label like Communism and imagine that all Communist states are the same and that all Communist states remain the same any more than would be true of capitalism. The character of Communism and of Communist states has changed; the kind of leadership and policies pursued has changed; and this is true of capitalist states; and it would not be right, in my judgment, to say that if a state is a Communist state, it is an unmitigated evil."

Hans Morgenthau: "Things have changed in the last ten years, and what was true in 1956 is not of necessity true today. Indeed, in 1956 one had a right to look at Communism as a monolithic force and to oppose Communism anywhere in the world as being of necessity an extension of Russian and Chinese power. What was not only possible but required in 1956 is no longer permissible in 1965. This cultural gap between our thinking in the decade following the Second World War is in good measure responsible for the controversies in which we are engaged."

John Cady: "I think we have got to recognize that in the long run Hanoi and China do have possibilities of division. As Vu Van Thai has said, if we force them, if they have no alternative, they will stick with China. We may have to give them food or other things before they even pretend to break with China. But this wedge between Hanoi and China has got to be exploited. . . ."

Nationalism

Everett Hawkins: "There is a tendency in emergent nationalism to look for additional territory. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find in Asia today a tendency to look beyond national borders for new spheres of influence. These can become important rallying points. They contribute one of the facets of nation-building. You may accomplish this through national languages and national institutions, but one of the great ways in which this is done is to have a foreign enemy."

Frank Trager: "The leaders of Southeast Asian independence were more at home in dealing with their former metropolitan power—that is, with London, Paris, the Hague, and Washington—than in dealing with each other. Bygone wars as between the Theravada Buddhist Burmese and the Theravada Buddhist Thai (there were fourteen such wars through the eighteenth century) and between the similarly Buddhist Thai and Cambodians; between the Cambodians and the Confucian-Mahayana Buddhist Vietnamese; and between the Moslem peoples of the Malayan-Indonesian archipelago have inhibited intraregional cooperation. Most of these states prior to the European conquest had had an "imperialist" period of their own—which they like presently to forget or ignore."

Leonard Unger: "The pressure for achievement of independence was powerful earlier; now nationalism is in a new guise. It may be either constructive or destructive—the latter in instances where it reaches an extreme state in intraregional rivalries. Another face to this nationalism, moreover, is the existence in most of these countries of very substantial minority groups—sometimes Chinese, or often what has been referred to as the contrast between 'the valley and the hill people.' Hill tribes are very prominent in Laos, Burma, Vietnam, Thailand, and elsewhere. These are forces, in a sense, for inverse nationalism. They . . . represent a problem for governments which are as little disposed as were colonial masters in the past to recognize or give status to such groups."

Long-term U.S. Policy

P. S. N. Prasad: "Mr. Nash mentioned elite-mass conflicts. In all Southeast Asia this conflict is very real, the rich person *vs.* the poor, the feudal *vs.* the peasant. In that conflict, very often the U.S. is known to fall on the side of the rich people. I am not maintaining that this is right or wrong, but this kind of information is spread about the U.S. and is rather easily believed. Then there is the friend-of-the-colonialist image. Very often the Americans are regarded as like the British, French, and Dutch. And then there is the commercial-interest image, that you are there to plant your industries, to obtain contracts, to use influence and power for the commercial interest of the U.S."

Representative Henry Reuss: "We

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must remember that Southeast Asia, like so many other areas of the world, is in the throes of a revolution that began in this century and will not end in it. In the long run, the fifty states of the Union will have to watch these revolutions from our own shores, and guide them as we can into constructive channels, always realizing that we cannot impose an American solution or make this an American century."

AMROM KATZ: "We have got to give up what to me has been obsolete for a long time: the notion of non-overlapping, contiguous spheres of influence—'Here's where ours stops; here's where the other guy's begins.' All overlap. It is not true that the Chinese are regarding themselves as having a sphere of influence only in Asia, for instance. Our sphere of influence is—because of our power, our interests, our commitments—that great ball that is 8,000 miles in diameter, which is the diameter of the earth."

GILBERT WHITE: "The United States under its policy of supporting self-determination of peoples should be prepared to deal with a Communist regime in South Vietnam if that were to result from free elections following a cease-fire, or with a Communist regime in North Vietnam were it to enter a regional organization. It should be noted, too, that ultimately a harmonious program for regulation of the Mekong River must involve China, from whose territory as much as 30 per cent of the flow originates. Sooner or later China must share in major storage decisions. . . ."

LIONEL LANDRY: "Perhaps it may be well to inject into our discussions the hypothesis of a post-Marxist Asia as a continent with which we will still have to do business. (We do do business with a Marxist Eastern Europe; and as to Asia, no less an oracle than Prince Sihanouk believes that even the Chinese People's Republic can look for the embourgeoisement that has increasingly transformed the Soviet Union.) In the light of this hypothetical post-Marxist Asia, our efforts would look foolish indeed if they were to create, in a struggle to free Asia from an ideology hostile to us, an Asia we had alienated forever."

NORMAN PALMER: "On the whole, perhaps what happens in South Asia may well be of greater importance and significance than what happens in the less populous lands of Southeast Asia. Therefore, even when one's attention is focused on the problem and condition of the latter area, he must, at the risk of becoming intellectually and emotionally cross-eyed and confused, look to the West as well as to the North."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. prevarication. 2. irresolution. 3. superciliousness. 4. insubordination. 5. gormandizing. 6. procrastination. 7. covetousness. 8. overconfidence. 9. unmannerliness. 10. parsimoniousness. 11. pusillanimity. 12. extravagance.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1647

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Four-wheeled carriage with folding top, to be pushed, used for wheeling infants (2 wds.)	165 38 78 17 117 9 131 184 66
B. Form of jiujitsu, of considerable popular interest at present (not in WNI).	48 31 166 69 45 77
C. Extreme eagerness.	178 161 62 130 49 144 137
D. Personally conduct.	139 51 115 59 160
E. Titular hero of Hawthorne's first novel, pub. 1828, anonymously.	29 35 173 107 2 151 93 64
F. Possibly.	55 118 186 140 91
G. Pleasingly diverted by something (3 wds.)	157 76 98 82 108 50 168 142 121 8
H. Desert area in S. Palestine, bordering on Egypt.	158 116 67 26 152
I. How some citizens of Thessalonica said St. Paul had turned the world (*Acts* xvii, 6; 2 wds.)	61 85 138 132 57 44 109 162 1 11
J. The poet's nightingale.	103 46 81 185 72 16 159 68
K. One thing you don't have to teach a spaniel to pick up (2 wds.)	120 125 12 99 43 147 135 88
L. Great American astronomer (1862-1926; Lick Obs., Ann Arbor, Mich., etc.)	90 83 24 141 105 127
M. Seating securely.	54 182 39 149 119 70 111 63 150
N. Surname of several useful Americans: Admiral George, Governor Tom, Educator John, Librarian Melvil.	34 167 19 96 92
O. Followed by WORD P, ultimate reality, permanent being.	15 20 124 23 65
P. See WORD O.	110 18 6 174 180
Q. Centaur who, even in dying, caused so much suffering to the household of Hercules.	60 86 40 164 183 52
R. A whispering, rustling, muttering sound.	73 145 177 163 10 32 79 84
S. The "poem in marble" (2 wds.)	114 106 97 122 101 154 33 22
T. Witness and authenticate.	129 80 71 41 25 30
U. Object of one's plighted troth (colloq.)	5 4 146 153 42 13 155 170
V. One of the Scotch critics whom Byron told off in his long satiric poem, 1809.	156 47 133 143 7 148 75 95
W. Garments featuring the divided skirt.	87 176 104 171 100 112 134 181
X. Appalling.	28 172 126 102 175 136 94
Y. Subject of a quick, unfinished, drawing.	37 169 3 14 21 113 53 123
Z. Vision.	56 36 74 27 179 58 128 89

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 I	2 E	3 Y	4 U		5 U		6 P	7 V	8 G	9 A	10 R	11 I				
12 K	13 U		14 Y	15 O		16 J	17 A		18 P	19 N	20 O		21 Y	22 S	23 O	24 L				
25 T	26 H	27 Z		28 X	29 E	30 T	31 B	32 R		33 S		34 N	35 E	36 Z	37 Y					
38 A	39 M	40 Q	41 T	42 U	43 K	44 I		45 B	46 J	47 V		48 B	49 C	50 G	51 D					
52 Q	53 Y	54 M	55 F	56 Z	57 I		58 Z	59 D	60 Q	61 I	62 C	63 M	64 E	65 O	66 A					
67 H	68 J	69 B	70 M		71 T	72 J		73 R	74 Z	75 V		76 G	77 B		78 A	79 R				
80 T		81 J		82 G	83 L	84 R	85 I	86 Q	87 W	88 K		89 Z	90 L	91 F	92 N					
93 E	94 X	95 V	96 N		97 S	98 G	99 K	100 W		101 S	102 X		103 J	104 W	105 L	106 S				
107 E	108 G	109 I		110 P	111 M	112 W	113 Y		114 S	115 D	116 H		117 A	118 F	119 M					
120 K	121 G	122 S	123 Y		124 O	125 K	126 X	127 L		128 Z	129 T	130 C		131 A	132 I	133 V				
134 W	135 K		136 X	137 C		138 I	139 D	140 F	141 L	142 G	143 V	144 C	145 R	146 U	147 K					
148 V	149 M		150 M	151 E	152 H	153 U		154 S	155 U	156 V		157 G		158 H	159 J	160 D				
161 C	162 I	163 R	164 Q		165 A	166 B	167 N	168 G	169 Y	170 U	171 W	172 X	173 E		174 P	175 X				
176 W		177 R	178 C	179 Z	180 P		181 W	182 M	183 Q	184 A	185 J	186 F								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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A photographic interpretation of the Odyssey

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Here, in full color, is the hill where Ulysses' palace stood; here lived Nestor and Agamemnon. Here you see the view from the cave of Polyphemus, and the great rock he flung after the fleeing Ulysses. To this lovely stream, Nausicaa came at Athene's bidding and met Ulysses. In this peaceful setting, Circe turned men to swine. Here is the land of the lotos-eaters (the "lotos" flower caused men to lose their longing for home). These are the "monster" rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; here is the Naiads' cave where Ulysses planned his revenge on the suitors. In this limpid bay, Telemachus beached his boat; on this tempest tossed hill lived Aeolus, master of the winds. Here is the true landscape of poetry, for according to the most painstaking research, these are the actual sites Homer had in mind when he wrote the *Odyssey*.

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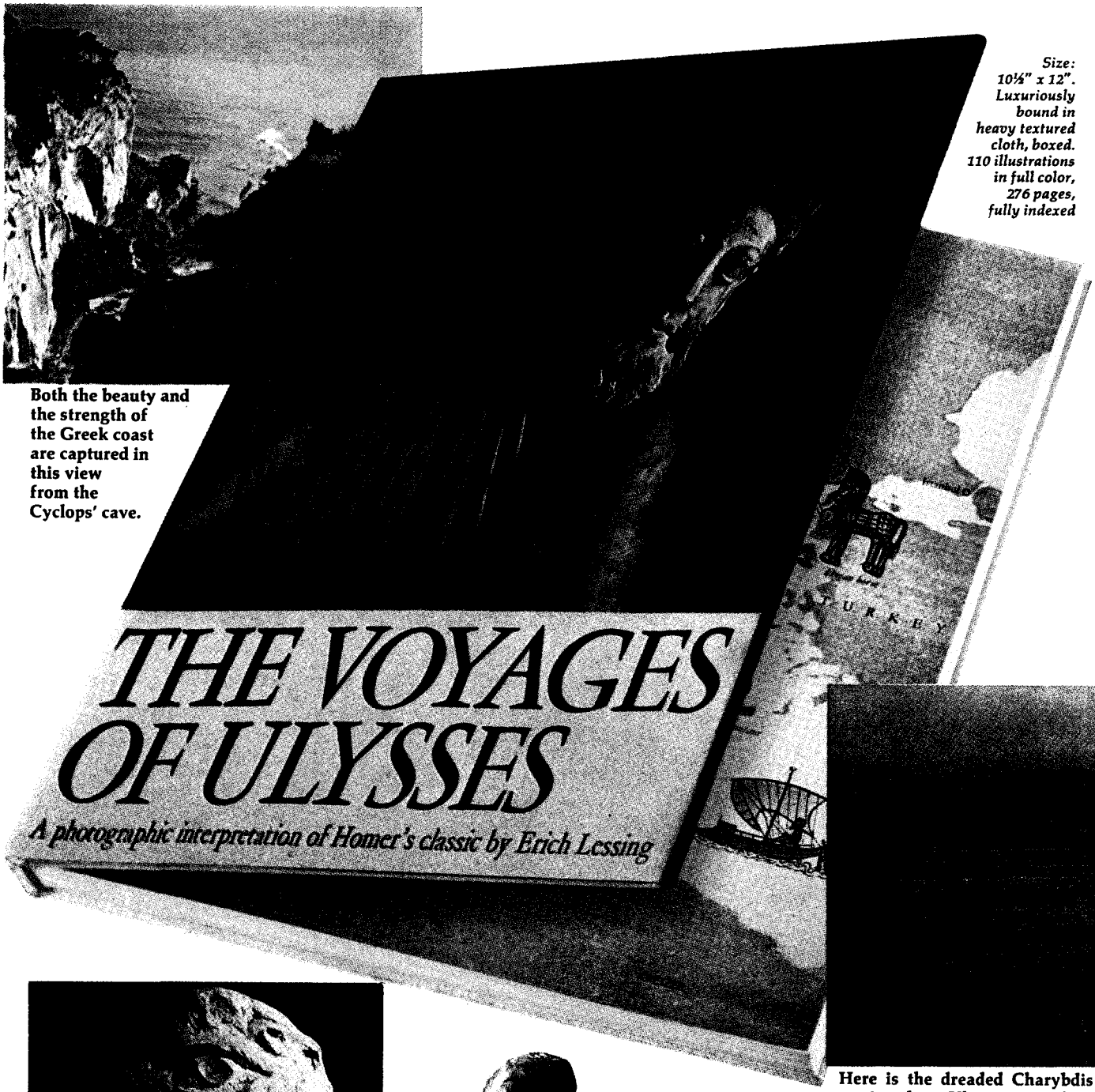

Both the beauty and the strength of the Greek coast are captured in this view from the Cyclops' cave.

THE VOYAGES OF ULYSSES

A photographic interpretation of Homer's classic by Erich Lessing

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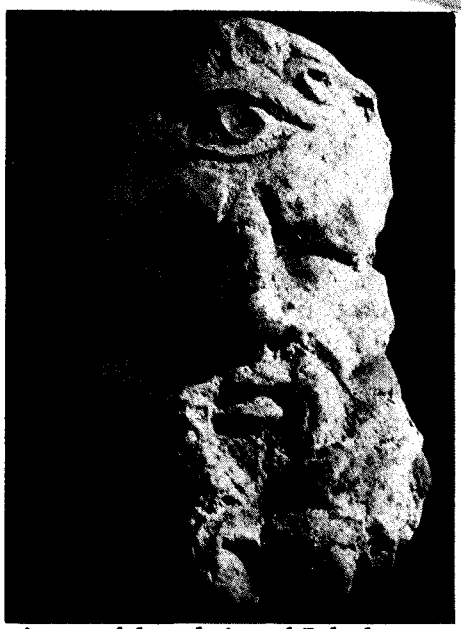
Here is the dreaded Charybdis strait, where Ulysses was shipwrecked onto the island of the seductive goddess Calypso.



A powerful rendering of Polyphemus, whose real life counterpart was probably an active volcano.

An early Minoan version of the minstrel whose song moved Ulysses to tell his story.

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